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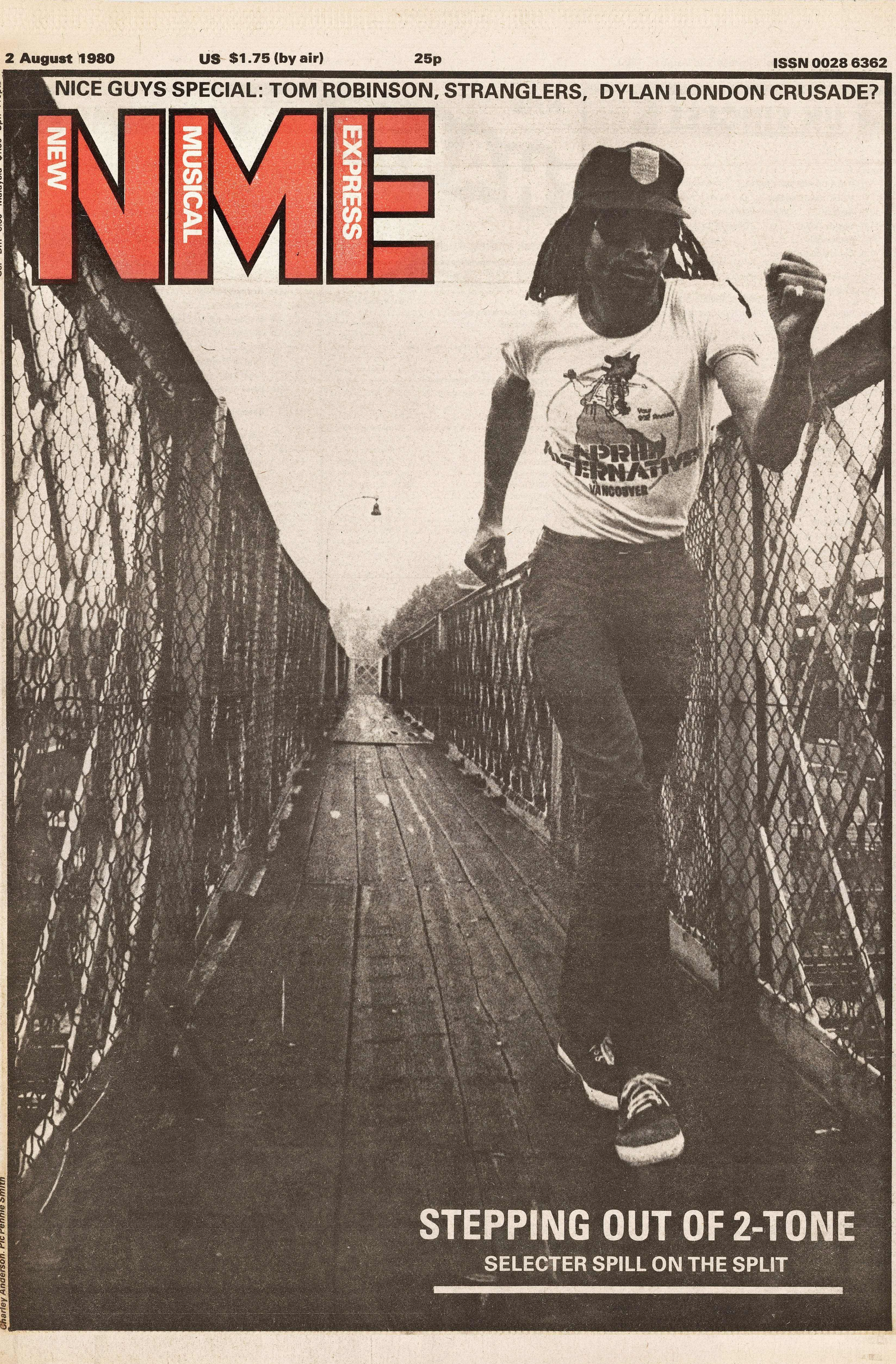
NICE GUYS SPECIAL: TOM ROBINSON, STRANGLERS, DYLAN LONDON CRUSADE?

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



STEPPING OUT OF 2-TONE

SELECTER SPILL ON THE SPLIT

Charley Anderson. Pic Pennie Smith

NME CHARTS

Week ending August 2, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(2)	**Use It Up And Wear It Out**	Odyssey (RCA)	5	1
2	(7)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	2
3	(1)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	5	1
4	(13)	**Upside Down**	Diana Ross (Motown)	2	4
5	(5)	**Babooshka**	Kate Bush (EMI)	4	5
6	(3)	**Could You Be Loved**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	6	3
7	(4)	**Jump To The Beat**	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	8	2
8	(10)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	4	8
9	(6)	**Cupid**	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	5	3
10	(14)	**There There My Dear**	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	3	10
11	(17)	**Let's Hang On**	Darts (Magnet)	3	11
12	(12)	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)	4	12
13	(8)	**My Way Of Thinking**	UB40 (Graduate)	6	8
14	(18)	**A Lovers Holiday**	Change (WEA)	4	14
15	(25)	**Mariana**	Gibson Brothers (Island)	2	15
16	(—)	**Are You Getting Enough**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	1	16
17	(—)	**Funkin' For Jamaica**	Tom Browne (Arista)	1	17
18	(—)	**Lip Up Fatty**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	18
19	(21)	**Theme From The Invaders**	Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)	5	19
20	(29)	**9 to 5**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	2	20
21	(—)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Brothers)	1	21
22	(9)	**Waterfalls**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	5	3
23	(—)	**Burnin' Hot**	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	1	23
24	(28)	**Oops Upside Your Head**	Gap Band (Mercury)	2	24
25	(30)	**Brazilian Love Affair**	George Duke (Epic)	2	25
26	(23)	**My Girl**	Whispers (Solar)	2	23
27	(—)	**Shining Star**	Manhattans (CBS)	1	27
28	(—)	**Wednesday Week**	Undertones (Sire)	1	28
29	(20)	**Play The Game**	Queen (EMI)	7	12
30	(26)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	3	23

BUBBLING UNDER

Burning Car — John Foxx (Metal Beat)
Sleep Walk — Ultravox (Chrysalis)
Easy Life — Bodysnatchers (2-Tone)
New York, New York — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
Girl Friend — Michael Jackson (Epic)
Take Your Time — S.O.S. Band (Tabu)

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Feargal Sharkey as Jimmy — from "Jimmy Jimmy" — in the bit where nobody sees the ambulance "that took little Jim away." He's modelling the all-pupose 'Just some kid in a leather jacket reading a pop mag' straight-jacket.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
2	(1)	**It's Still Rock & Roll To Me**	Billy Joel
3	(4)	**Little Jeannie**	Elton John
4	(2)	**The Rose**	Bette Midler
5	(5)	**Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time**	Spinners
6	(7)	**Tired Of Toein' The Line**	Rocky Burnette
7	(8)	**Shining Star**	Manhattans
8	(10)	**Take Your time (Do It Right) Part 1**	The S.O.S. Band
9	(6)	**Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)**	Paul McCartney
10	(11)	**In America**	The Charlie Daniels Band
11	(17)	**Emotional Rescue**	The Rolling Stones
12	(9)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
13	(15)	**More Love**	Kim Carnes
14	(21)	**Sailing**	Christopher Cross
15	(12)	**Steal Away**	Robbie Dupree
16	(16)	**Gimme Some Lovin'**	Blues Brothers
17	(20)	**Misunderstanding**	Genesis
18	(18)	**All Night Long**	Joe Walsh
19	(19)	**One Fine Day**	Carole King
20	(22)	**Love The World Away**	Kenny Rogers
21	(25)	**Let My Love Open The Door**	Pete Townsend
22	(23)	**Jo Jo**	Boz Scaggs
23	(27)	**Boulevard**	Jackson Browne
24	(29)	**Empire Strikes Back (Medley)**	Meco
25	(30)	**Take A Little Rhythm**	Al Thomson
26	(28)	**Stand By Me**	Mickey Gilley
27	(32)	**All Out Of Love**	Air Supply
28	(31)	**Into The Night**	Benny Mardones
29	(35)	**Old-fashioned Love**	Commodores
30	(33)	**I Can't Let Go**	Linda Ronstadt

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(5)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones	4	1
2	(2)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel	4	2
3	(5)	**Hold Out**	Jackson Browne	4	3
4	(4)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack	4	4
5	(6)	**Heroes**	Commodores	4	5
6	(11)	**The Game**	Queen	3	6
7	(9)	**The Blues Brothers**	Original Soundtrack	4	7
8	(3)	**Just One Night**	Eric Clapton	3	3
9	(12)	**Diana**	Diana Ross	3	9
10	(8)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend	4	8
11	(10)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson	4	10
12	(16)	**S.O.S.**	The S.O.S. Band	3	12
13	(7)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band	4	7
14	(17)	**One For The Road**	The Kinks	3	14
15	(14)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson	4	14
16	(13)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney	4	13
17	(27)	**Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere**	Rossington Collins Band	2	17
18	(21)	**There and Back**	Jeff Beck	3	18
19	(15)	**The Empire Strikes Back**	Original Soundtrack	5	1
20	(22)	**21 at 33**	Elton John	3	20
21	(18)	**The Rose**	Original Soundtrack	4	18
22	(20)	**Duke**	Genesis	3	20
23	(23)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs	3	23
24	(24)	**Saved**	Bob Dylan	3	24
25	(19)	**Christopher Cross**	Warner Bros	5	19
26	(31)	**Fame**	Original Soundtrack	2	26
27	(25)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd	3	25
28	(23)	**Women And Children First**	Van Halen	3	23
29	(26)	**Unmasked**	Kiss	3	26
30	(29)	**Scream Dream**	Ted Nugent	2	29

US Charts: courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(3)	**Xanadu**	Soundtrack (RSO)	2	3
2	(2)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	4	1
3	(5)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	9	1
4	(4)	**Uprising**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	5	4
5	(16)	**Give Me The Night**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	5
6	(1)	**The Game**	Queen (EMI)	2	1
7	(11)	**Deepest Purple**	Deep Purple (Harvest)	2	7
8	(6)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	42	3
9	(7)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	10	1
10	(10)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	10	4
11	(9)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	15	2
12	(8)	**King Of The Road**	Boxcar Willie (Warwick)	4	8
13	(27)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	10	3
14	(19)	**Black Sabbath Live At Last**	Black Sabbath (NEMS)	4	7
15	(—)	**Searching For The Young Rebels**	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	1	15
16	(12)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	6	12
17	(23)	**Saved**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	5	8
18	(—)	**All For You**	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	18
19	(—)	**Magic Reggae**	Various (K-Tel)	9	4
20	(15)	**Peter Gabriel**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	9	1
21	(20)	**Ready & Willing**	Whitesnake (UA)	8	5
22	(21)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	2	21
23	(13)	**Hot Wax**	Various (K-Tel)	7	2
24	(17)	**Duke**	Genesis (Charisma)	18	1
25	(—)	**Closer**	Joy Divison (Factory)	1	25
26	(—)	**Big Hits**	Small Faces (Immediate/Virgin)	1	26
27	(17)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	41	1
28	(18)	**Shine**	Average White Band (RCA)	9	13
29	(25)	**Cultosaurus Erectus**	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	2	24
30	(—)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Brazilian Love Affair — George Duke (Epic)
Romantic Guitar — Paul Brett (K-Tel)
Do A Runner — Athletico Spizz 80 (A&M)
Head On — Samson (Gem)
Another String Of Hot Hits — Shadows (EMI)
Dumb Waiters — Korgis (Pye)

Pic: SKR photos.

The Small Faces' Ian Maclagan (far left) laughs scornfully at the seated Stevie Marriott's huge sartorial blunder. Marriott, of course, ought to know that those suits are being worn with the third button left undone this year.

INDIES 45s

1	**Split**	Lilliput (Rough Trade)
2	**Elastic Man**	The Fall (Rough Trade)
3	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)
4	**Terror Couple Kill Cowboy**	Bauhaus (4dd)
5	**Born In Flattles**	Red Crayloa (Rough Trade)
6	**Final Achievement**	In Camera (4dd)
7	**King & Country**	TV Personalities (Rough Trade)
8	**Holidays In Cambodia**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
9	**Strange Effect**	Spectres (Direct Hit)
10	**Madman**	Cuddly Toys (Fresh)

INDIES 33s

1	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
3	**The Voice Of America**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
3	**Live**	James Chance & The Contortions (Invisible)
4	**Black Box**	Peter Hamill (S-Type)
5	**Musical Bag**	The Afflicted (Bonk)
6	**Heathen Earth**	Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
7	**Los Angeles**	X (Slash)
8	**Colossal Youth**	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
9	**Totales Turn**	Fool (Rough Trade)
10	**Dome**	Dome (Dome)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Rd, London N1

REGGAE

1	**You Jammin**	Al Campbell (JB)
2	**When I Think Of You**	Rudy Thomas (Hawkeye)
3	**You Really Don't Love**	Jnr Delgado/Ranking Dread (Soundoff)
4	**Let Me Love You**	Dennis Brown /Trinity (Joe Gibbs)
5	**I Love You Always**	Maria Taylor (KK)
6	**African Queen**	Lacksley Castell (Negus Roots)
7	**That Saturday Feeling**	Dennis Pinnock (Ambassador)
8	**No Man Is An Island**	Tyrone (Ambassador)
9	**I Need A Woman Tonight**	Tyrone (Abassador)
10	**People Make The World Go Round**	Tamlins (Ethnic Fight)

Chart by : Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

DISCO

1	**A Lovers Holiday**	Change (WEA)
2	**Jump To The Beat**	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)
3	**Back Together Again**	Flack/Hathaway (Atlantic)
4	**Use It Up And Wear It Out**	Odyssey (RCA)
5	**Brazilian Love Affair**	George Duke (Epic)
6	**Funkin' For Jamaica**	Tom Browne (Arisa)
7	**Behind The Groove**	Teena Marie (Motown)
8	**The Scratch**	Surface Noise (WEA)
9	**Firecracker**	Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)
10	**Oops - Up Side Your Head**	Crap Band (Mercury)

Chart by: Powerhouse Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1	**Barbados**	Typically Tropical (Gull)
2	**Give A Little Love**	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
3	**Jive Talkin'**	Bee Gees (RSO)
4	**I Can't Give You Anything (But My Love)**	Stylistics (Avco)
5	**If You Think You Know How To Love Me**	Smokey (Rak)
6	**Sealed With A Kiss**	Brian Hyland (ABC)
7	**It's In His Kiss**	Linda Lewis (Arista)
8	**Delilah**	Alex Harvey Band (Vertigo)
9	**Tears On My Pillow**	Johnny Nash (CBS)
10	**Misty**	Ray Stevens (Janus)

Week ending August 5, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1	**The Wonder Of You**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**Lola**	Kinks (Pye)
3	**Alright Now**	Free (Island)
4	**Neanderthal Man**	Hotlegs (Fontana)
5	**Something**	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
6	**In The Summertime**	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
7	**I'll Say Forever My Love**	Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
8	**It's All In The Game**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
9	**Lady D'Arbanville**	Cat Stevens (Island)
10	**Love Like A Man**	Ten Years After (Deram)

Week ending August 5, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1	**Help**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**You've Got Your Troubles**	Fortunes (Decca)
3	**We Gotta Get Out Of This Place**	Animals (Columbia)
4	**Mr Tambourine Man**	Byrds (CBS)
5	**Catch Us If You Can**	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
6	**Tossing And Turning**	Ivy League (Piccadilly)
7	**There But For Fortune**	Joan Baez (Fontana)
8	**Heart Full Of Soul**	Yardbirds (Columbia)
9	**Everyone's Gone To The Moon**	Jonathan King (Decca)
10	**In The Middle Of Nowhere**	Dusty Springfield (Philips)

Week ending August 5, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1	**Please Don't Tease**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	**Good Timin'**	Jimmy Jones (MGM)
3	**Shakin' All Over**	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
4	**Mess Of Blues**	Elvie Presley (RCA)
5	**Apache**	The Shadows (Columbia)
6	**Look For A Star**	Gary Mills (Top Rank)
7	**Because They're Young**	Duane Eddy (London)
8	**When Will I Be Loved**	Everly Brothers (London)
9	**If She Should Come To You**	Anthony Newley (Decca)
10	**Polka Dot Bikini**	Brian Hyland (London)

Week ending August 5, 1960

Praying for a visitation from Bob — The Beat.

Beat go anti-nuke

THE BEAT lend their support to the British Anti-Nuclear Campaign, by donating all proceeds from their new single to that organisation. Released on August 8 on their own Go Feet label, it features two tracks from their 'I Just Can't Stop It' hit album, 'Best Friend' and 'Stand Down Margaret' — the latter is a remixed dub version with additional toasting.

The band are currently writing and rehearsing new material, prior to guesting with The Police on ten mid-August dates in France. Then they're off to the States to play a series of East Coast concerts, returning to the UK in the autumn — and that's when they'll tour again here.

Hi Cats, bye bye Selecter

ONLY A WEEK after The Selecter walked out of Two-Tone, The Specials have filled the gap in their roster by signing a new band to the label. And at the same time, they've issued a statement saying: "We are sorry that Selecter have decided to leave the label, but Two-Tone will definitely continue, with the main objective of helping new bands."

Latest newcomers to the label are The Swinging Cats, whose debut single is scheduled for mid-August release. It's a double A-sider featuring the instrumental 'Mantovani', coupled with 'Away'.

The band can be seen in action around London at Islington Hope & Anchor (August 11), Covent Garden Rock Garden (12), Clapham 101 Club (20), Herne Hill Half Moon (22) and Camden Electric Ballroom (23). Out of town they visit Dudley J.B.'s (8), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (9), Wolverhampton Lafayette (10) and Sheffield Limit (21). And they appear in one of ATV's in-concert shows at Nottingham Theatre Royal on August 13 — paradoxically supporting The Selecter!

NEWS

Dylan to support God at Wembley?

PLANS FOR A massive evangelistic crusade to be held in London, with Bob Dylan as the star attraction and crowd puller, are at present being crystallised.

The idea is for the two-day event to be staged at Wembley Arena in the late autumn — or, failing that, at Earls Court or Olympia in the New Year (when Wembley is unavailable). And there are tentative bookings at all venues.

It's believed that the project is the brainchild of Dr Billy Graham's organisation. It's expected that Graham himself would preach on both days, while among other stars likely to appear are Cliff Richard (who has made two films for Graham's company) and Billy Preston, who worked with Andrae Crouch & The Disciples in his early days — and they are also in the running.

Dylan's involvement is logical following his "conversion to the faith", as evidenced by his latest album 'Saved'. The organisers are obviously relying on him, because they are refraining from announcing the date until he's said when he will be available — and the whole event will probably take the name of his 1973 hit 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door'.

Dylan pic: Carl Dunn

TOURISTS TOUR, FERRY (S)AILS

THE TOURISTS are back in Britain after their voluntary exile in the States since the beginning of the year — an absence broken only by an appearance in the Loch Lomond Festival in late spring — and have this week announced plans for a massive early autumn tour. With 28 dates already set — including two at separate London venues — and more to come, it's being billed as "The Luminous Tour", and the band have designed a special stage set complete with films and slides.

Confirmed dates are Sunderland Locarno (September 18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Glasgow Apollo (20), Aberdeen Capitol (21), Edinburgh Odeon (22), Sheffield City Hall (23), Derby Assembly Rooms (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), London Rainbow (27), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Southampton Gaumont (30), Bristol Colston Hall (October 1), Birmingham Odeon (3 and 4), Bradford St George's Hall (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Leicester De Montfort Hall (7), Hanley Victoria Hall (9), Liverpool Empire (10), Reading Hexagon Theatre (11), Poole Arts Centre (12), Cardiff University (13), Exeter University (14), Norwich East Anglia University (16), Leeds venue to be confirmed (17), Loughborough University (18), Dublin Stadium (20) and Belfast Ulster Hall (21).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues — at most of the seated halls they are £3, £2.50 and £2, though they vary elsewhere, and readers are advised to check at the respective box-offices; there is, however, a maximum of £3.50. The band's new album, currently being mixed, will be issued to coincide with the tour.

● **ROXY MUSIC** opened their curtailed UK tour in Glasgow earlier this week, and are going ahead with three shows at London Wembley Arena from tonight (Thursday). But with Bryan Ferry taking longer to recover from his kidney virus than expected, the band were forced to cancel two more dates in Manchester last weekend — which meant that exactly half their schedule was called off.

Ticket-holders for the scrapped gigs at Brighton Dome, Birmingham Odeon (2) and Manchester Apollo (2) are still being advised to retain their tickets —even though the shows can't now be rescheduled until November, as the venues concerned are fully booked until then.

The tour reduction has come as a blow to Martha & The Muffins, who returned from Canada specially to appear as Roxy's guests. But as part compensation, DinDisc have managed to fix a late headliner for them — at London Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (5). Admission is £3 on the doors.

● **STING** has not yet decided whether to accept the role of the villain in the new James Bond movie *For Your Eyes Only*. He is still awaiting a detailed filming schedule, to enable him to assess whether he could take the part without interfering too drastically with The Police's commitments. The Bond offer is firm and remains open, but a decision is not expected for a couple of weeks.

Trick's Robin Zander

October trek for Trick

CHEAP TRICK return to the UK in October for their first tour here since January 1979 — though they did reappear briefly for a spot in last year's Reading Festival. Their visit takes in Newcastle Mayfair (October 16 and 17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Manchester Apollo (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Sheffield City Hall (23) and London Hammersmith Odeon (24), with the possibility of one or two more gigs to come.

Following the success of their albums 'Live At Budokan' and 'Dream Police' last year, they have a new studio set coming out in September as a prelude to their tour — titled 'All Shook Up', it was produced by George Martin, and is on the Epic label. Their latest single 'Everything Works If You Let It' — from the soundtrack of the upcoming Meatloaf film *Roadie* — has already been a hit in the States, and has just been issued here.

THE SKOLARS

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101 Club launch own label

A NEW LABEL called 101 Records, distributed by Polydor, makes its bow next month. It's centred around the successful 101 Club in Clapham, South London, and will be a showcase for bands who perform there regularly — plus live recordings made at the venue. It intends to provide an outlet for new and emerging bands at a competitive price — albums will cost from £2.99 to £3.75.

First album, out on September 5, is a studio set called 'Band — It's At Ten O'Clock' featuring one track each from The Piranhas, Holly & The Italians, Wasted Youth, The Comsat Angels, The Hitmen, Electric Eels, Huang Chung, Jane Kennedy's Strange Behaviour, Real To Real, The Scene, Thompson Twins and The VIP's. The second release will be a live compilation, the first in a series of at least ten albums titled 'Live At 101'. The club will also be staging a special promotional week, featuring many of the bands listed above, starting September 5.

Newcastle outfit THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG, have now augmented to a five-piece with the addition of second guitarist John Sykes. To coincide with their appearance in the Reading Festival, their debut album 'Wild Cat' is being issued by MCA on August 22 — it's a ten-track set consisting entirely of new band compositions, one of which 'Suzy Smiled' is released as a single on August 8 (the B-side 'Tush' is not on the LP). The Tygers are (from left to right) BRIAN DICK, ROBB WEIR, JESS COX, ROCKY and JOHN SYKES.

● The new **Simple Minds** album 'Empires And Dance' is set for September 19 release on Zoom Records (through Arista). It will coincide with an extensive European tour, culminating in a nationwide UK outing.

● **Davey Johnstone** —noted for his playing and writing association with Elton John — has signed a worldwide deal with Ariola, who release his single 'Love Is A Crazy Feeling' this week.

● Dead Good Records release a single by **Tiger Lily**, the band who subsequently became Ultravox, and featuring the original line-up of John Foxx, Stevie Shears, Billy Currie, Warren Cann and Chris Cross. Out on August 15, it features the Foxx composition 'Monkey Jive' coupled with a revival of 'Ain't Misbehavin'.

● **Misty** release their long-awaited debut album in August on the People Unite label. Titled 'Misty In Roots Live At The Counter Eurovision 79', it's at present available on limited import on the AZ label.

● **Ziggy Byfield** and The Blackheart Band have a double A-side single out on PVK Records, coupling two tracks from their recently released debut album 'Running' — they are 'Gonna Ring Your Bell' and 'Trixie'.

● First single from **The Suspicions** on Arista is — would you believe? — a revival of the Charles Penrose classic 'The Laughing Policeman', with a ska-type treatment.

● Eight albums reissued by Polydor this month at a special budget price include 'Stone Free' by **Jimi Hendrix**, 'Never Can Say Goodbye' by **Gloria Gaynor**, 'The Best Of **Steve Gibbons**', 'The Air That I Breathe' by **The Hollies** and the first **Bee Gees** LP.

OFF THE RECORD

Jam start out

THE JAM have now confirmed 'Start' as their new single, coupled with 'Liza Radley', and it's set for August 15 release by Polydor. The band have almost finished work on their next album, and this is expected to be issued in mid-October.

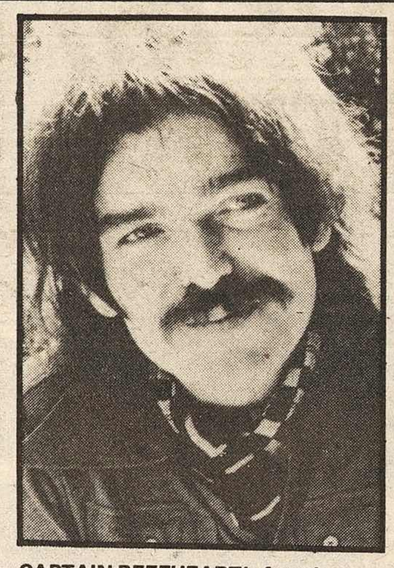
● **Johnny G** has a double A-side single out on Beggar's Banquet this week, coupling 'Highway Shoes' (from his current album 'G-Beat') and a revival of 'Blue Suede Shoes'. Same label issues the **Merton Parkas** single 'Put Me In The Picture', to coincide with their UK tour, reported last week.

● **Adam & The Ants,** now with a brand new line-up backing Adam Ant, have signed with CBS who release their single 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' this week. The band are now recording an album at Rockfield, and an autumn tour is being planned.

● **The Blue Meanies** — the band formed by ex-Radio Stars bassist Martin Gordon, who specialise in so-called Heavy Intelligent Pop — have a single titled 'Pop Sensibility', penned by Gordon, out on the Mercury label.

● **The Comsat Angels,** an outfit being widely tipped for success, have their single 'Independence Day'/'We Were' issued by Polydor. Both tracks are band compositions.

● South London band **Mobster,** who recently signed with Phonogram's Ensign label, have their debut single issued this week. It's a double A-sider coupling 'Simmer Down' and 'Mobster Shuffle'.



CAPTAIN BEEFHEART's fourth album for Virgin 'Doc At The Radar Station' is set for August 22 release. The 12 new songs were produced and arranged by the Captain, and two of his paintings are featured on the sleeve. The LP was mastered on the revolutionary new CBS computer disc cutting lathe in New York, and it features a six-piece backing band — who are expected to accompany Beefheart on tours of America, Europe and Britain later in the year.

TUBES IN CAPITOL DEAL; TOUR PLANS

THE TUBES have signed with Capitol in a long-term worldwide deal. The band's contract with A&M expired recently, since when they've been courted by several major companies, with Capitol finally clinching the deal. They're about to start work on an album for their new outlet — it's planned for January release, and they'll be setting out on a world tour at the same time.

● **ELO**'s new single 'All Over The World', out this week on Jet, is the second potential hit to be lifted from the 'Xanadu' soundtrack album.

● Latest single from **The Korgis,** issued this week by Rialto, is culled from their 'Dumb Waiters' album. Title is 'If It's Alright With You Baby'.

● A new **Roberta Flack** single titled 'Don't Make Me Wait Too Long' is issued by Atlantic on August 8, taken from her hit duo album with Donny Hathaway.

● **Randy Crawford**'s new single is 'One Day I'll Fly Away', culled from his recent LP 'Now We May Begin', and issued by Warner Brothers on August 8.

● Cherry Red this week issue an album called 'The Shape Of Finns To Come', featuring six of the top new-wave bands in Finland. From the same label comes the single 'They Say Space Is Cold' by Stroud band **Emotion Pictures**.

Cassette single

MALCOLM McLAREN maintains his image as an innovator, through the medium of his new group **Bow Wow Wow,** whose debut single 'C30 C60 C90 GO!' is being made available from this weekend in cassette form. EMI reckons it's the first-ever single cassette from a major company, and it's on C10 in a limited edition of 100,000, selling at the normal singles price of £1.15.

● American band **Touch** have a new single to coincide with their upcoming appearance at the Castle Donington heavy metal bash. Titled 'Don't You Know What Love Is', it's taken from their self-titled album, and released by Ariola an August 8.

● **The Photos** have made a late switch in the A-side of their new CBS single, out this week. They've dropped 'Friends' in favour of another track from their hit album, titled 'Now That You Tell Me That We're Through'. The B-side remains 'Je T'Aime'.

● The first 15,000 copies of the new **Gillan** album 'Glory Road', for release by Virgin to coincide with their early autumn tour, will include a free LP titled 'For Gillan Fans Only'. The band's new three-track single 'No Easy Way' is out this week.

● A live album by the old **UK Subs** line-up, titled 'Crash Course' and recorded at London Rainbow earlier this year, will be issued by Gem on September 12 — and the first 30,000 copies will include a free four-track 12-inch EP, recorded at the band's Lyceum date in July.

● **Magazine's** double-pack single 'Sweetheart Contract' — released in a limited edition of 10,000 — has now reverted to a 12-inch single at the special price of £1.50.

● The Monkees' hit 'I'm A Believer' is revived by **Greg Bright** for his new single on Rat Race Records, out this week. B-side is his own composition 'Sweet In The Leyden Jar'.

● 'The **Nick Battle** EP' is the title of their first solo release from the former After The Fire and Writz bassist and singer. The three-track set is released on August 22 in a picture sleeve by Sheffield-based Aardvark Records (distributed by Pinnacle). Battle is getting a band together for a promotional tour in September.

● Belgian band **Toy** have signed to Logo Records for the UK, and will have their LP 'Bad Night' issued on August 8. Plans are being made for them to tour Britain.

● Australian band **The Saints** — who recently re-formed with a new line-up, but still including two original members — have a five-track 12-inch EP out on the New Rose label (through Rough Trade, Bonaparte and other indies). They're currently recording an album, and will be gigging shortly.

THE BOOKS begin another chapter of their recording career by releasing a new single on the Logo label, titled 'Take Us To Your Leader'. Books usually sell by their covers, so they say — which is presumably why this has a picture sleeve.

SECRET AFFAIR

IN THE CONFUSION OF THE SOUND OF

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motörhead MONSTER

MOTORHEAD, fresh from their metal extravaganza at Stafford last weekend, have now announced plans for their longest and loudest tour ever — a 33-date autumn schedule, climaxing in a string of four nights at London Hammersmith Odeon. They are currently recording an album, for release by Bronze in early October to coincide with the UK outing, and preceded by a single in late September. And their itinerary comprises:

Ipswich Gaumont (October 22), Aylesbury Friars (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (26), Manchester Apollo (27 and 28), Newcastle Mayfair (29 and 30), Aberdeen Capitol (November 1), Dundee Caird Hall (2), Edinburgh Odeon (3), Glasgow Apollo (4), Carlisle Market Hall (5), Blackburn King George's Hall (7), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (8), Bristol Colston Hall (9 and 10), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (11), Poole Wessex Hall (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (13), Southampton Gaumont (14), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (16), Leicester De Montfort Hall (17 and 18), Coventry Theatre (19), Oxford New Theatre (20), Birmingham Odeon (22 and 23), Crawley Leisure Centre (25) and London Hammersmith Odeon (26-29).

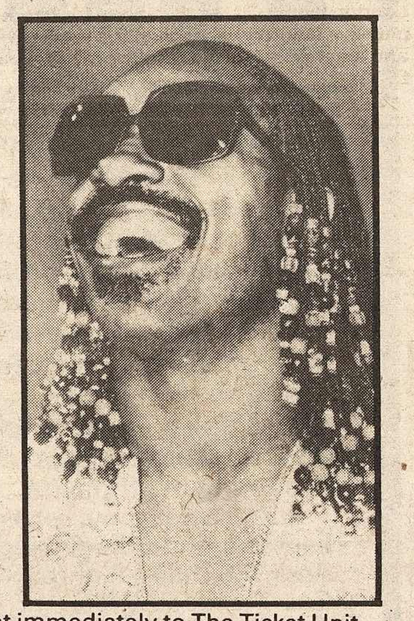
Ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Hanley, Newcastle, Carlisle, Blackburn, Deeside, Cardiff, Poole, St. Austell and Crawley (all at £3.50 only); Aylesbury (£3.60 only); Leicester (£3.50 and £3); and Hammersmith (£4.50, £3.50 and £2.50). They go on sale this Saturday at box-offices — except at Bristol (August 14), Aylesbury (August 23) and Bradford (September 13), though in the case of Bristol and Bradford postal applications may be made immediately. Tour promoters are Straight Music in association with Neil Warnock of the Bron Agency.

MASSIVE 33-DATE TOUR

● **Motorhead, supported by Girlschool, are also playing one of ATV's string of summer shows at Nottingham Theatre Royal — which are being filmed for the upcoming in-concert series 'Rockstage', hopefully to be networked later in the year. They appear on August 20, and the final booking for the series is Thin Lizzy who play two nights on August 25 and 26, with a support act still to be announced.**

● **Girlschool also have August gigs in their own right at Aylesbury Friars (tomorrow, Friday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (Saturday), Hull Wellington Club (4), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (6), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (7), Pilsley Shoulder of Mutton (8) and St Albans City Hall (9).**

AT LAST! STEVIE OKAYS WEMBLEY



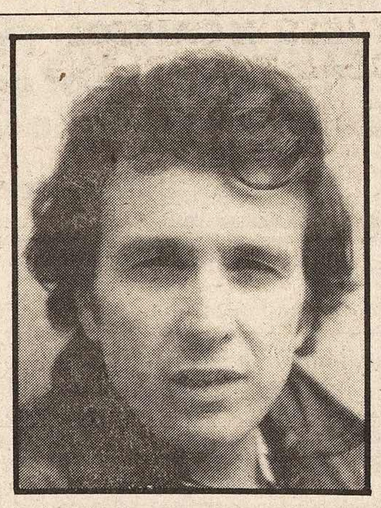
STEVIE WONDER has at last signed for a string of concerts at London Wembley Arena in the late summer, so ending the speculation which has been rife for several weeks. He appears there for six nights — on September 1, 2, 3, and 5, 6, 7 — and these will be his only concerts in Europe at this time. These are his first British dates since 1974, and he'll be performing the entire evening with his group Wonderlove.

The show is called "Stevie Wonder's Hotter Than July Music Picnic", and it will feature songs from his entire repertoire, plus material from his upcoming album 'Hotter Than July'. Tickets are priced £9, £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50.

Mail order bookings may be sent immediately to The Ticket Unit, 8 Poland Street, London W.1. Postal orders only, made payable to "Stevie Wonder Box Office" — enclose SAE and a booking fee of 30p per ticket. And mark the date for which tickets are preferred on the back of the envelope.

Tickets go on sale from August 9 to personal callers at: Wembley Arena Box Office, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office and the Ticket Machine and all Virgin stores (London): Virgin shops in Cardiff, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Brighton, Southampton and Nottingham; Piccadilly Records (Manchester); Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham); Mike Lloyd Records (Newcastle-under-Lyme and Hanley); Apollo Theatre (Glasgow); and George Wortley (Norwich).

McLEAN ON THE CIRCUIT



DON McLEAN, who headlines at the Cambridge Folk Festival this weekend, is now confirmed for a major UK tour through September. He's playing 20 shows, and there'll be no support act.

The first half of each show will be a solo spot with McLean accompanying himself on acoustic guitar, and during the second half he'll be backed by full orchestra and vocal group. With a new single 'Since I Don't Have You' released last week by EMI, taken from his hit album 'Chain Lightning', McLean will be riding on the crest of a chart wave at:

Ipswich Gaumont (September 7), Oxford New Theatre (9), Bristol Colston Hall (10), St Austell New Cornish Riviera (11), Derby Assembly Rooms (14), Manchester Free Trade Hall (15), Southampton Gaumont (17), Brighton Dome (18), Chatham Central Hall (19), London Wembley Conference Centre (20), Newcastle City Hall (22), Edinburgh Usher Hall (23), Aberdeen Capitol (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (26), Southport Theatre (27), Harrogate Royal Hall (28), Hull New Theatre (29), Birmingham Odeon (30) and London Royal Festival Hall (October 1). Tickets are on sale now, but prices vary from one venue to another.

Rooster cockahoop

ATOMIC ROOSTER — who, as reported last month, have now been re-formed by original founder Vincent Crane and John DuCann — are set for their first nationwide tour since the early '70s. Dates confirmed so far are Liverpool Brady's (September 16), Wollaston Nags Head (19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Scarborough Penthouse (26), Nottingham Boat Club (27), Exeter University (October 3) Bournemouth Winter Gardens (8), Bristol Granary (9), Abertillery Metropole Cinema (10) and Manchester UMIST (18). More college dates are being slotted in, and the tour will extend through to the end of October. The band's new self-titled album is scheduled for early September release by EMI.

Monos sack themselves

THE MONOS have decided to split and, as a result, projected tours of America and the Far East have been cancelled. They feel their music had become redundant, and that the time had come to sack themselves! Kenny Jones (bass) and Gez Prior (guitar) are forming their own band, and are already busy recording new self-penned material, with Steve Harley producing — a single is planned for RCA release in September, with London dates the same month. Fran Ashcroft (guitar and vocals), who was The Monos' principal writer, is also forming a new band and a recording deal will be announced shortly. It's not yet known if RCA will go ahead with the release of the final Monos album 'Breaking Records', which they completed shortly before the split.

GILLAN GIGS GALORE

GILLAN have now confirmed the schedule for their autumn tour, plans for which were revealed by *NME* three weeks ago. Besides their previously reported October 14 concert at **London Hammersmith** Odeon, they play **Guilford** Civic Hall (September 25), **Oxford** New (26), **Brighton** Dome (27), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (28), **Bradford** St George's Hall (29), **Newcastle** Mayfair (October 1), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (3), **Preston** Guildhall (4), **Liverpool** Empire (5), **Sheffield** City Hall (6), **Manchester** Apollo (7), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (8), **Birmingham** Odeon (10), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (11), **Coventry** Theatre (12), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (13), **Bristol** Colston Hall (16), **Southampton** Gaumont (17), **Bracknell** Sports Centre (18), **Cardiff** Top Rank (19), **Ipswich** Gaumont (21), **Edinburgh** Odeon (23), **Glasgow** Apollo (24), **Dundee** Caird Hall (25), **Carlisle** Market Hall (26) and **Hull** City Hall (27). Support acts are Quartz and White Spirit.

● TONY TUFF, the reggae artist whose 12-inch discomix 'Lovers Rocking And Skanking' has just been issued on the Island/Grove label, begins a British club tour this weekend. Gigs so far confirmed are **Derby** Havannah Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Wolverhampton** Studio 54 (Saturday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (August 6), **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall (8), **Manchester** Mayflower (9), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (14), **London Peckham** Bouncing Ball (15 and 16), **Cardiff** Casablanca (21), **Bradford** Palm Cove (23), **Bristol** Granary (25), **London** Dalston Cubies (30), **Northampton** MFM Club (September 6) and **Bilston** Rising Star (27).

● NINE BELOW ZERO have their album 'Live At The Marquee' issued by A&M this weekend and they promote it with **London** gigs at Woolwich Tramshed (August 7), Finchley Torrington (10) and Oxford St. 100 Club (12), followed by **Bournemouth** Town Hall (13). Then after their **Reading** Festival spot on August 22, they play **Stanmore** Middlesex & Herts Country Club (27), **Birmingham** Cedar Ballroom (28), **Kirklevington** Country Club (29), **Carlisle** Mick's (30) and **London Camden** Dingwalls (31).

● THE EXPRESSOS have dispelled rumours that the band is splitting by announcing a solid schedule of August gigs — at **Edinburgh** Nite Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Paisley** Bungalow (Saturday), **London Fulham** Greyhound (6 and 13), **Sheffield** Limit Club (7), **Scarborough** Penthouse (8), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (9), **London Herne Hill** Half Moon (15), **Coventry** General Wolfe (16 and 30), **Birmingham** Golden Eagle (20 and 27) and **Dudley** J.B.'s (22). More gigs are being set for the interim dates and into September.

Rory roars around

RORY GALLAGHER follows his headlining appearance at the Reading Festival — on Friday, August 22 — with a major 27-date concert tour. It ties in with the September 12 release of his new Chrysalis album 'Stage Struck', which was recorded on his recent world tour at venues in America and Australasia. His UK outing, which doesn't include a London date (though one could be added later), comprises:

Malvern Winter Gardens (September 5), Taunton Odeon (6), Cardiff Top Rank (7), Poole Arts Centre (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), Derby Assembly Rooms (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Middlesbrough Town Hall (14), Preston Guildhall (15), Guildford Civic Hall (18), Brighton Dome (19), Canterbury Odeon (20), Aylesbury Friars (24), Sheffield Top Rank (25), Edinburgh Odeon (26), Aberdeen Capitol (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Manchester Apollo (October 3), Leeds University (4), Oxford New Theatre (5), Leicester De Montfort Hall (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (7), Bristol Colston Hall (10), St. Albans City Hall (11), Southampton Gaumont (12), Ipswich Gaumont (13) and Coventry Theatre (14).

Ticket prices range from £2.50 to £4. They should be on sale by tomorrow (Friday) for all September dates, and by August 8 for October dates.

NEWS ROUND-UP

SAMSON have added another six dates to their current extensive tour — at Norwich St Andrew's Hall (tonight, Thursday), London Camden Music Machine (August 7), Sheffield Top Rank (8), Dunstable Queensway Hall (10), the Reading Festival (23) and London Marquee (26) — and there's still more to come.

SALT have re-formed with their original front line of Little Steve (vocals and harp) and Mick Clarke (guitar), and they're now joined by ex-Sam Apple Pie bassist Jeff Brown. The blues-rock band return to the gig circuit at London Canning Town Bridge House next Tuesday (5).

TEENA MARIE arrives in London next Wednesday (6) for a week's promotional work, in connection with her new Motown single 'Lonely Desire' and album 'Lady T'. Her visit is confined mainly to TV and radio spots, but she's likely to return later in the year for a tour.

JOURNEY, the hugely successful American band whose line-up features several ex-Santana musicians, will now appear at London Rainbow on September 22 — and not at the Hammersmith Odeon on October 2, as previously announced.

MINNY POPS, the highly rated Dutch band, have arrived in the UK to record a single for the Factory label. While they're here, they'll be playing three gigs — at Leeds Warehouse (August 4), Manchester Beach Club (6) and Liverpool Brady's (8).

STEEL PULSE (August 18) and Ultravox (25) are now confirmed for gigs at Edinburgh Tiffany's, as part of the Edinburgh Rock Festival — tickets in both cases are £2.50. Apart from the possibility of a couple of late bookings, this now completes the line-up for the event, details of which have been reported over the past few weeks.

WILD HORSES have been confirmed as support act on Ted Nugent's UK tour, starting at London Hammersmith Odeon this Friday and Saturday.

THE VIP'S promote their new Gem single 'The Quarter Moon' (released August 8) with gigs at London Herne Hill Half Moon (tonight, Thursday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (August 4), Kingston Three Tuns (15), London Fulham Greyhound (20) and Coventry General Wolfe (23).

PETER BARDENS, former leader of Camel, plays a string of London dates with his group The Moles — at Islington Hope & Anchor (tomorrow, Friday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Sunday), Fulham Greyhound (August 5), Canning Town Bridge House (6) and Camden Dingwalls (7).

GENO WASHINGTON has added the following dates to his previously reported UK tour: Kirklevington Country Club (August 31), Bradford Broadway Bar (September 8-10), Norwich East Anglia University (October 2), Colwyn Bay (3), Liverpool Polytechnic (4), Portsmouth Collingwood Club (9) and London Victoria The Venue (19).

BAD MANNERS — who've just completed recording their second Magnet album, for autumn release — play four August gigs. They are at Swindon Brunel Rooms (tomorrow, Friday), Cosford Cavalier Club (Saturday), Aylesbury Friars with The Bodysnatchers (10) and Sheffield Hillsborough Park (30).

THE PIRANHAS and The Directions open a new West London rock venue called Brolleys on August 7, operating every Thursday at The Castle in Richmond (admission £1.50). The previous evening, a new Wednesday rock venue opens at London Acton Kings Head (£1), with The Decorators and Furniture as the first atttractions.

RAM JAM BAND, who re-formed recently and are currently on the road, have added London gigs at the Marquee (August 10), Fulham Golden Lion (15 and 29) and the Crystal Palace Hotel (16). More are being set, and a recording deal is being negotiated, with a view to a single coming out in September.

COACHES TO KISS CONCERTS

SPECIAL COACHES have been organised for people travelling to the Kiss concerts at **Stafford** Bingley Hall (September 5) and **Deeside** Leisure Centre (6). For Stafford, they leave the **Nottingham** Victoria Coach Station (5pm, £2 return), **Derby** Coach Station (5.30pm, £1.70 return) and **Birmingham** Bullring Bus Station (5.30pm, £1.25 return). The Deeside coaches leave from three points in **Liverpool** — Crosby Bus Station (4.50pm), Walton Bus Station (5.05pm) and Skellbourne Street Coach Station (5.30pm) — and all tickets are £1.70 return. In both cases, coach seats must be booked at least two days before the concert.

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THE BIG TIME CLOWN

THE ANATOMY OF A FIFTY GRAND BUST

Last summer the guard dogs of the British record industry pulled off their biggest, most celebrated bootleg bust ever: Operation Moonbeam.

It involved nearly 40 fulltime investigators in 5½ months' sleuthing. Total cost: £50,000.

The result, it is claimed, was the smashing of Britain's most venal bootleg syndicate.

The man hit hardest in court was Newcastle bootlegger Maurice Gardner, officially described as the gang's North East distributor. A big-time operator . . . or just a big-time clown?

We sent ANDREW TYLER to lift the veil on a story of crime, confusion and comic ineptitude.

Illustrations: CHARLES GRIFFIN

THE ED. WANTS ME to be Philip Marlowe for this one. The grubby mac, the beat-up car and the patter patter of the ice cool dick. But I told him there were already more than enough dicks on the case in question (one of whom is called Bond, James Bond) and most of them are drowning in affidavits.

But let's not stray. Let's go back to a kind of beginning in April '80 when a high-pitched Geordie called Brian Hetherington entered the *NME* city office with a bellyful of complaints concerning the British Phonographic Industry.

The BPI, as well we know by now, plays Doberman Pinscher to the record business. It guards its interests. In fact the BPI practically is the record business, its members being CBS, Virgin, EMI, Sire and the rest of the production gang.

Since 1972, the BPI has operated an anti-piracy squad of lawyers, investigators and grasses. Their job has been to hunt down and slap the chops of the forgers who annually skim off five per cent of the industry's diminishing gross.

Not much has been known about this clandestine little troupe except what is revealed in its own periodic press releases that celebrate "another major bootleg ring smashed" or some such. Its self-portrait is fetching in the extreme. A picture of staunch and fair-minded vigilance in the face of ever mounting odds.

The pirate business, says the BPI's press officer, is getting shystier by the minute. It is now beginning to attract "fairly big-time crime syndicates" whose fund-raising activities run to loan sharking, prostitution, gambling and the rest of the muckpile of villainy.

So was Hetherington of this stamp? I removed my spectacles for a closer look.

"Those bastards," he defamed, "have taken all my records. My own personal property. It's just incredible what they can get away with."

That's innuendo, I told him. The facts, he said, are these.

HE WAS A CHEF and part-time dealer in rare records. Not bootlegs. Rare records. He dealt from a market stall in Newcastle's Quayside and by mail order. He had stock lists to prove his wares were legitimate.

Because of space problems at home in Stanley, he had, since May of '79, been storing his stock of 1,000 albums with a mate in Newcastle. In December of '79 there were spouse difficulties and he decided to skin it to Barbados where he'd previously worked as a chef. Before leaving, he deposited the remaining stock — 3,000 singles — with the same mate, one Maurice Gardner.

It was a gross and hideous error. For Maurice Gardner was known to the BPI as a bootlegger. He had figured prominently in their Operation Moonbeam raids of that summer and had consequently been served with costs and damages of £7,617 (thus far unpaid). He was quite possibly being monitored and even photographed by BPI gumshoes at the very moment he was agreeing to stash Hetherington's records in his second floor bedroom.

Hetherington suspected as much and, worried that his record collection might be in jeopardy, asked Gardner to check with his solicitor as the first opportunity. This was done the day after Hetherington's departure and the counsel offered was yes, the BPI might well attempt to confiscate Hetherington's collection in lieu of unpaid costs, but rest assured, there were "procedures" to go through which would provide fair warning.

The solicitor's advice was offered at 4 pm on December 20. At 5.20 Gardner got home from a Christmas shopping spree to find something called a Walking Possession Agreement was on the mat.

This said, in lay language, that we, the sheriff's office understand you owe the BPI several thousand quid. It's our job to collect for them so tomorrow afternoon we're going to send some blokes round to go through your stuff and remove anything that looks valuable. We won't touch goods that are on the HP and where the bill's outstanding. Nor any object you can prove belongs to another person. If you try'n'sneak anything out in the night you'll be in even bigger trouble.

Gardner became the sheriff's obliging statue. The thought occurred to him that he was indeed being watched, if not by the sheriff's men then by the BPI sleuths whose proclivity for cloak and dagger dramatics he'd already had occasion to sample (more of this later). Had he removed Hetherington's and been found out, then not even his mother would have believed he was protecting not himself but a friend who happened to be in Barbados at an address unknown.

The following day the sheriff's man arrived and Hetherington's pile was removed to a Ponteland auctioneer to await the hammer — proceeds to go to the BPI.

AN UNHAPPY TALE of mistaken ownership, you might suppose. But no. Hetherington was claiming that not only did the BPI know full well the true ownership of the records, but he was even entertaining the preposterous notion that they were conspiring to incriminate those persons whom he'd indicated were the sources of his stock.

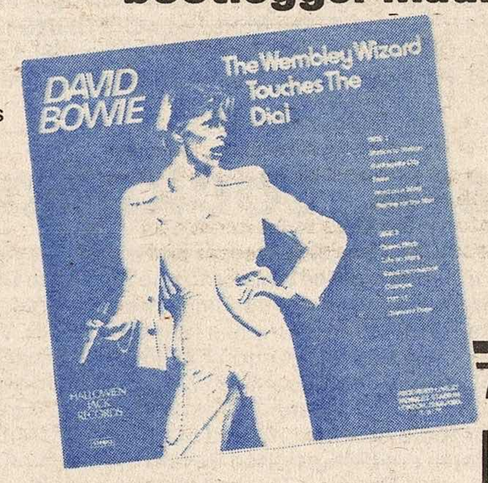
Two record dealers in the Newcastle area — Second Time Around and Listen Ear — had produced sworn affidavits which said that many of the records in question originated with themselves and that they had been sold not to Gardner but to Hetherington. Both had subsequently received a curiously brazen letter that purported to be from a bootlegger and coke dealer. Hetherington fancies — and this is powerfully denied — that the letter sprang from the clotted mind of one of the BPI's own investigators. The intention being to incriminate the said record dealers who, if they were associated with Hetherington/Gardner must, by definition, be part of the Damnable Moonbeam 'ring' of which Gardner was supposedly a leader.

The letter was on notepaper headed Sanctuary Rare Records. The address was 207 Regent Street, London. In English of the less grammatical variety, it read:

"Hi there, fellow retailers. Having chose your shop along with many others at random in the UK we wonder if you would be so kind as to help us out in our present crisis.

Increasing police activity at the docks plus in and around London are making it harder for us at Sanctuary to trade in bootleg records, and as we are chiefly suspected, we are appealing to several shops throughout the UK to help us store these records until the heat is off. We would be most grateful if we could send at your earliest convenience 250-1,000 albums by Bowie, Zep, Genesis, Kate Bush for you to hide on your premises, until we can arrange to pick them up at an (sic) future date. We must stress that these albums are not for sale.

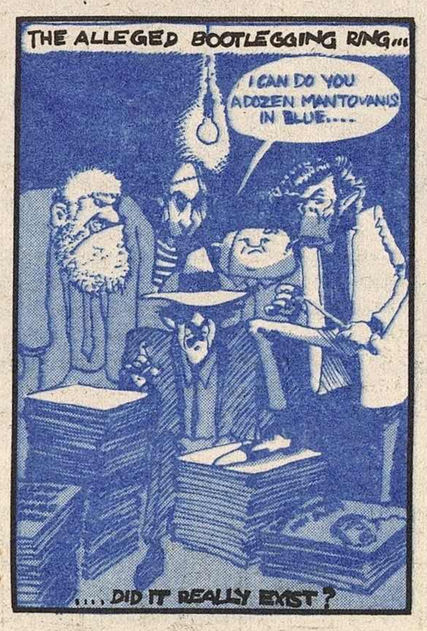
Also would it be possible for you to stash some cocaine for us? However, if you have the misfortune to get busted whilst in possession of our product, we reserve the right to plead ignorance to our collusion . . ."



Left: the Bowie bootleg pressed up by the BPI to snare Gardner.

It was signed by one 'Charles Warren'.

Hetherington pleaded with me to sleuth around and trace its origins. In the meantime he was sueing the BPI for return of the records and would let me know the outcome.



FIRST STOP WAS 207 Regent Street. It was the address of Linguaphone Records, world famous instructors in the art of talking foreign.

They had heard of neither Sanctuary Rare Records, nor Mr Charles Warren, nor were they members of the BPI or clients of BPI solicitors A. E. Hamlin & Co (address 273-287 Regent Street, London).

Step two: A request for an interview with BPI chief investigator Mr Bill Hood (who also quite seriously, likes to be known as James Bond). This was denied. As was a request for an audience with the director general or any of the BPI solicitors, or indeed any other persons connected with the organisation except a press officer, Mr Richard Robson, who is not actually a BPI employee but is contracted to handle their publicity.

Robson, it turned out, knew next to nothing of the Hetherington affair and not very much of the nuts and bolts workings of the anti-piracy division, but was nonetheless prepared to vouch for its utter integrity.

There was a case, anyway, he declared, for the utmost discretion in these matters.

"Lives," he said darkly, "have and are being threatened on a consistent basis. There are now names of people coming to the attention of the BPI and the piracy squad that are known to the police as being fairly heavyweight individuals."

Such people, he suggested, would probably be involved in bulk importing of records — most often from the Far East where there was more pirated product in circulation than the official sort. Stocks also came from the US and from several European countries, notably Holland, Belgium and France.

In Britain, the illegitimate end had been knocked down to five per cent of the gross and is so far holding steady. The industry, said Robson, would be fairly satisfied if the figure was maintained.

So much for the general profile. But what about the specifics on how Hood's team operated? How large was it? To whom was it answerable?

While Robson described the bootleg-catchers' infallable set-up — 30 to 40 full-time investigators led by Bill 'James Bond' Hood and co-ordinated by solicitors Hamlin & Co. I was saving the Sanctuary Rare Records letter for an appropriately down-tempo moment. An instant where Robson would be so lulled by his own fine-honed recitation that he would be caused to fumble out God's truth . . .

When the moment came he stared at the thing long and hard and said: "I haven't seen this before. That's not to say none of the investigators doesn't known about it."

There is a suspicion, I explained, that it originated with one of your investigators.

The BPI claims to have recovered all but a handful of its own pressing of the 'Wizard' bootleg. Insiders report as many as 200 of the BPI 2,000 still in circulation. Asking price has jumped from £2 to £25 each.

"Why?"

I explained Hetherington's tortuous line of attack. But he didn't comprehend the connection. So I explained it twice more and he still looked at me dizzily.

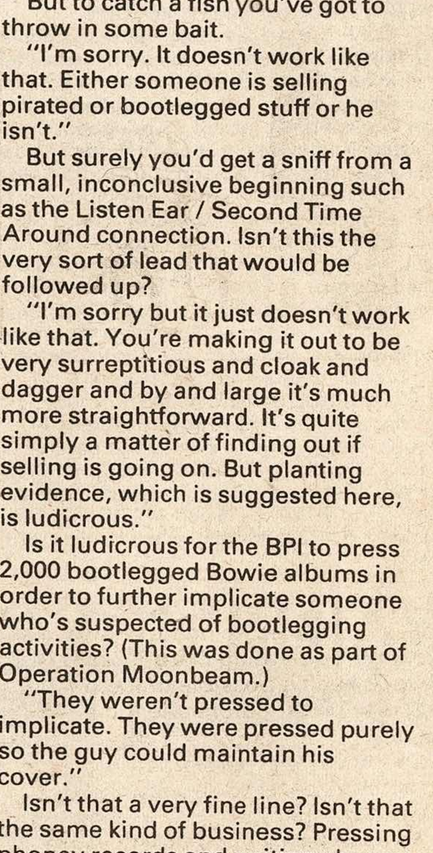
Who, I asked, would write a letter on headed notepaper saying I'm a bootlegger and cocaine artist?

"I know. It's weird. It seems on the face of it a bit of a strange one to me. I still don't think this could possibly prove or even indicate a connection with an investigator."

Couldn't it be a fairly ham-fisted attempt to frame-up the two shops, Listen Ear and Second Time Around?

"Ah yes ... but I honestly don't see it. I'm sorry."

Why?



"Because the anti-piracy division has got more than enough genuine work from now until God knows when."

But to catch a fish you've got to throw in some bait.

"I'm sorry. It doesn't work like that. Either someone is selling pirated or bootlegged stuff or he isn't."

But surely you'd get a sniff from a small, inconclusive beginning such as the Listen Ear / Second Time Around connection. Isn't this the very sort of lead that would be followed up?

"I'm sorry but it just doesn't work like that. You're making it out to be very surreptitious and cloak and dagger and by and large it's much more straightforward. It's quite simply a matter of finding out if selling is going on. But planting evidence, which is suggested here, is ludicrous."

Is it ludicrous for the BPI to press 2,000 bootlegged Bowie albums in order to further implicate someone who's suspected of bootlegging activities? (This was done as part of Operation Moonbeam.)

"They weren't pressed to implicate. They were pressed purely so the guy could maintain his cover."

Isn't that a very fine line? Isn't that the same kind of business? Pressing phoney records and writing phoney letters.

"I'm sorry but I don't see it."

So investigators would draw the line at what?

"If you're suggesting that an investigator would plant evidence ..."

But he'll produce phoney records

IN THE BOOTLEG RING

and sell them to counterfeiters and pirates for them to be sold in stores.

"No."

But that was done.

"It's not a question of selling anything to them. All the investigator did was to act as a middle man. He was approached by the gang and the gang said to him 'Look, you say you can manufacture records, we would like you to go and get 2,000 (Bowie's 'Wembley Wizard Touches The Dial') manufactured for us. The guy had to say yes because of his cover. But there is no question of those records being used to implicate anybody.

"There were already literally tens of thousands of them around at the time. Again it's in the press releases. They were being pressed in America and coming over via Holland."

Did you ever see the Moonbeam dossier?

"No I didn't."

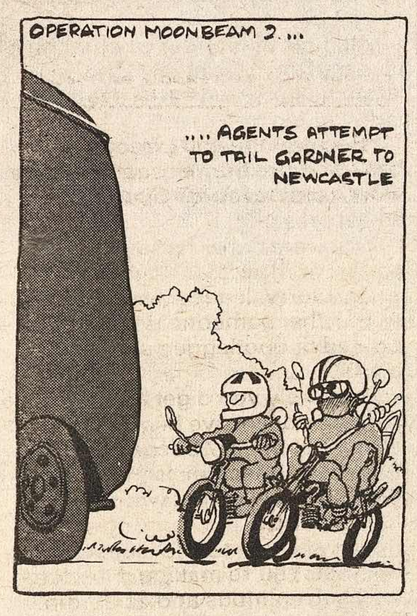
(It was on the basis of this file that a court order was granted for BPI investigators to raid and seize suspect contraband. The hearing granting the order was held in secrecy. With just the judge and BPI lawyers present. This was to avoid press reports which would tip off the suspects.)

If you didn't see the dossier, I'm sorry, but how can you categorically deny that this sort of thing goes on? You rarely see Bill Hood (chief investigator) and you don't know where he lives. You don't know the details of how his team operates. How are you in a position to say it can't possibly go on?

"All I can say is I know in broad terms how the piracy division works. It is perfectly above board and perfectly legal. If there was anything underhand or very suspect about how evidence is obtained it would come out in one of the many court cases. Remember that in the last two or three years alone there have been something like three hundred court cases involving piracy."

But most of the more vital evidence as to means used is held in-camera.

"Ah, that's not the point. The point is that when the guy actually comes back into court to see the High Court Judge and there is a discussion about giving undertakings to cease bootlegging and the enquiry into damages, *that* is not in-camera. It is for anybody to hear and for the press to report. If the guy has been set up



he's going to say so."

Ah, so every bootlegger gets his day in court.

"As for the letter. If it comes from an investigator then he is being very stupid and the anti-piracy squad aren't stupid."

But there is a fair reliance on part-time grasses. Can you be sure all of them are intelligent enough not to write something like this? In other words, isn't it possible that the thirty to forty investigators and their contacts have become a little estranged from central command, in that little seems to be known about how they operate?

"No. In terms of control they are very, very tightly controlled by a team of lawyers. Certainly there has been no malpractice that has come to my attention. If there was anything improper going on you would hear about it when the aggrieved party came back to court. There would not only be a terrific scandal if that were proved but it would also make the judge think twice about giving out these Anton Piller (search and seize) orders."

Slippery as a fish, this fellow Robson. But if Hetherington's phoney letter charge stands unproved and denied, we can at least depart in the happier knowledge that a) the BPI's anti-piracy squad is above reproach; b) it is thoroughly and lawfully orchestrated; and c) although evidence was manufactured for the Moonbeam bust (2,000 Bowie bootlegs) they amounted to a mere trickle compared to the "tens of thousands" already in circulation.

Or did they?

THE NEXT TIME I called Hetherington, in June, he told me he had lost the case to recover the records. He sounded sick and twisted up. He asked that we meet again, this time with Gardner who wanted to relieve himself of some guilt about the seized records by telling of his part in Moonbeam and of the unsavoury role played by the BPI dicks and lawyers. "We want it all out," said Hetherington, "so people can see what these guys are up to."

Here then was a chance to test the veracity of Robson's high-minded rhetoric. Moonbeam was big-time. A £50,000 five-month bust in which the full force of the squad was deployed.

According to the BPI's press release, Gardner's role was more than minimal. The "distributor for the North East" no less. What nature of villain was he and what was the method used to put him to rest?

We met in a Newcastle suburb at Gardner's parents' house where at any moment dad was due back from shift work and might well have told the lot of us to scram. Gardner Sr. was still slightly ticked off with his son for using the family address for his mail order bootleg activities, even though he had an abode of his own at the time.

The Jr Gardner first got involved in bootleg sales in the early '70s. He'd been a Dylan buff since 1964 and it was with the Zimm's illicit issue that he entered the field. At first it was all very homespun. An American Dylan collector might send Tape A through the mail and ask for Tape B in return. Each would be copying on a dual recorder set-up, thus causing stocks to proliferate and drawing more and more bugs into the ring. As the ring grew so did the range.

There would be requests for, say, Little Feat or the Stones, and in the space of a one-eyed wink Gardner had himself a stock list. Then he found a contact in London who was bulk supplying. Not tapes but records. So now he was semi-big time (although he claims he never had more than £1,500 at any given time) and a target of the ever more zealous BPI sleuths.

One such zealot was chief investigator Bill Hood who, in the summer of '76, spotted a small ad in the columns of this newspaper offering "rarities" for sale. Maurice had signed himself J. Gardner and in keeping with this bland subterfuge gave not his own but his parents' address.

Hood posed as David Myers of Middlesex and ordered 'Rock 'n' Roll Madonna' by Elton John. A bootleg.

There shortly followed a letter from the BPI solicitors, Hamlin & Co, asking for £90 recompense plus all his illegal product as well as the stereo equipment on which he was duplicating.

On receipt of the demand, Gardner claims he telephoned Hamlin legal executive Deryk Cumberland, whereupon a deal was struck. Gardner had 250 letters from punters who'd seen the music press ads and wanted to buy. The letters would be forwarded to the BPI if they dropped the case against him.

"I told him there's not much you can do anyway and that he wouldn't get any money from me because I didn't have any. He was quite happy to take them. He said a letter of clearance would be sent saying it was all done and forgotten. But I never got the letter."

Gardner then dug a hole for himself and for a year he stayed in it. But the lure of the contraband was all too much. By the summer of '77 he was back to his old small ad dirty tricks. And so was the BPI.

This time the watchful eye was William Patrick Dodson. His first letter was written from Albury Road, Chessington, Surrey and asked for a stock list. He pleaded special interest in the Stones and Dylan. The note was written in a retarded wrong-handed scrawl and signed W. Dodso.

Gardner — calling himself Dave Grant and using a friend's address — obliged him with The Eagles' 'Welcome To The Late Show'. A bootleg.

This time the BPI held off on the bust, and instead kept W Dodso on the case. He would in future be called Mark Pringle. He'd have an address in Denmark Road, Kingston upon Thames and was to be altogether more gushing than W Dodso.

("I've just been through the list again and can't resist spending some more money.")

These pseudonymous characters continued to correspond for two more years, 'Pringle' showering 'Grant' with his postal orders and contrived mspelings and 'Grant' coming up trumps again and again with illicit cassettes and records — mostly of Dylan in concert.

Dodson seemed to have no specific game-plan in mind. Every so often he'd throw a sucker punch ("did you take the Monday show yourself") But Gardner would duck. In his Moonbeam affidavit, Dodson explained that the BPI were not so much interested in Gardner but in tracing the source of supply.

A SCAM to this effect was initiated in April of '79. It was then, Hamlin's claim, they first caught whiff of the damnable Moonbeam ring. The lead came fron an un-named good citizen who, according to Hood's affidavit, had read of the BPI's anti-piracy campaign in a Sunday newspaper and "wished to curtail the activities of the bootlegging syndicate which was very active in his area." Whether this individual was a turncoat or a simple true Brit is left to the imagination.

He, in any case, provided Hood with all manner of lurid details: of a 'parish' system, each of which was shifting up to 2,500 records a month; of a number of backstreet warehouses where stocks were kept; of syndicate meetings held four to six times a year; even the home addresses of distributors.

Hood claims in his affivdavit he spent the latter part of April and most of May in Manchester, where he successfully infiltrated the gang and actually visited the home of a supplier. And yet, mysteriously, he was still "unable to gain concrete evidence against the major suppliers."

This, perhaps, was not altogether surprising since, by his own admission, stocks came largely from Holland via pressing plants in the U.S. The Northern 'ring' was merely part of the chain of distribution. Hood chose to follow not the tortuous path back to origins but to "involve myself in the manufacturing process.

"It was decided by me and my superiors that I pose as a presser of bootleg records. This I did at a meeting I had with some members of the syndicate at the beginning of June this year ('79).

"I had been told that one of the members had some metal casts and that he wanted some pressings done urgently. After a very short time I was given these metal casts and asked to press 2,500 records from them. I took the casts back to London where a member of the BPI did the necessary pressing for me."

It's here our story starts to get a little knotted up. The casts in question were of the 1976 Wembley concert by Bowie. Remember that Robson, the BPI press officer, swears that Hood's 2,000 (he delivered 500 short) represented a mere trickle to the flood. There were, he says "literally tens of thousands" already in circulation.

Gardner, on the other hand, calls this tosh. He had only ever seen one 'Wizard', the asking price for which was upwards of £25. And not only did Hood's pressing amount to practically the grand total, but the whole Moonbeam bust, he claims, hinged on this one pressing. (This claim is supported by an *NME* report last August at the time of Moonbeam: "The Bowie album went out of stock, and bootleggers encountered problems obtaining fresh supplies from abroad.")

"Nobody would have got captured," Gardner argues, "if the BPI hadn't gone into production.

The British Phonographic Industry is a trade association whose membership comprises the top 100 UK record companies. It has a governing council of 14, each of whom is managing director of a business. Day-to-day leg work and co-ordination derives from three full-timers: director general John Deacon, Deacon's assistant and a financial officer.

And Mick Jones, the bootlegger who supposedly owned the 'Wizard' master, hadn't managed to get any pressings done until the BPI came along."

It was Manchester bootlegger Jones who pulled Gardner into the Moonbeam ring when "out of the blue" he called the Geordie and offered him 250 'Wizards' at the curiously low price of £2 a head.

Gardner bit on the joo joob and, as instructed, motored down to Manchester on July 31 with cash in hand. Jones took the money and the pair arranged to meet five hours later at the Lower Turks Head pub where the records would be handed over.

"I didn't want to let go of my £500," says Gardner, "but he told me that some real heavy guys had come up from London and that they wouldn't do the deal if anyone was around other than himself and his mate."

The "real heavies" were Hood and his investigation team of Gordon Beck, William Thompson, James Lackie and Michael Woods.

Hood and the bootlegger Jones rendezvoused in the Market Street HMV shop (!) where Jones took receipt of 2,000 'Wizards'.

It was here that Hood says he was first told of the Gardner deal and of the Turks Head transfer point. He quickly despatched four investigators to case the joint and to jot down details of the hand-over.

They say they saw Gardner and accomplice arrive at around 4.20 pm in a yellow van. At 5 pm bootlegger Jones turned up in a taxi, gave over the promised stash and Gardner departed for the return trip to Newcastle pursued by Lackie and Woods on their motorcycles.

The plot thickens overleaf

The Cast List

☐ **BRIAN HETHERINGTON. A Geordie record dealer (legal) who returned home from a Christmas 1979 holiday in Barbados and found his entire stock of 3,000 singles and 1,000 albums confiscated by the BPI. They'd been innocently, if stupidly, left with a mate who'd already been done as part of the BPI's Operation Moonbeam bust. Hetherington visited *NME* in April with a tale of cloak and dagger dramatics and BPI intrigue.**

☐ **MAURICE GARDNER. Hetherington's mate. Guardian of the confiscated stash. The BPI netted him as part of Moonbeam, calling him the "North East distributor for the gang". Gardner, however, is unlikely to have had any role had the BPI not given him one.**

☐ **MR JOE. Owner of a Newcastle antiques shop. He has been implicated by the BPI as Gardner's accomplice on the fateful journey to Manchester when Gardner took receipt of 250 bootlegs pressed up by the BPI themselves. Joe, however, claims he was in Newcastle on that day.**

☐ **IAN. The real accomplice. He works for Joe.**

☐ **MICK JONES. The Manchester bootlegger who hooked Gardner into the Moonbeam net by offering him exceptionally cheap Bowie bootlegs. These were pressed up by the BPI. The BPI denies Jones was party to their plot.**

☐ **BILL HOOD. Chief investigator. Also likes to be known as James Bond. It was he who posed as a bootleg presser and supplied Manchester pirate Mick Jones with the 'Wizard' bootlegs which led to Gardner's undoing. Described as short but well-built, he no longer talks to the press.**

☐ **WILLIAM DODSON. BPI investigator who, as 'William Dodso' and 'Mark Pringle' corresponded with Maurice Gardener for more than two years. During this time he showered Gardner with postal orders and requests for bootlegs.**

☐ **GORDON BECK, JAMES LACKIE, WILLIAM THOMPSON and MICHAEL WOODS. BPI agents working the North East patch as part of Moonbeam. Lackie and Woods' job was to tail Gardner and accomplice back to Newcastle after they'd taken receipt of the 250 Bowie bootlegs specially minted by the BPI. Lackie wrongly identified Gardner as the driver of the getaway van. Gardner can't drive.**

☐ **DERYK CUMBERLAND. Legal executive with Hamlin and Co., the BPI solicitors. He led the raids on Gardner and his alleged accomplices which signalled the climax of Moonbeam.**

☐ **RICHARD ROBSON. Not a BPI employee and yet the only figure the BPI offers as a go-between via themselves and the press. Robson is contracted as "an independent consultant and spokesperson".**

From overleaf

And it's here we arrive at fresh difficulties. Lackie has sworn that Gardner was the driver of the van and a man . . . who we're going to have to call Joe since another case is pending . . . was his passenger. Not so.

Mr Joe is a Newcastle antiques dealer and the van's registered owner. He claims he remained in Newcastle on the day in question, and is currently trying to prove as much through his solicitors. And Gardner . . . he can't drive. He doesn't own a licence. Was, in fact, driven to and from Manchester by one of Mr Joe's employees, a bootlegger called Ian.

The BPI's Lackie further claims that he and partner Woods were unable to follow Gardner back to Newcastle thanks to his "tortuous" and evasive route. They decided, instead, to cycle direct to Mr Joe's antiques shop where once again he saw the van in question.

Gardner claims this is another fantasy: "It never entered our heads that we were being followed and we didn't go to the antique shop but direct to my house in Fenham. After that Ian drove the van home to his place."

If this is the case and Joe was not involved in the Manchester hike, then what price the incriminating conversation Lackie says he overheard in the shop the following day . . .

The phone rings. Joe answers:

"Joe's Antiques, yes, hello . . . yes, no problems, we got back about eightish . . . everything went alright . . . no problems . . . see you in the same place in about 15 minutes . . ."

THE BPI HAD, in any case, amassed their suitable evidence. Enough to persuade a judge to issue the Anton Piller raid-and-seize order.

August 20 was Operation Moonbeam "lightning strike day" with Manchester, London, St Helens as well as Gardner's Newcastle the targets.

Gardner had just posted off seven tapes to the BPI's 'Mark Pringle' when, on visiting Ian in Joe's shop, he learned of a raid on Joe's home.

"All I know," says Gardner, "is a number of people turned up. Two from the BPI, three investigators from the North East and one hanger-on of about six foot eight.

"I thought, God, all the records I've got in the house! I straightaway left the shop but had got no more than 50 yards up the street when I heard footsteps and was grabbed by what turned out to be two private detectives and bundled back inside.

"By this time there were seven of them. Two police, Deryck Cumberland from the BPI, four investigators as well as Joe and Ian.

"They served a pile of papers on me under the name of Ian Morris and I said 'I don't know what you're talking about.I'm not Ian Morris'. I should have just thrown them down there and then and walked away.

"I said to the police — they always have them on hand when they do their busts — I said 'Am I under arrest?' and they said 'No.' So I said 'I can go canah?' And they says 'Yes, you can go anytime you want.'

"At this point Joe lost his bottle, put it like that. He obviously had a lot to lose. He and Ian didn't want me to go. They thought I was going to walk off scot free and leave them carrying the can. Ian also had papers served on him but nothing's been done against him at all.

"They actually went to raid his home in the morning but couldn't find it.

"Then Joe and Ian started kicking up a bit of a fuss saying you didna want to go an' all that. Tell them what they want to know. So I started making enquiries. Asking about the legalities an' all. And this went on for about 20 minutes, talking back and forth. And now, y'see, the police are beginning to get pissed off because it's nothing to do with them. They just wanted to get back.

"One of them took me into a private room at the back and he says 'Look, if you don't fucking tell them what they want to know I'm going to have to arrest you for conspiracy and the CID'll be fetched into it and we'll go and break your fuckin' door down. We'll find out where you live'. That's exactly the way he put it.

"So I went out and told them I would take them back to the house."

So now the BPI had their cache.

At Gardner's house, Cumberland seized 700 bootlegs, plus two stereo decks used for duplicating, while another BPI man photographed the main action.

"I helped Cumberland search the paperwork," says Gardner, "fully expecting him to go through it all. But he didn't. And that's his tough shit because he missed paperwork that might have led to other dealers.

"Upstairs were Brian's 1,000 albums. They were stored in his own teak wall units. (Bainbridge, the local John Lewis store, confirms that these units were ordered by Hetherington on September 3, 1976.)

"I told him they belonged to a friend and said if you want to go through them for bootlegs you're quite welcome. But he didn't even bother looking. He said if they belong to a friend then I'm not interested. I think he was happy he'd already got 700 bootlegs. But it seems strange that he didn't even take one out. There could have been 1,000 bootlegs there. Neither did the investigators from the North East. But then they wouldn't know a bootleg from their arsehole."

Following the seizure, the party returned to Joe's shop where, Gardner alleges, Cumberland launched into a weird Mickey Spillane rap.

" 'Oh, we've got Mick Jones as well', he says. 'He's in big trouble.' And I'm saying 'big deal'. Then he says 'We've found a double-barrelled shotgun and a load of heroin'. I think he was saying that to try'n frighten me. To make me think I was getting involved in heavy drugs or something.

"Then when I went out of the room — and this is in Joe's affidavit — he starts asking Joe and Ian whether I took drugs.

"I spoke to Mick Jones a couple of weeks after that and he said it was all shite. He hasn't been done for a shotgun or heroin."

AS FOR THE defendant's much-vaunted day in court, Gardner never got his. He never even partook of the usual preliminaries whereby the bootlegger shows up, says yes I'm guilty and agrees to an inquiry into costs and damages which can be argued over at a later date.

More rarely (practically never) the bustee says "to hell I'm guilty" and calls for a full trial. Gardner forsook this course also.

It is now too late to launch a challenge. He is, perforce, guilty and the costs (£3,170) and damages (£4,447) stick.

He pleads confusion and poverty as the cause of his inertia.

"I could have got a barrister but my solicitor advised me it wasn't worth going for legal aid because the evidence they had would prove I was guilty and the legal aid people therefore wouldn't grant funds."

This, says Hetherington, is "shite".

"Well that's what they said," counters Gardner.

"If Maurice had fought," Hetherington announces, "I'd still have my records."

THE COSTS ANGLE is a saga in in itself. Gardner's suspicion is that he has been hit with more than his share of the funding of Moonbeam.

Item D, for instance, in the Hamlin bill lodged with the High Court Chancery Div January 1980, charges Gardner alone with return air fares to Newcastle, hotel bills and 30 hours labour of Hamlin's Deryk Cumberland (legal exec) and Anthony Hoffman (the senior partner).

With Cumberland charging £17 an hour and Hoffman £20, the labour alone totals £555. Air fares and hotel expenses amount to another £194.67.

There are also any amount of photocopies of documents and draft reports at the unusual unit cost of 15p per copy;

One hour spent looking at photographs to be used in evidence (£17);

16 incoming and outgoing letters between the BPI and two of their own employees (£27.50);

£65 for "perusing reports of Mr Bond and Mr Hood (who are actually the same man!) . . . and attendances upon them discussing same and the photographs" (more photographs!);

And then added to the grand total is a further 75 per cent for something called 'skill, care and attention'.

To rub the salt well in, a further £33 is charged for preparing and serving the bill itself.

As for Hetherington and his records. These, as already noted, were removed in December on the order of the sheriff, after it became clear that Gardner was either unable or unwilling to pay the BPI their due. This was four months after Moonbeam, but just two days after Hetherington deposited the remainder of his record collection with Gardner.

When Hetherington returned from his head-sorting trip to Barbados he set about gaining their recovery. Unlike Gardner's, his case *was* judged sufficiently promising for legal aid to be granted. The problem he faced, however, was that the records were now regarded as the confiscated property of Gardner. The onus was with Hetherington to prove otherwise.

And to this effect he tried, perhaps, too hard, parading himself, Gardner and two other witnesses before an acerbic judge who pronounced the pack of them as scarcely credible, and found in the BPI's favour.

Immediately the judgement was made, Hamlin's man was on the spot and nixed any chance of an appeal. He suggested that the evidence had shown Hetherington to be a man of substantial means (Hetherington claims a £600 overdraft) and called for an inquiry into his financial standing. While the inquiry is underway, no further legal aid may be granted.

"My own view," says Hetherington's solicitor Tom Bluett, "is that the long playing records ought to have been given back to Mr Hetherington. I thought the evidence in respect to those records was fairly strong. As our counsel said: 'If his lordship had a library at home, could he prove where he got each and every book?'

"I think we could get the court of appeal to allow us to put in further evidence" (several of the records were autographed 'to Brian' and signed by varous rock and roll personalities) "but the question is what weight would that evidence carry?

"My own view is that he should keep the money and try to buy back the records when they come under auction."

THESE THEN ARE the facts and near-facts as they stood until July. I was now keen to test them out on Hamlin's Deryk Cumberland, since it was he who was the subject of much of Gardner's vitriol.

An appointment was made. But the afternoon preceding, he got press officer Robson to call me and say he didn't want to talk. Squelched.

They did however send us this statement:

"We consider that the way the letter from Sanctuary Rare Records has been produced may well be defamatory.

With regard to the letter from Sanctuary Rare Records this has never been seen before by anyone concerned with the BPI Anti-Piracy Unit.

The allegations regarding the lack of effective control and management of the investigators of BPI Anti-Piracy Unit, the alleged malpractices of the investigators and the allegation that the letter from Sanctuary Rare Records has been distributed by Anti-Piracy investigators are denied."

There was a time when the BPI had the candour and balls to talk direct to the press. Chief investigator James Hood, legal eagle Deryk Cumberland, former general secretary Geoffrey Bridges — all in the past have been prepared to open up to journalists.

These days they barricade and set before themselves the well-meaning but ultimately stoogelike Richard Robson.

They talk darkly of loan-sharking pimps and gamblers, blaming the arrival of these scum for their new clandestine habits.

And yet Moonbeam, their biggest and most celebrated bust to date, produced no sign of them. Was Gardner supposed to be of this ilk?

He is officially described as the "distributor for the ring in the North East Of England", and of the damages and costs so far served, he has been hit the hardest.

But if Gardner is a big-time anything, he is big-time clown. A man who has shown himself to be both inept and lacking the common degree of integrity.

In the early days he used his parents' address to deal his illegals. Later, when he came unstuck, he offered up the names and addresses of 250 punters for the BPI files.

When arrested as a result of Moonbeam he fell into a deep inertia which resulted in the confiscation of 1,000 albums and 3,000 singles belonging to his good mate Hetherington.

Hetherington is probably the real sucker of this whole sorry yarn. But then what manner of intelligence inclined him towards Gardner as a refuge for his precious (and legal) wares? Gardner was already booked at the time for his part in Moonbeam. . . . But what kind of part was it?

You have to wonder whether he'd have had any role at all in the "Manchester Syndicate" if the BPI hadn't given him one.

It was the BPI who pressed up 2,000 'Wizard' bootlegs. There were no 'Wizards' to speak of until Hood did his pressing.

They were done, he says, at the request of Mick Jones, and it was Jones who called Gardner "out of the blue" and offered him 250 copies at the temptingly low price of £2 a head. Gardner says he hadn't had any dealings with Jones for some years until this call.

Isn't this what used to be called entrapment? Manufacturing evidence and entrapment?

The BPI even got it wrong on the subject of who took possession of the illegal 250. Investigator Lackie swears in an affidavit that Gardner was at the wheel of the van and that his partner was the owner of an antiques shop. But Gardner can't drive and the shop owner, he claims, was in Newcastle, not Manchester, on the day in question.

And the charge itself was served under the wrong name.

Earlier in our saga Robson was pressed on the subject of dirty tricks. Was the 30 to 40 man squad controlled? Yes, he said. All above board, all very stringently managed by BPI solicitors A E Hamlin & Co. But who controls Hamlin?

Anyway, Robson is paid to utter such stuff. He makes other rousing claims on behalf of bands like UB40 whom he also flogs to the media.

But the BPI ain't UB40. The BPI is the voice and arm of the business. And its anti-piracy division ain't the scrag end of its affairs but the main meat.

Do the BPI members — the record companies — know what kind of meal is being dished up on their behalf?

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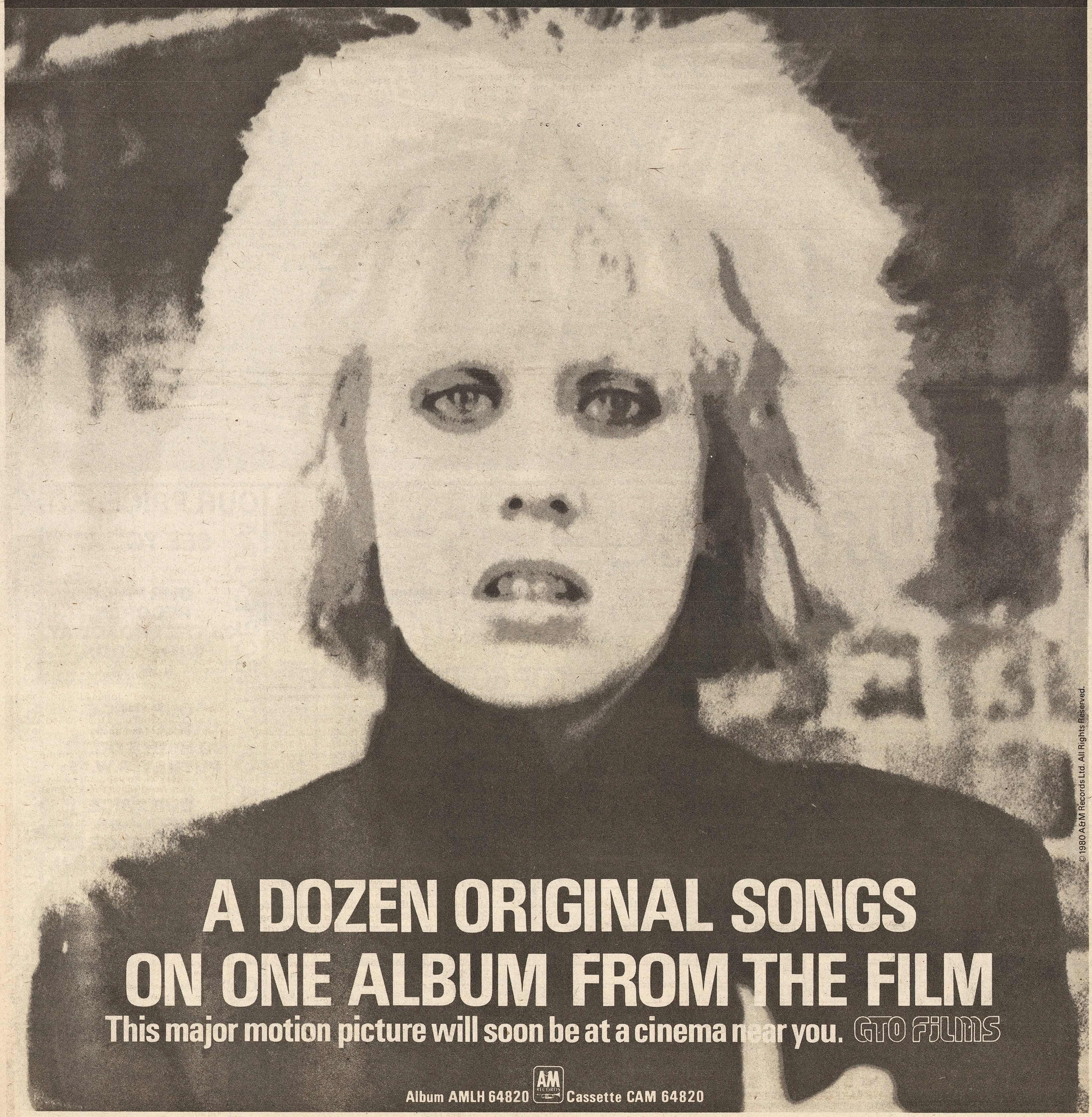
BREAKING GLASS
HAZEL O'CONNOR



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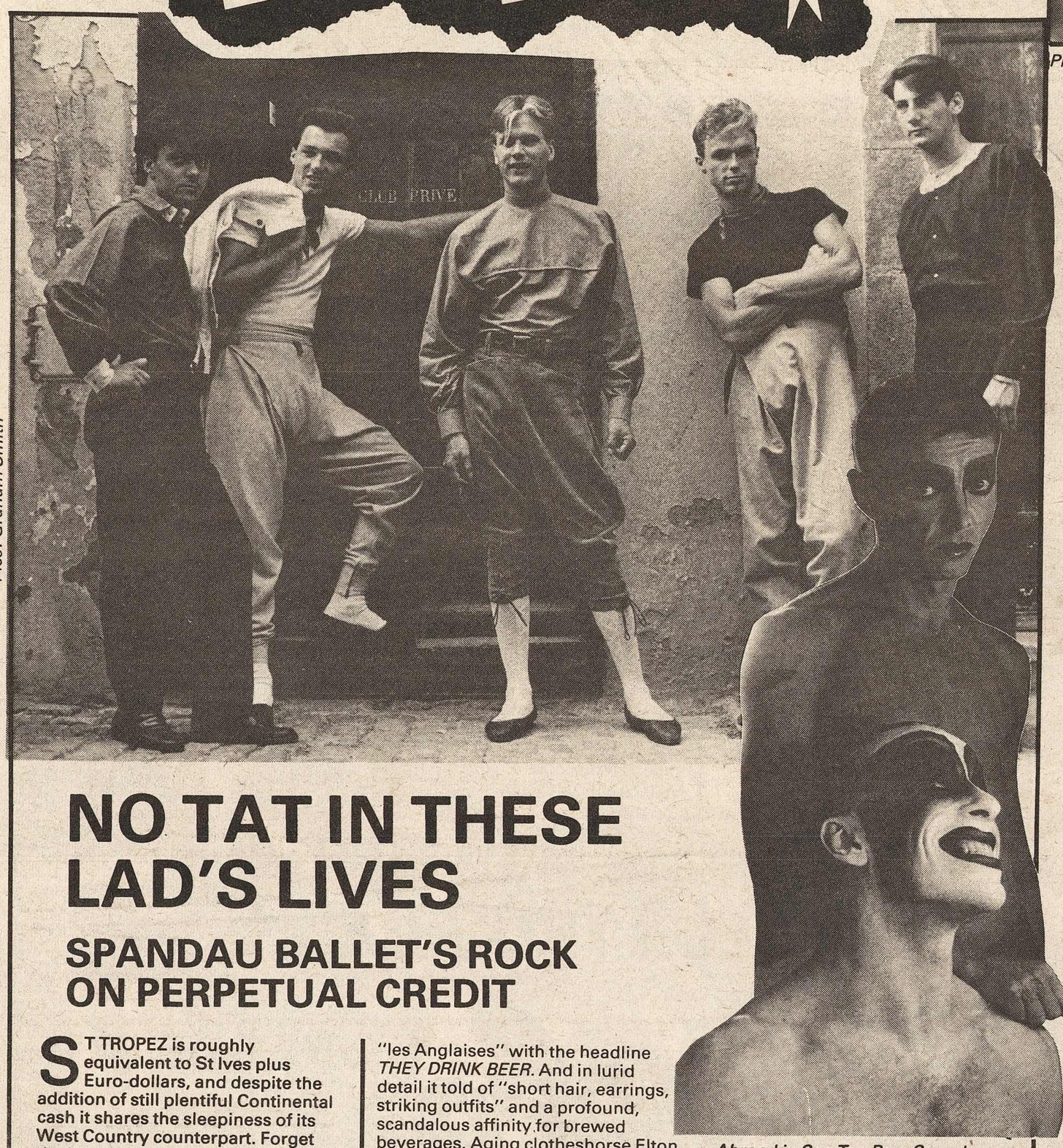


Pics: Graham Smith

NO TAT IN THESE LAD'S LIVES

SPANDAU BALLET'S ROCK ON PERPETUAL CREDIT

ST TROPEZ is roughly equivalent to St Ives plus Euro-dollars, and despite the addition of still plentiful Continental cash it shares the sleepiness of its West Country counterpart. Forget the impression created by numerous spy novels; nothing whatsoever transpires in St Trop.

Here a ludicrously overpriced nightclub by name of The Papagayo recently managed to bill Spandau Ballet — London's would-be haute coat bandette — in a double bill with Shaker, a Parisien mime and dance trio. If the Cote d'Azur had much culcha to offer, the appearance of this pair might have been described as a huge culture clash. But in the event the Papagayo's eight quid for a glass of Perrier proved to be no opposition to conjoining the two disparate audiences for a few hours.

The invasion of Spandau Ballet and entourage caused a slack-jawed stir in a town where pretensions are usually financial, and such stubborn stylistic obsession is a hard to locate as a cheap pint of lager. The *Nice Matin* heralded the appearance of "les Anglaises" with the headline *THEY DRINK BEER*. And in lurid detail it told of "short hair, earrings, striking outfits" and a profound, scandalous affinity for brewed beverages. Aging clotheshorse Elton John came and went virtually unnoticed, while Spandau Ballet became a local sight to be seen, touting themselves about the clubs and cafes of the tired playboy's paradise.

The same journal which so vividly reported the frisson created by the Ballet among Europe's sun-seeking rich also felt forced to acknowledge their actual performances. Watching London's late-night dressers demonstrate their strident 'white European dance music' at 3 am amidst the classical decor of a gen-u-ine European nightspot was to see them in their longed-for environment. The audience stared, then danced, and finally applauded.

Shaker, a 'modern dance troupe', contributed their bit — a revue entitled 'The Long Night', which combined elements of classical cabaret with a carefully-plotted use of contemporary music. 'Love is the Drug' segued into 'Istanbul Blues' as costume passed from apres-Antony Price chic to black-suspender belt transvestite old-hat. And Devo provided a backdrop for goose-stepping — '80s recession pegged as '30s depression once again . . .

'The Long Night' will open (somewhere) in Paris circa October and Spandau Ballet hope to rouse themselves in order to provide continued 'occasional performances' for young London. The unprepossessing pair are also rumoured to be planning a rematch of maquillage closer to home — perhaps even on *your* block — in time for the summer sales. Meanwhile St Tropez snores on.

JACK TATTY

Abroad in San Tro-Pay: Spandau Ballet, left: Shaker right

Phoenix (Joschi Kappl, centre) in headier days

Pic: Ingrid Konigsmann

THE CHORD THAT BINDS

BANNED BAND ESCAPE IRON CURTAIN CALL

THIS IS the modern world, countless English-speaking bands assure us. Their modern world, anywhere where it's relatively uncomplicated to sing about life, love, and the pursuit of happiness — including incidentals like sex and drugs and rock and roll. For Josef (Joschi) Kappl, however, as for many Eastern bloc musicians, the modern world has proved more than an aesthetic concept.

In '71, Joschi, a bassist/vocalist, joined Rumanian rock band Phoenix. Between '72 and '75 the band cut three LPs and became national superstars. The most valuable part of their fame for them was increased access to Western music. But their '60s-style platform — the international nature of youth culture and its demands — went down badly with the Communist government.

From forced haircuts by police to cancellation of Joschi's passport when he forgot to shave, the band grew used to harassment. But in '76 they were banned from TV, radio *and* live appearances. Their founder left the country by marrying a Dutch citizen, but in late '77 he re-appeared, having hatched a plan to smuggle the band out.

The plan (ingenious but still of necessity a secret) worked and the musicians negotiated five borders inside various articles of furniture.

Safe in Frankfurt, they were confronted with a different music scene, a language barrier, and acute financial crisis.

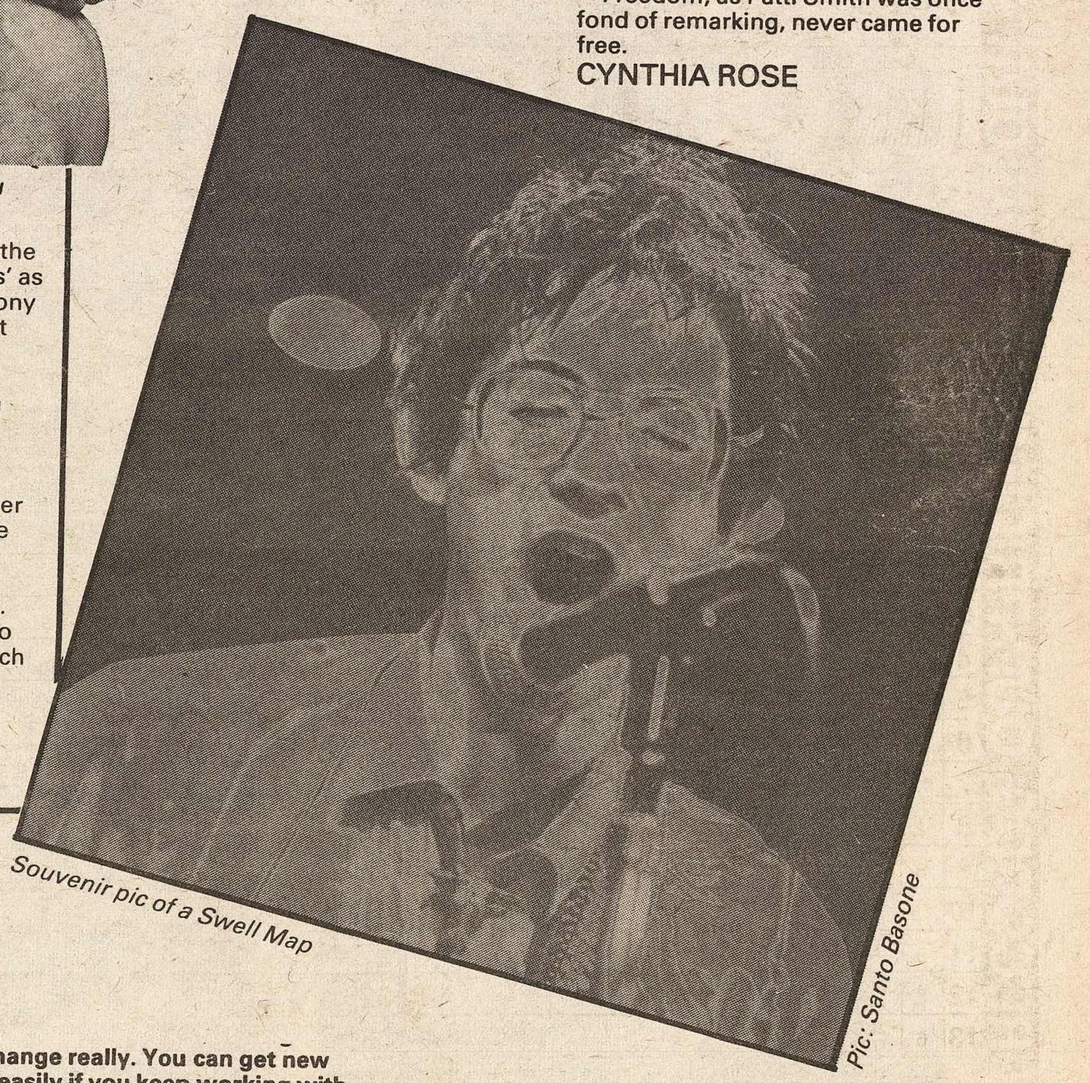
By late '78 there was the usual split over musical differences, brought on by the new options with which they were confronted for the first time. Joschi Kappl, Erlend Krauser and Ovidiu Lipan decided to remain together and re-christened themselves Madhouse, after their previous 'working environment'. They re-located in Hamburg and began to sing in English. In '79 they cut their first LP, 'From the East'.

A second LP, "Giacca de Blue', has already received extensive German airplay although it won't be out until November. Ovidiu Lipan has now decided to join a German band, leaving the Madhouse drum spot vacant. Joschi Kappl would like to see it filled by an English New Wave musician. 'We know what it is to be truly underground' he says, 'And now we want to trade influences. We're interested in live work, not speaking from the studio only as we once had to do'.

Any applicants who would like to give the Madhouse drumkit and studio facilities (Delta, outside Hamburg, as favoured by Lou Reed) a try can write to Joschi Kappl, 4550 Bramsche 1, Otterbreite 15, West Germany.

Freedom, as Patti Smith was once fond of remarking, never came for free.

CYNTHIA ROSE



Souvenir pic of a Swell Map

Pic: Santo Basone

SWELL MAPS SPLIT

AT THE beginning of '78, a single called 'Read About Seymour' emerged. It was 90 seconds long and in many ways defied established definitions of the word 'record'. Its major importance was that it illustrated how anybody could commit music to vinyl if so motivated, no matter how inexperienced, unprofessional or non-serious they happened to be.

The name on the label was that of the Swell Maps, a band who, along with The Buzzcocks and Desperate Bicycles, helped to pioneer DIY rock and channel its course. Their ideals of independence were admirable, influential even. The Maps example was followed by many bands.

Now, two and a half years, one album and four singles later, all has come to an end. For the Maps, with one exception, recently decided that enough was enough. Nikki Mattress, Biggles Books, Jowe Head and Epic Soundtracks, have moved on to other things. It's been a month now since the split actually occurred. For reasons best known to themselves, the Maps have not publicised the event, but at last month's Alexandra Palace festival, Epic Soundtracks revealed that he and Biggles had left — "Because we don't like the way Nikki dresses!"

A telephone call to bassist Jowe Head confirmed the situation. He admitted that he had also chucked in the towel, adding: "We all need a change really. You can get new ideas more easily if you keep working with different people." Nikki, on the other hand, had not wanted a split. "I was the last person to be told about it," he claimed in a recent communique. "It seems pretty definite I'm afraid — but it's not my choice."

But though the Maps may be no more, there is shortly to be a wave of activity from Rather Records, the band's record label. Scheduled releases include two Swell Maps albums — 'Jane From Occupied Europe' plus a retrospective affair — along with a Maps single called 'Forest Fire', a 12" single from Mattress titled 'Breaking Lines', a Jowe Head solo single, and a collaboration effort by Epic Soundtracks and ex-Softs drummer-vocalist Robert Wyatt.

Maybe this deluge of records could have masked the event temporarily. But the truth is that the Maps have now gone their separate ways, and their idiosyncratic brand of rock will be sorely missed. The independent labels scene has lost one of its pioneer units. Things will never be quite the same again.

URINAL LIONEL

Thrills! MIXED MEDIA . . .

Hormone Madness:

Rock Relic Films Cure You Of Youth

COMPARING the youth culture of today with the teenage heyday of '57-'67 may seem like comparing the pet rock to the surfboard. And forking out good money at the movies purely for that purpose may indicate the combined intelligence of Lothar and the Hand People. But it's in irresistible prospect.

Why? Because the heyday of the teenager on film had so much to do with sex. Outside of narcissism, frugging, arguments with the family, suicide pacting, and obscure social ritual, losing your laundry — er, sorry, *Relationships* — provided the core of every film from '54's *Rebel Without a Cause through '67' Riot on Sunset Strip.* And rarely was it healthy adolescent bonding. Deigned for the drive-ins (aka passion pits) of America's diary-scribbling suburbs, teenpix constitute a visual mondo porno where suggestiveness is all — punctuated of course by those important choices between good and bad, 'nice' and 'fast'.

It's usually impossible to view these artefacts today, thus they become easily mythologised. But London's Scala Cinema has dusted off two samples of the genre which make today's realities look positively palatable. One is *Untamed Youth,* a real classic from a vintage year ('57, the same as *Rock Around the Clock, The Girl Can't Help It,* and Robert Altman's *The Delinquents).* It stars Mamie van Doren and features Eddie Cochran — enough said? — and will be shown Saturday, August 9.

The real odd film out , however, is *A Swingin' Summer,* crafted in '65, along with *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini* (The Kingsmen), *Where the Boys Meet the Girls* (Connie Francis and Sam the Sham), and *Wild on the Beach* (Sonny and Cher and The Astronauts) at the debased end of the problem teen/teen problem cycle. Like them, it's ostensibly about real people doing real-but-cute things. Only they have names like Cindy, Shirley, Mickey and Rick. They 'Swim! Watusi! Slauson!' *(Slauson?)* and 'Twist!' while bringing Gary and the Playboys, The Rip Chords, and the Righteous Brothers in to beef up the entertainment at a rundown holiday camp.

They work at being Responsible, too, except for Cindy who pettishly refuses: "So be responsible — when you're 80 years old and can't be anything else!!!" That's because instead of being bona fide teens, they're 38 year old actors who'd seem more at home in war movies (judging by the 'argument' scenes).

Real-life experience, however, helps them to bring a method actor's authenticity to the bust-measuring sequence with observations like "Gee, you must breathe a lot."

This is not the kind of film which keeps your mind from strolling over to the candy counter. But then, you don't need any mind for it anyway. And it does have: 1. Raquel Welch's screen debut — as a psychology bore who manages at last to shed her specs (and her wraparound skirt) the better to belt out 'I'm Ready to Groove' to an admiring throng who includes . . .

2. Willian Blodgett, archetypal blonde beach bum who later played Lance Rock in Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls.* He did the choreography too, except for . . .

3. The 'chicken run' sequence, straight out of *Rebel Without a Cause* — only performed here on water skis!

Be warned: *A Swingin' Summer* was made for $15.98 by a clique of misogynists and closet queens who managed to extract their revenge in full from those they hated in high school. That makes it sociologically relevant *and* hardly more than semi-conscious. The most positive gesture it makes is to perpetrate the myth that no one makes passes at girls who wear glasses.

A Swingin' Summer will be shown Friday, August 1, with the short *Oblong Rhondas,* at the Scala Cinema, 25 Tottenham St, London WC2.

CYNTHIA ROSE

EAGLE FILMS presents
RAQUEL WELCH THE SCREEN'S MOST EXCITING NEW STAR!
a Swingin' Summer
SHE'S TOO HOT TO HANDLE!
TOO COOL TO REFUSE!
7 GREAT NEW SONG HITS!
JAMES STACY · WILLIAM A. WELLMAN, JR.
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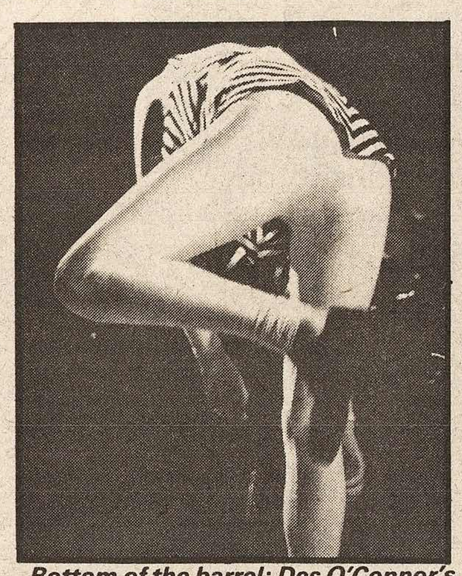
GARY LEWIS & THE PLAYBOYS
THE RIP CHORDS
DANIEL HAYES
JUDY HALLEY



Bottom of the barrel: Des O'Connor's little darling. ***Pic Santo Basone.***

COMPULSIVE IRONY

THE Deaf Club in San Francisco is already familiar to many as an influential venue along the lines of Boston's Rat, NY's CBGB and Max's, and our own departed Roxy.

And like them, it's just issued a compilation album of its own — entitled 'Can You Hear Me?' on Optional/Walking Dead Records. The LP features The Offs, KGB, the Dead Kennedys, Pink Section, Mutants, and Tuxedo Moon. Two Tuxedo Moon tracks include a cover of '19th Nervous Breakdown' — faster, jerkier, and sporting a new dementoid musical coda — and 'Heaven' from David Lynch's film *Eraserhead,* which is more haunting than any of Bowie's monsters.

The club which fostered this muddy but remarkable milestone is so named because it is a watering hold for the deaf population of the Bay Area. All other patrons have to write out their drink orders and get used to a slightly bizarre atmosphere. But the musical taste of the regulars is obviously impressively good.

MADAME WONG

COUNTRY CALLING. . .

THE SALAD days of redneck rock may have ended with Willie Nelson's decision that this year's Fourth of July Picnic was his last. But the phenomenon lingers on if new magazine *The Nashville Gazette* is much to go by. It has a eulogy of Hondo Crouch, the late mayor of Luckenbach, Texas (a four-person, three-building town celebrated by local stars like Willie Nelson and Jerry Jeff Walker). It has news of Nashville's own Annual Chili Cookoff; special attractions: a Lone Star Chili Queen in Bo Derek wig and Frederick's of Hollywood peignoir,a Cussing Contest, and a Best Ass contest won by Ruth, a Labrador retriever. And the third part of a series on Gram Parson's career.

The format of the Gazette is similar to that of — gag — *Rolling Stone,* with a rag-edged tabloid fromat housing a major interview *(Crystal Gayle; The First Decade),* regular columns, industry critiques *(Musical Survival in Music City)* and pleny of album reviews including rock and pop.

There's also the *Stone*-set focus on 'rock culture' — here a featurette on Stephen King, there a travel slot.

And a special on 'Oriental Cuisine in Nashville'. Um hum.

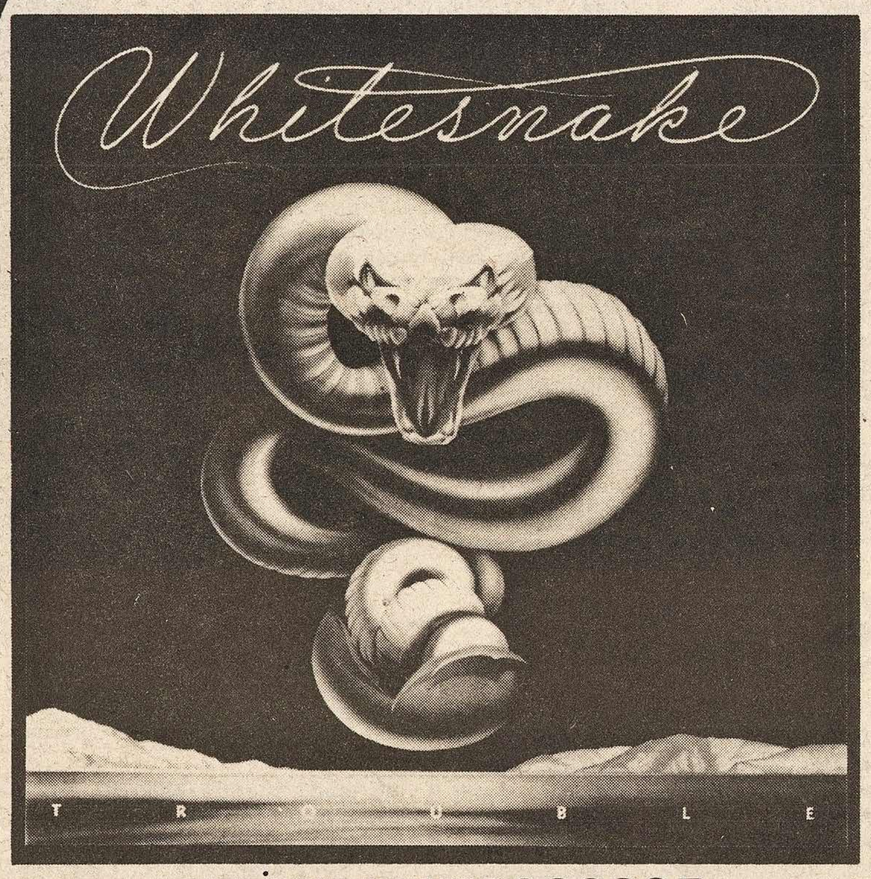
All in all, quite a fair shot at progressive country coverage and associated interests, available to fans and potential Tennessee travellers bi-weekly from 212 Louise Ave, Nashville TN 37203 USA — for $8.95 a year.

You'll love the Thinking Punk's column.

BEVERLY HILLS

'IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...'

Whitesnake



ALBUM UAG30264
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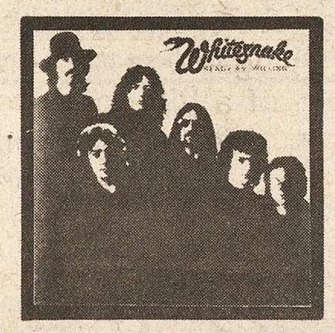

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SUNBURST

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

searching for the young soul rebels

On a hot night in July '78 two men, Kevin Rowland and Al Archer left their low-profile Birmingham hide-out to round up a firm of boys. Fed up with petty spoils from their previous team - a small-time new wave group - and disillusioned by the lack of response from the major fences. They knew this one was going to be the big one and if they were going to have it off they would have to be eight handed ... with the hardest hitting men in town.

First stop was a rundown nightclub on the edge of town, well known for it's clientele of hard rock villains from the last generation. The band were in full swing as the two men strolled in. They were a mean bunch of smash and grab artists thumping away and rolling over on the floor, as if expecting a punk revival - all apart from the drummer Andy Growcott who was exceptional and was recruited immediately.

A week later young Pete Saunders armed with a Hammond organ was instated. His only form was having played with a local pop group. The following day tenor sax player JB was kidnapped from the late great "Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band." Then there were five.

The rest of the team took a bit longer to recruit and some of the boys got impatient. Rowland and Archer assured them that this sound was the big one and was well worth waiting for. The boys cooled down and consoled themselves by listening to records of Cliff Bennett, Zoot Money, Sam and Dave, James Brown and Aretha Franklin etc..,

Soon after a young bass driver by the name of Pete Williams walked into the hide-out carrying his tool under one arm and the complete Stax collection under the other. Disillusioned with new musak, he put his soul records on the table and shouted "I want to do something as good as these - only better." The boys knew exactly what he meant and welcomed him with open arms.

The team was completed by the inclusion of Steve "Babyface" Spooner, the alto, who got the word from a local snout and Big Jimmy Paterson who had been laying low in the north of Scotland. He got wind of a big one going off in the Midlands, grabbed his trombone and jumped on the next train. The firm was complete - now for the caper....

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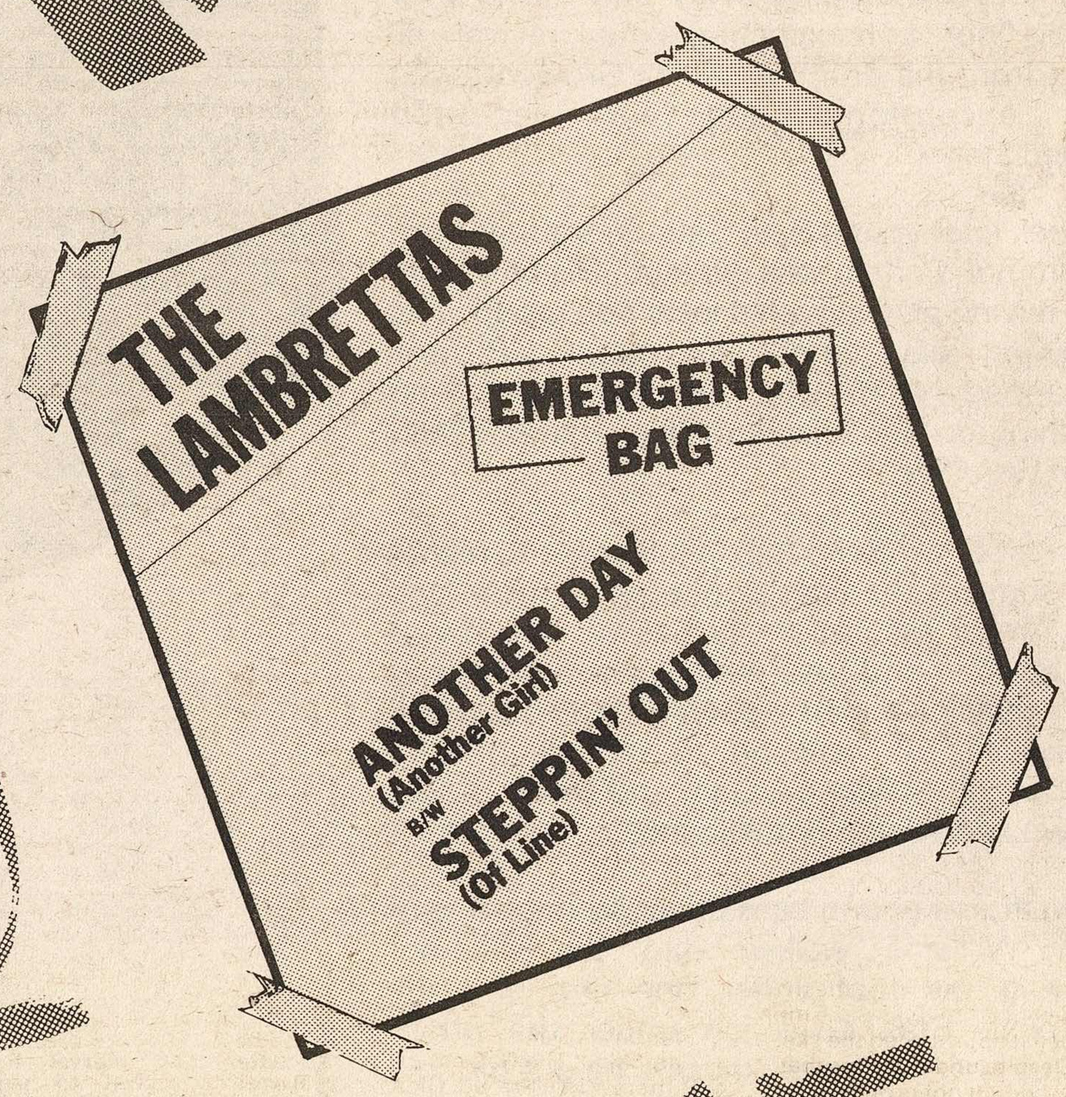

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ARCHIVE FUN

The seemly Karlin twin circa '58.

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE . . .

"Forget the fellers that you knew before.
You ain't a gonna see 'em anymore.
Forget the drip that you were gonna take.
Forget it all, but for goodness sake,
Forget me not."

HELLO Herbert and Harold Kalin! Welcome back to *New Musical Express* after a 32-year absence. Remember Then? Herbie Kalin is the boy who stayed at home while brother Hal went into the US Air Force, stationed in Japan. But they continued to write songs — on tape recorders and send their ideas to each other — across the Pacific Ocean.

In July 1958, the Kalin Twins, born February 16, 1934 and the first bona fide cognate duo ever to achieve the status of a UK No. 1, bestrode the nation like a colossus with the Brunswick recording 'When'. Stalwart Derek Johnson could not "recall twins ever having reached the hit parade before, except, of course, for two-thirds of Britain's Beverley Sisters." And this in spite of recording acts such as The De John Sisters, The Mills Brothers, The Mcguires female trio, The Most Brothers (hi Mickie!), The De Castro Sister, The King Brothers (who weren't), The De Marco Sister, and not forgetting Fred, Jeff and Mary Mudd, who were just that as The Mudlarks.

Herbie and Harold were never to repeat the success of 'When', in spite of other recordings like 'Walkin' To School', 'Forget Me Not', 'Three O'Clock Thrill' ("A girl named Jill"), 'Dream Of Me', and the immortal Decca release 'Cool'.

"Poor me, golly gee, you're so cool.
Some joke, holy smoke, your so cool.
They say you're swell and debonair with your nose in the air, you call me square.
Holy cow and how, you're so cool."

MORRISON GREAVES

Thrills!

Don't Panic

BUT DON'T EXPECT MUCH EITHER!

HAVING entranced the earholes of the nation, Douglas Adams's *The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* has been spun off through as many media as the market will stand before landing with a decided bum in Ken Campbell's production currently being staged at the Rainbow for a limited run.

Like *The Rocky Horror Show*, the Guide has achieved firm cult status but its patrons appear older, largely bearded and more restrained. Only a girl with lacquered turquoise hair and space tunic and a youth in red leotard with flashing lights mounted on a collander on his head, dared to dress for the occasion.

For non-believers, the summarised silliness concerns the adventures of earthling Arthur Dent (first seen trying to prevent a bulldozer demolishing his house to make way for a new bypass) who is plucked to safety by friend Ford Prefect from Betelgeuse seconds before the earth is eliminated — to make way for an intergalactic freeway. The pair then thumb their way through the Galaxy, updating the Guide as they go.

The rather appealing nonsense is presented with zest against a range of moderately effective backdrops, with a narrator in a hanging balcony, the whole spiced with laser beams, explosions, a simulated hologram and dry ice fumes.

Most effective is the bar sequence — reminiscent of the cantina scene in *Star Wars* — where a smarmy cabaret host in a gold lame suit introduces the evening's big attraction, the end of the universe, with: "There's nothing penultimate about this one."

When Adams is not winging his way through flights of metaphysical fancy, some social concerns and preoccupations shine through. Animal liberation references abound; mice may allow themselves to be cut up in laboratories but it appears they are really in control, using the earth as a giant computer experiment.

As special effects theatre, though, the Guide teeters on the edge of the amateur and only rarely suspends disbelief. The humour often lies in extremely wordy and tangled explanations about the nature of the cosmos which work well on radio but can't hold attention on stage. And the difficulties of realising alien planets and journeys through time warps on stage have not really been overcome.

DICK TRACY

Pic: Alex Von Koettlitz

Brother can you spare a dime? Defence fund for protesters

ON TUESDAY, 8 July, a train carrying nuclear waste to Sharpness Docks in Gloucestershire was peaceably obstructed by a group of protestors who placed a scaffolding tower across the rails and then stood on it — after warning the train, which was travelling at 5 mph when it approached the site.

Despite undertakings that they would not protest in or near the docks again, the demonstrators were remanded in custody for five days and subsequently eight were fined £300 each plus £20 costs. The defendants have been given three months to pay their fines for an action which, though dramatic, involved no violence, injury, or particular damage or danger to anyone or anything. An appeal has been set up by Sharpness Defence Campaign, The Gables, Butterow Hill, Stroud, Glos. for anyone who feels they can contribute.

JAY FONDA.

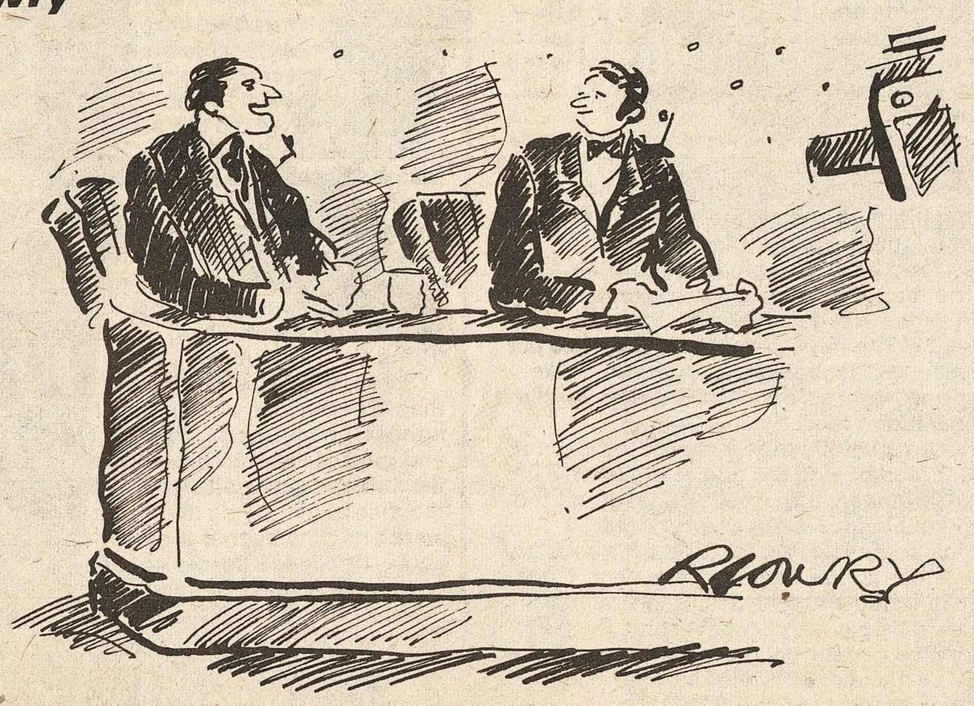
BICKLEY AND WIDMORE 1, RED BARREL 2

Against a weak Bickley side on Sunday, Red Barrel always looked in control and always deserved their two first half goals from Joe Strummer and Jerry Hall.

Bickley pulled one back however from the penalty spot after McKenna had handled inside the area.

After the interval Red Barrel continued to push forward but despite creating several chances, they were unable to increase their lead.

Lowry



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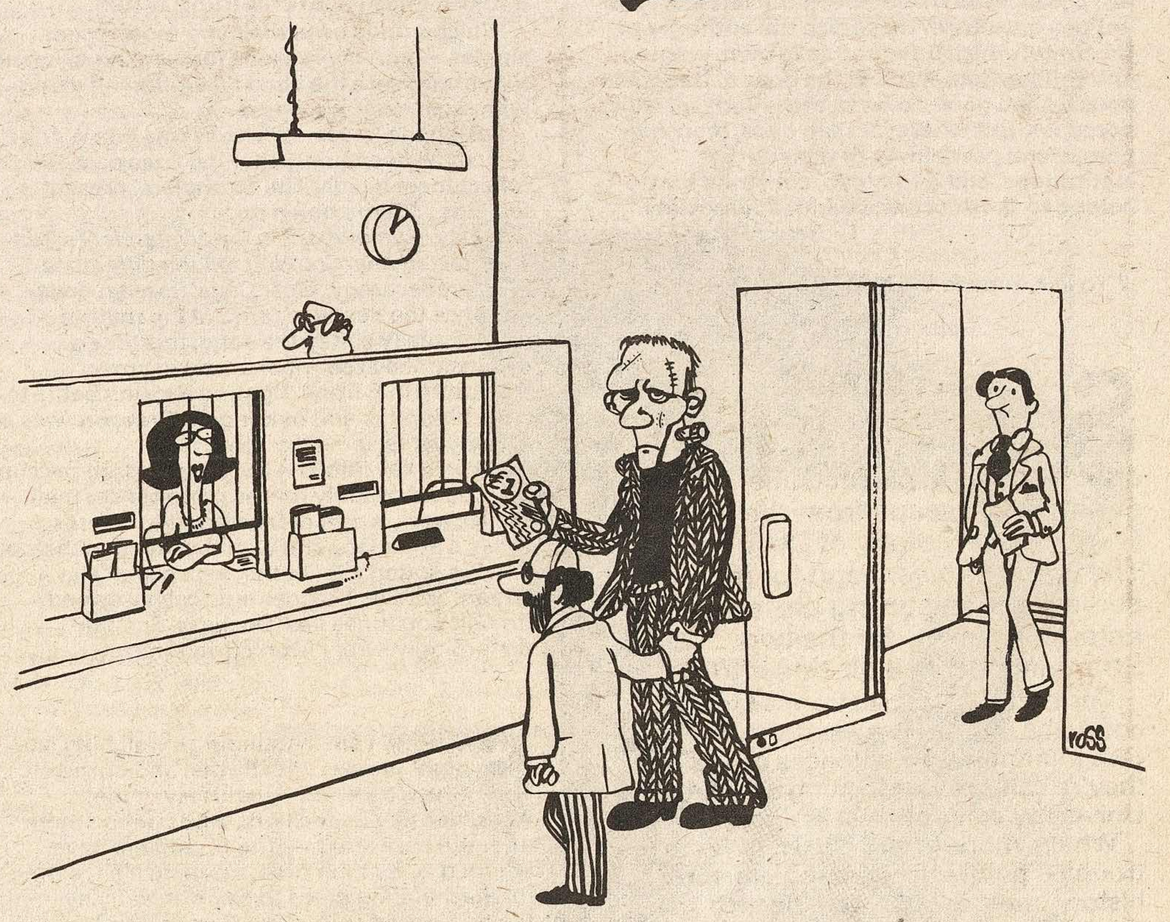

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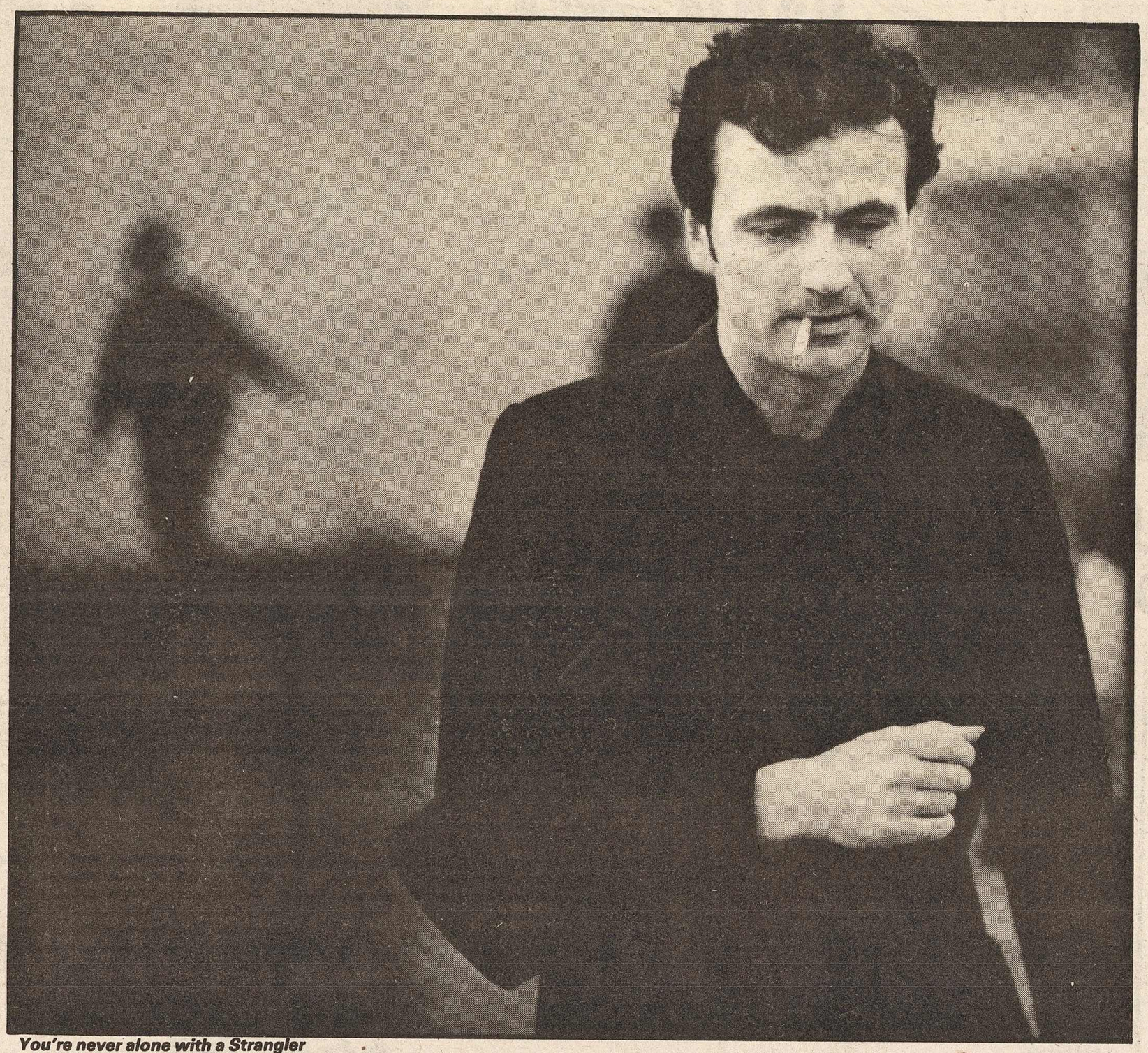


You're never alone with a Stranglers

Just a bunch of surly brutes and sexist psychopaths?

Not us, mate. The Nick's made new men of us, honest it has.

The Stranglers grow up, go straight and turn themselves in to prison visitor, Chris Bohn.

"One afternoon . . . I was seized and put into jail, because, as I have elsewhere related, I did not pay a tax to, or recognize the authority of the State, which buys and sells men, women and children like cattle at the door of its senate house. I had gone down to the woods for other purposes. But wherever man goes, men will pursue and paw him with their dirty institutions, and if they can, constrain him to belong to the desperate odd-fellow society."

— Henry David Thoreau

"To live outside the law you must be honest"

— Bob Dylan

SATURDAY NIGHT at the movies: Hugh Cornwell and Jean Jacques Burnel are wholly absorbed by Steve McQueen's attempts to escape from the notorious French penal colony of Devil's Island. The film's *Papillon,* and for most of the audience it's a stirring piece of entertainment — for the two Stranglers it hits a bit closer to home.

Currently out on bail from a French court, the duo — along with Jet Black — face minimum jail sentences of a year if they're convicted of inciting a riot at Nice University some six weeks ago.

What's more, at this particularly troubled point in The Stranglers' turbulent history, most anyone outside their diminishing coterie wouldn't raise an eyelid in their defence. They exhausted media sympathy long ago — way before this case or Hugh Cornwell's two month imprisonment earlier this spring — through a lengthy list of bad boy incidents, often involving rock writers.

And given reasons for holding grudges, The Stranglers musically offered easy targets. In concert, their emphasis on wearing, monotonous rhythms could simply be dismissed as turgid, while their explorations of the seamy underbelly of life on their first two albums celebrated its misery, rather than aiming for the heart of the matter. Their third album 'Black And White' appeared to be as straightforward as its title and the more varied 'The Raven' a token gesture to changing times.

Which brings us to their two most recent singles — and my reasons for wanting to spend a weekend with the band I'd written off along with most everybody else.

Taking the latest — 'Who Wants The World?' — first, its despairing opening lines perhaps reflect most lucidly The Stranglers' present feelings: *"Came down on a Monday/Somewhere in the Midlands/Tasted [illegible] tasted flea/Couldn't tell the difference."*

Its predecessor, 'Bear Cage', is even better. Perhaps once the desolate grind of the rhythm section really suited the song, this time a disillusioned account of a working man relocated in Europe, fighting a losing battle to keep his spirits and bearings: *"Drawing lines on a map just to show I'm there."*

Given a key into The Stranglers' grim psyche, their past suddenly makes more sense: their earlier work is part of the struggle towards today's articulacy and with that in mind their old albums sound a lot better, especially 'The Raven', with its broader musical bases and driving pop tunes like 'Duchess' and the disturbingly sweet 'Don't Bring Harry'.

SO HERE I am in Edinburgh watching late night movies with Burnel and Cornwell. Given a day off — courtesy of the Aberdeen city councillors, who banned them after the Nice affair — The Stranglers have whittled away their time, sleeping a bit, eating a lot, formulating plans to catch an early evening gig by kindred spirits The Damned and then, lethargically arriving late just as the last chords are struck. I never realised how boring holidays could be!

Finally, fed up by the inaction, photographer Anton and me go see the hospital-based thriller *Coma* — recommended by Cornwell, a film freak and hopeful actor — to pass the day more fruitfully. Later we find Cornwell and Burnel galvanised into action, ready for the late night showing of *Papillon.* Fine by me — prefer movies to the usual ennui of excessive drinking that accompanies most tours anyday.

"You really learn to appreciate life once you've been inside," comments Cornwell, during the interval. "I mean, just being able to do this is great.

"I learnt something from it," he later expands about the two months he spent in Pentonville for possessing drugs. "I don't wanna go in again. I just came out with a very strong work ethic. I just wanna work, work, work. I appreciate work now, whereas before it was questionable. I'll gig every night of the year if I have to — it don't make any difference to me."

Burnel had earlier said that though Cornwell had denied any lasting effects, it had certainly left its mark on him. Looking at the gaunt guitarist now, it's difficult to believe otherwise. Though faintly comical in appearance, dressed all in black in an oversized double-breasted suit and flat shoes, there's an air of quiet determination about him. How did going to jail first hit him?

"It's when you first go in," he replies. "That really freaks you out, but once you've got over that you could stay there any length of time. It's the immediate shock of being given a uniform and losing your identity.

"You become a number in a cell, but once you've got over that, it just becomes a bind, really. You can let it wear you down, but you've just got to be strong in character. I just closed my mind to it and played along with the system. Sure, if they want to get me up at 8 am, it's not going to do me any harm. I'll get up at 8. If they put my light out at 10 I'll go to bed at 10. I said to myself that I'd eat anything they gave me within reason — that's why I came out one and a half stone heavier."

The movie's over and we're standing outside the theatre — the same one incidentally that The Stranglers will blood as a rock venue the following night. Burnel, in a permanent slouch and the ubiquitous baggy black horsehair sweater, from which his pin legs protrude, looks like something out of those cheaply made cartoon series that get shown on Saturday morning TV. The movie prompts a few Nice jail reminiscences that he normally avoids — like sharing a cell with a Corsican murderer involved in a heavy blood feud.

He's interrupted by the Playhouse proprietor, who after recognising the duo offers them a lift, which they politely turn down. Throughout the weekend behaviour is remarkably polite, surprising some folk, but for others it's sensibly nothing more or less than they'd expect. Three days on the road with The Stranglers in fact turns out to be pleasantly uneventful. Even in Glasgow, the city Burnel requested we attended to get a real taste of Stranglerdom, nothing special happened.

These days The Stranglers act their age. Burnel's the youngest at 26, Jet Black's the oldest, in his early 40s, and the other two are over 30. In dressing rooms and back at hotels the difference in years between them and their fans is marked. In one corner Black would play the fatherly figure clowning around for the circle of kids around him, while Dave Greenfield looks on grinning, and in another corner Burnel is more than likely lecturing kids on European history in between answering more conventional questions.

In Glasgow the audience is predominantly male, but in Edinburgh there's a better balance, both before and after the concert. The girls hover at first toward the ever-grinning Greenfield, before making their way round to Cornwell or Burnel. The few that insist on hurtling themselves at the band are politely fended off.

Apart from Greenfield's juvenile talk on missing out on "scoring", nothing of The Stranglers' supposed sexist attitudes was evident. Certainly not from Burnel, the band's reputed macho man.

Later, alone in a room with Jean-Jacques Burnel for a formal interview, he broached the issue.

"It's a joke to think that we're more sexist than anyone else when we hardly write about women," he says, animatedly. "We haven't written about women since 'Rattus', yet there's still this big sexist mythology around us.

"But when we did talk about women it was quite honest attitudinising, really, of how some males consider women. I mean, one song referred to a woman as a piece of meat, but we were talking about how that particular girl was seen and not the whole female gender. To say that we've never been sexist apart from The Stranglers is very ignorant."

How about something as plainly stated as 'Bring On The Nubiles'?

"Well, what else do you say to someone other than 'Let me fuck you'? I think that was quite honest, I mean, going through the ritual and games, buying them a meal and so on, all the shit that goes with traditional interplay, all the disappointments and frustrations — people were shocked by that song's insistence, you know, because it comes out like the battering ram approach."

FROM THE outset The Stranglers went out to shock. Brutal rhythmic structures, mean lyrics growled and spat out by either Cornwell or Burnel, early howls of inarticulate rage, all geared towards the confrontation of

conventional attitudes. The crassness of songs like 'Bring On The Nubiles' fall into that pattern.

Burnel: "Yeah, it must have looked like a Panzer blitzkrieg as opposed to anything more subtle. But certainly that Bismarkian approach isn't always a bad one, and sometimes it's good to be seen acting like a battering ram, because often that's the only way people will understand that you mean it. There's also the subtle approach, like finding a secret passage way to the citadel, which is what a lot of people say they're doing: 'We'll compromise ourselves this and that way, but once we've achieved our greatness, we can really lay it on — what we really want' (in mocking tones).

"But I think it has to be seen to be done from the outset. You shouldn't compromise," he adds, definitively.

Problem is that a lot of people see The Stranglers as vulgar loud mouths and shut themselves off to them a couple of years ago. Would they like to break away from their own myth?

"We can't because we've got four years history behind us now, and it takes people a bit of time to catch up. And I guess the Nice thing and Hugh going down don't exactly break the image.

"And Nice wouldn't have happened in the first place if it weren't for the whole myth thing around us, because it all started when the university authorities read the history of the band in the morning papers. So by the time the roadcrew got there that morning the authorities had got cold feet and started putting up all these barriers to prevent us from playing . . ."

And in case you haven't heard, the band refused to carry on playing after the third power failure interrupted their set, contending that the authorities hadn't supplied the necessary generators. Some parts of the crowd went crazy and broke some furniture and windows. The band was later arrested, on the evidence of an illegal taping of the concert, held in custody for a week charged with inciting the audience to riot. Greenfield had been released immediately as he hadn't said anything on stage.

If The Stranglers are innocent, like they say, people still believe they could've done it. They accept that as a consequence of their policy of confrontation.

"If rock is to mean anything it must be on the other side of the fence to the establishment, if it's to have any impetus or power," says Burnel.

"But ironically, I know for a fact that John Peel won't play us anymore because he thinks we're an establishment band."

He ponders for a moment: "I suppose we're more institutionalised than establishment, but if we are establishment, then the establishment doesn't look very well after its own."

As with all outlaw breeds, they attract a limited, but special kind of audience.

"Yeah, a result of the antagonism towards us is that we're more and more on our own, and living out on a limb means that those who like us feel out on a limb as well.

"Well, if you were Hitler you could dig that psychology, because it means that everyone's part of a tribe or elitist group."

Living by a warrior code demands discipline, and Burnel's is Zen Budhism crossed with a Euro-man ideal, which he applies to The Stranglers' peculiar vision.

Bear with him a moment and you'll get an idea of what he's getting at: "Zen in itself is quite fatalistic, the way the world is quite fatalistic. We do die — it's a real thing that people don't seem to come to terms with. They become ostriches again.

"I mean, there's so much superfluousness and ornamentation attached to the whole myth of romantic love and heterosexuality that you lose sight of what you're aiming for. For instance, in America it's institutionalised to pursue happiness — (in silly US voice) 'Are you happy?' 'Yeah, sure I'm happy' — and because they so gratefully seek the unobtainable you lose sight of what you're aiming for. Now, if people embraced the inevitable, maybe they'd be more honest in their day-to-day activities."

Fine, but how come none of this comes across in Stranglers' songs? 'Death And Night And Blood (Yukio)' the 'Black And White' track that tackles the subject most directly, is basically a technicolor version of Japanese extremist writer Mishima's suicide.

"Well, I think it's more black and white," he jokes. "I wanted it to be stark — there aren't more than two ways of looking at death. Also, I was trying to get into Mishima's head. The guy had taught and wrote for 25 years about his pet subject: the inevitability of death and eventually he lived his art in the most dramatic way possible." He finishes with a note of admiration.

So where does Europe figure — not that his concept of Zen is that far removed from European ideas like the Nietzscheian superman ideal. How does it encompass weakness?

"I really wouldn't attempt to deny our heritage of European influences," he replies. "To me, the ideal of the Euro-man is the ultimate in human dignity, in the way that in the ancient world the Romans regarded the Greeks. But in a present day context the Euroman still doesn't exist.

"Weaknesses can be inherent, and really inherent weakness isn't what I'm concerned with. We're all inherently weak and to be brave you need to know fear, to surmount it. Therefore it's a very individual attempt to conquer weakness.

"It's just a question of knowing yourself," he continues. "I don't denigrate weakness as such unless it's obvious — because wallowing in it is really a waste."

In the past Burnel has been known to display his strength — like responding to criticism by thumping those who make it. Also by participating in acts of personal terrorism, like kidnapping a reporter following a slight of fellow member Hugh Cornwell. Any regrets today?

"Not really — those who live by the sword . . . I never felt any rankle against anyone, and attacking them instantly was probably the best way for them to be settled in individual cases, you know?

"I don't think I'd so readily attack someone now though — in fact I know I wouldn't because I think a little bit more (laughing mischievously) about the consequences of going to jail. Also, you know, you grow up. I mean it's been four years . . ."

JET BLACK's holding court at The Stranglers' hotel after the Glasgow gig, which incidentally was a vast improvement on their last London set, mainly due to its violent pruning, giving more impetus to their single-minded, punching rhythms. But then that was a sentimental occasion, it being Cornwell's awaited return to a Rainbow stage.

Cracking jokes to impress his brood of Scottish fans, Black tries: "I like haggis sandwiches — I saw a flying haggis once."

"What were you on?" shoots back some smart kid.

Meanwhile the genial old Yorkshire proprietor gleefully collects Stranglers' autographs on a copy of 'The Raven'.

"We once had the Jackson Five 'ere," he drawls to no-one in particular. "The rest of them wouldn't let young Michael drink with them because 'e was too young . . ."

By this time everyone's attention is diverted by the arrival of two policemen. Jet Black quickly jumps up, arms raised for handcuffs: "Here I am," he yells. "Come on, I'm ready, take me in!"

His buffoonery raises a faint titter, though this sort of Black behaviour raised gigantic cheers at the star-studded April concerts during Cornwell's Pentonville Prison stretch.

Black said then: "Mr Judge, we don't have a drug problem in this country, we just have a police problem."

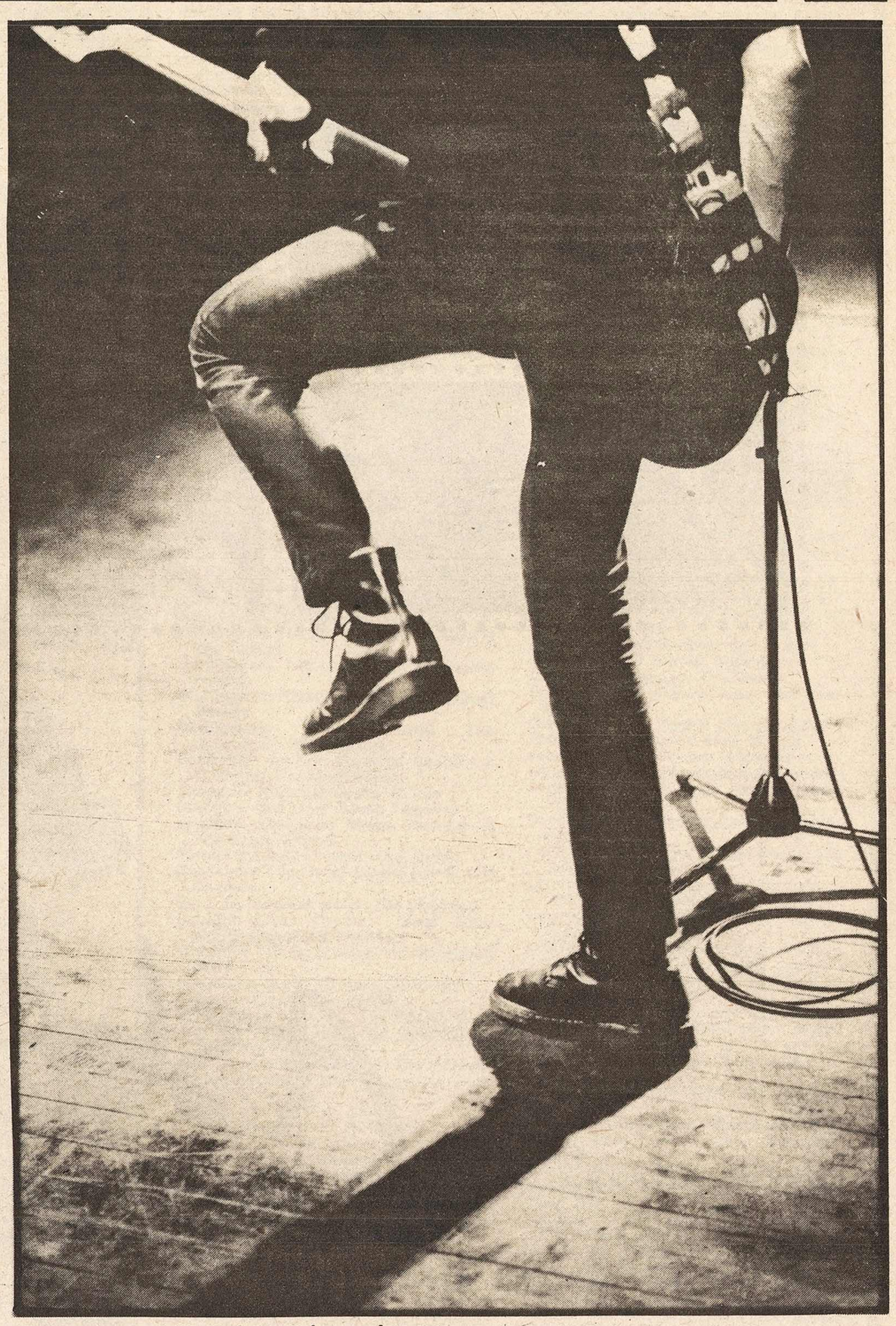
Maybe so, but on an emotive occasion such a statement is an easy crowd pleaser and just reinforces The Stranglers' *us vs them* myth. I put it to Cornwell, the direct beneficiary of the speech, during a discussion in the white room (well, a bland one anyway) of another hotel.

"I don't think he meant it like that at all," states Cornwell pleasantly. "He just saw it as a police problem and not a drugs problem — and I don't question that."

But don't their aggressive policies backfire upon them?

"Definitely," he replies. "We get almost zero airplay, it limits our exposure. But it doesn't matter to us, because in the end we know we're right. People's attitudes tend to be formalised instead of individual, and we're battering away at institutionalised attitudes all the time, whether it be by getting locked up in Nice, being arrested for drugs or anything. It's all down to the same thing."

By doing so they're imposing their own limitations as well as restricting their audience to those attracted by their rebel status. I'd suggest that practically up until the last two singles, The Stranglers had long worn out their concept of a "battering ram", as the only people left listening to them were their diehard fans, themselves diminishing in number judging by Glasgow's less than sell-out gig. No tickets went on sale for the balcony, for instance.



Help stamp out things that need stamping out.

(To be fair they did play during a Scottish holiday period — and other gigs around the country had fared better).

They needed to break their own artistic stranglehold without betraying themselves — unlikely after so long in the wilderness — to cut away the crassness and get to the core of their dark, bleak obsessions. It's no longer good enough to just sketch the ugly rat-infested landscapes we're all aware of.

Burnel and Cornwell both dug a bit deeper on their solo projects of 'Euroman Cometh' and 'Nosferatu', but it wasn't until the varied scenarios of 'The Raven' that we saw their obvious intelligence really surfacing. And their new project — following on from 'Who Wants The World', and 'The Meninblack' track from their last album — takes it further.

Both are written from the unlikely viewpoint of aliens visiting earth, looking around, deciding they don't like it and flying away again. 'MIB', though, advances it insofaras — this according to The Stranglers' research, conducted at first by Jet Black — the MIB are odd little sub-humans dressed in black who call on people who've reported UFO sightings, inducing them not to divulge any further knowledge. These gracious MIB have witnessed Earth gradually destroying itself and are willing to offer a way out, if people are ready to listen. The Stranglers see the whole thing as a semi-religious, but viable worldly alternative to the basic Christian principle of waiting for your reward in heaven.

Sceptical? Me, too. That doesn't matter, Cornwell answers, it's the planted thought that counts.

"People would think it'd be perfect to have a saviour coming out of the sky," he states. "But what if there isn't? Then we're totally fucked, we'll have to rely on ourselves. But at least a part of the brain would be aware that there's something wrong that needs correcting and from then on it's just a matter of time before people in power get affected, and then things will start to change.

"It doesn't matter even if these MIB or flying saucers turn out to be hallucinatory, it seems like a pretty good process of enlightenment to me and we align ourselves with this."

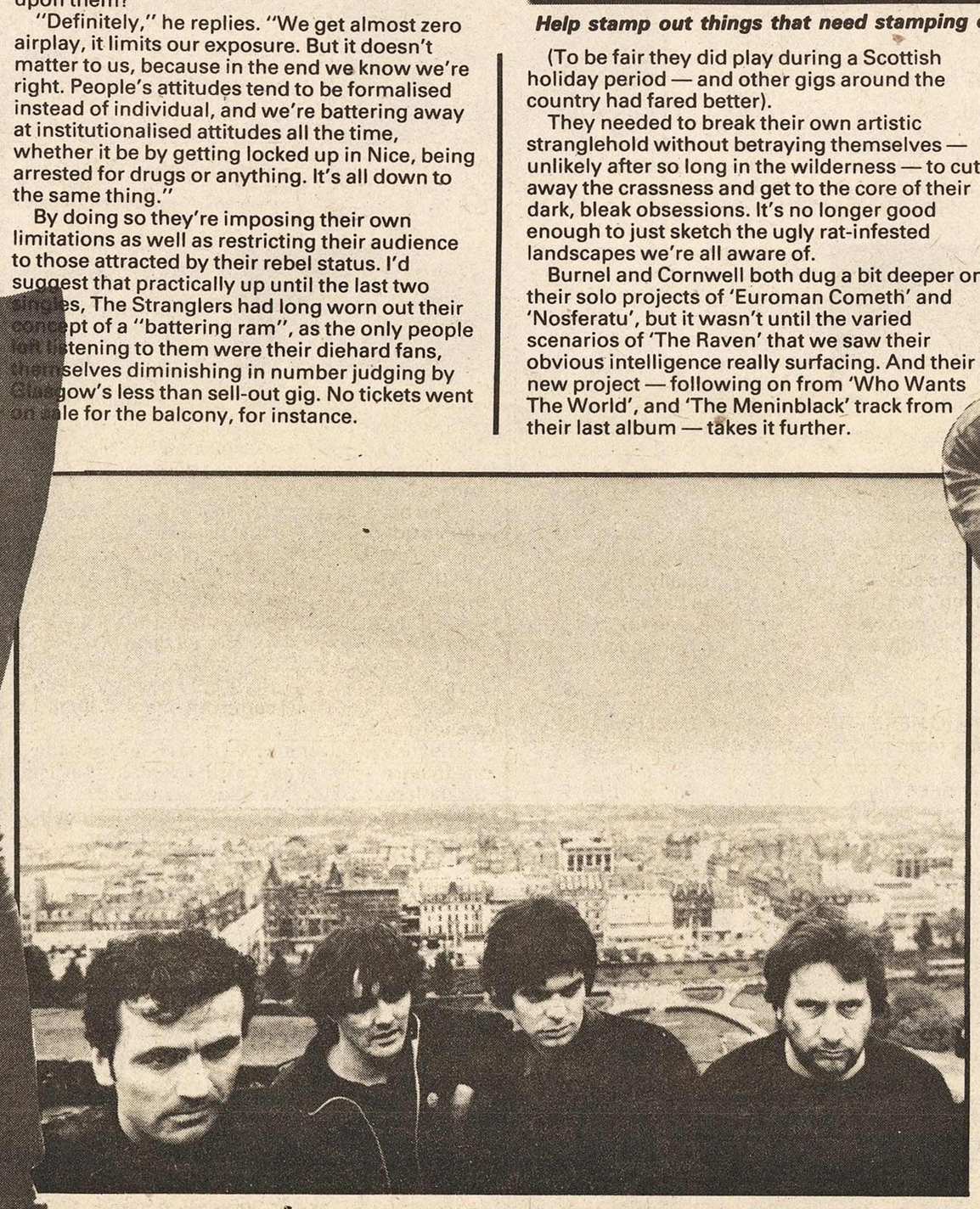
For further reading/listening check out the forthcoming album and make up your own minds.

BACK DOWN on earth, in Edinburgh's Radio Scotland studio, The Stranglers are struggling with their self-induced problem of a bad-boy image. A one track-minded DJ hammers along a "you asked for it" line to which Stranglers Cornwell and Black respond considerately. Greenfield doesn't say a word and Burnel's just gotten off to sleep after a sleepless night. He suffers regularly from insomnia.

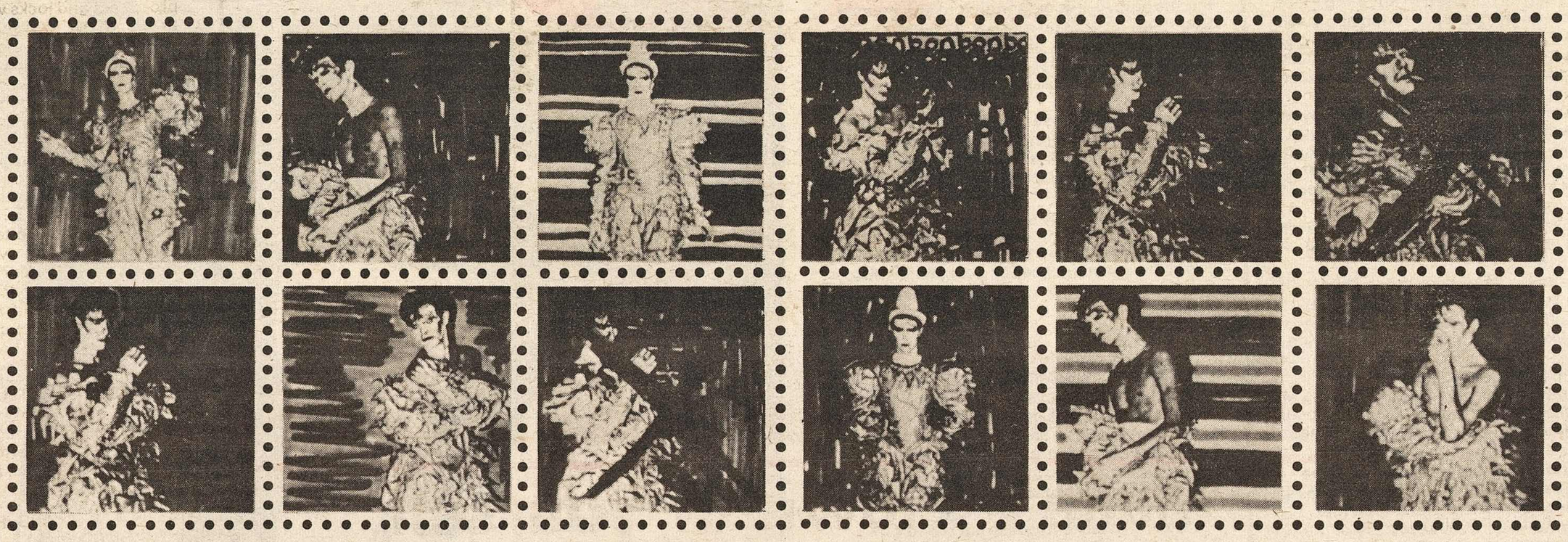
Afterwards in the hospitality room, a girl offers them drinks. Cornwell asks for tea but the canteen's closed. "I don't drink much at all," he adds.

"Ah, you're spoiling your image, you know," she replies.

They grimace politely and refrain from commenting.



All pix: Anton Corbijn



Ashes to ashes.

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RCA

SINGLES

Reviewed by Andy Gill

Make a clown of yourself — the Bowie way

BEST OF THE REST

TUXEDOMOON: Scream With A View (Pre 12" EP). Tuxedomoon records are exercises in expressing inner activity — mental and emotional states — by allusion rather than direct address. In this respect, they're fellow-travellers with Ubu in the business of making contemporary mood music, though more limited in the range of moods conveyed, concentrating mainly on the areas of futility and despair *(Jolly helpful that — Ed).* The four pieces on 'Scream With A View' were recorded about four months before the somewhat dissatisfying 'Half-Mute' album, and the prevailing ambience is one of *film-noir* foreboding, a Chandlerian corrupt cityscape peopled with turned-up coat collars and pulled-down hatbrims — an atmosphere especially noticeable in the sad soprano-sax sleaze of '(Special Treatment For The) Family Man', but present in all the tracks to some extent. Sombre, monochromatic, miserable — you know all the adjectives that apply, I'm sure, but the fact remains that Tuxedomoon are one of the few groups around with the ability to convey such concepts in a manner totally devoid of the slightest trace of banality. Another realistic record.

MANICURED NOISE: Faith (Pre). Most Improved Band of the week. Last time around, Manicured Noise produced an oddly unloveable, pointless piece of muzak called 'Moscow 1980', which signalled imminent oblivion in no uncertain fashion; now, here they are outdoing Talking Heads at their own game with a marvellous piece of serious dance music. What you think of this will depend firstly on what you think of Talking Heads, and secondly on where you draw the line between influence and imitation. Admittedly, the rhythms, and the way they're approached, are straight lifts, but the sax and vocals add that sting of difference which allows 'Faith' to succeed in its own right. The press release says they're currently undergoing line-up changes, which is a pity, as they'd obviously got themselves on course at last. Ah well . . .

MINNY POPS: Live EP (Plurex). Minny Pops are probably the best band to emerge from Holland, and the three tracks which make up this EP are some of the finest moments to date. As with many recent Dutch Bands, there's an undercurrent of dry, deadpan humour running through the Minny Pops *oeuvre,* though it's less noticeable here than on last year's 'Drastic Measures, Drastic Movement' album, partly because of the low audibility of the vocals. 'Dolphins Spurt', the best track on that album, goes through a few structural changes for its appearance here, chief among which is the reinforced stridency of the guitar lines and consequent diminution of the swaying rhythm which characterised the original. A completely different number, really. The others are both new: 'Night Out' takes a fast drum-machine shuffle and punctuates it with a repeated guitar flourish, whilst 'Mental' — the longest and most satisfying of the three — features semi-audible, breathy vocals and shrill, cyclical guitar over a funereal drum-machine rhythm, with a synth drone circling ominously overhead. The cry of "My heart is bleeding!" from someone in the audience just about sums it all up. A remarkable piece of music.

I WANNER TELL YEW A STORY

SLAKS: Have A Bath (DJM).

THE MOLES: There You Go (Arista).

COCKNEY'N'WESTERNS: She's No Angel (Beggar's Banquet). Three after-the-fact chunks of pseudo-cockney drivel. Slaks sing (or rather *speak)* the praises of bathing as a panacea to all the world's ills. Should go down a bomb in California. (I think it's meant to be funny, by the way. The Moles don't even have that much originality; theirs is one of those yawn-inducing "it's a funny ol' world, ain't it?" type of songs. Cuts no ice round here, mate.

Cockney'n'Westerns are aptly named, and that's about all you need to know, really. Do all these type of records get played on Capital Radio?

BLURT: Get/My Mother Was A Friend Of An Enemy Of The People (Test Pressings). An unrestrained foray into vigorous primitivisn, guaranteed to sort the neighbours out once and for all. Blurt's recipe for listening pleasure involves simple, distorted guitar parts, a tightly metallic drum sound and a rampant, squealing cacophony of rasping sax; the "singer" shouts, tortures and distorts the vocals in a manner similar to, but not quite as wild as, Pulp's Anne Bean. I haven't the faintest idea what it's all about — or who Blurt actually are — but it sounds all right to me. Recommended for wedding receptions and other family occasions.

CUPOL: Like This For Ages (4AD12").

THE THE: Controversial Subject (4AD). Why do Gilbert & Lewis — and the Wire axis in general, for that matter — arouse so much concerted antipathy without really trying? Maybe it's because their shunning of the normal roles and routes of rock is an implicit condemnation of the attitudes upon which many people's views of "rock'n'roll" depend. If this is so, should they not then be supported? The Cupol 12" is an improvement on the patchy Dome album, with the emphasis on steamrolling drum/rhythm parts against a shifting, semi-focused backdrop of meandering electronics, etc. Decidedly peculiar, but charming. On the other side, 'Kluba Cupol' relies on similarly thunderous interlocking drum and percussion parts to evoke an atmosphere similar to some of Can's 'Ethnological Forgery Series'. It's 20 minutes long, revolves at 33, but works even better at 45. Hear them talking to ya, Africa. The duo turn up again as producers of The The's first single, which constructs a series of pleasing shapes and relationships from unorthodox constituents, anchored throughout to the pulse of (what sounds like) the ubiquitous drum-machine. I like it a lot.

TIN HUEY: English Kids (Clone). A disappointing anachronistic (or is it satiric?) "thank you" hymn to punky-waving Brits, devoid of any interesting characteristics. A Chris (Waitresses) Butler number, for those who care. The flip, 'Sister Rose', is much better, a quirky Russo-vaudevillean thing with a lunatic sax break.

FATBACK: Backstrokin' (Spring 12"). I used to be rather fond of the Fatback Band, circa 'Keep On Steppin' ' and 'Wicky Wacky'; They had the most monstrous bass riffs this side of Larry Graham, and could be relied on to keep everything sparse, uncluttered and unremittingly punchy. Not any more, it seems. This is just limp, emasculated pap, a lowest common denominator of "sophistication".

MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL . . .

DAVID BOWIE: Ashes To Ashes (RCA). Have you ever noticed how the line of Bowie's jaw on the cover of 'Heroes' is apparently retouched to accentuate the thinness of his face? When a friend conversant with the ins and outs of airbrushing pointed this out to me, I found it rather interesting: there, beneath that grey area, was the *real* David Bowie — all the rest of the photograph was a cipher, a fake. There's something of that about the cover to 'Ashes To Ashes': around the central Is-This-Man-A-Prat photo depicting Bowie as a glittering clown are a number of smaller frames showing random stages in his disrobing. Some are crossed out, as if rejected frames of a contact-sheet, unacceptable images. Glittering clown . . . disrobing . . . unacceptable images . . . Ashes To Ashes: you can read whatever you want into all this, if you really care, and you might not end up too far from the truth.

In many ways, not least atmospherically, 'Ashes To Ashes' casts long shadows back through the thin one's career, to the period of 'Life On Mars', 'Starman' and beyond, as if Bowie's making some belated attempt to come to terms with his past: *"Ashes to ashes/Fun to funky/We know Major Tom's a junkie/Strung out in heaven's high/Hitting an all-time low".* Musically, it'll gladden the hearts of those radio producers and jocks who broke out in a cold sweat with 'Alabama Song'. Innocuous and okay, in its own way, but the point is this: all the indications are that this is another David Bowie song, about David Bowie — for all his travels, he's stuck inside a solipsistic system, and solipsism's a piss-poor spectator sport for all concerned. To the often-asked question "Have we ever seen the real David Bowie?", the only sensible response can be "Who gives a toss?". And the only sensible response to that ought to be "David Bowie".

SECRET AFFAIR: Sound Of Confusion (I-Spy). The sound of nails slowly easing their way into coffins: stodgy, viscous and predetermined. The new MOR music, for the new MORons.

THE FLATBACKERS: Pumping Iron (Red Shadow).

TOUR DE FORCE: Night Beat (UA). The Flatbackers' single is the best all-female outing since Girls At Our Best's 'Getting Nowhere Fast' of a few months back. Smart and snappy, it takes a wry look at physical-fitness freaks (the accent there should be on the final word, I think) and the lengths to which their machismo drives them, with the occasional acutely perceptive stab: *"Our hero's going to get to grips/With an ego that can't".* Tour De Force's 'Night Beat' is a dub-laden slice of lumpy reggae-rock about a women's right to walk alone at night. A first glance at the cover suggested a certain manufacture plasticity, but that's probably just my inbred suspicion and cynicism rearing its head again. A creditable offering.

. . . WHO IS THE FASTEST OF THEM ALL?

AL DI MEOLA: Roller Jubilee (CBS 12").

THE SHADOWS: Equinoxe, Pt. V (Polydor). Al DiMeola's record is horribly bright and happy, has lots of syndrums popping away all over the place, and features Al playing guitar very fast. The Shadows' record is horribly bright and happy, has lots of syndrums popping away all over the place, and features Hank Marvin playing guitar rather fast, too. Al DiMeola's may be bigger (it must be, because he can play faster, ho ho), but The Shadows have the better tune.

ROGER DALTREY: Free Me (Polydor).

THE JOE PERRY PROJECT: Let The Music Do The Talking (CBS).

DEDRINGER: Sunday Drivers (Dindisc). Three brands of bully-beef. Daltrey's is pure strangulated macho HM, set to a horn-laden arrangement of Meatloafian ferocity; it's from some film about John McVicar, apparently, which will probably turn out to be a kitchen-sink-drama style stab at homegrown outlaw mythologising. Yawn. Dedringer's is modest workaday boogie, the most satisfying of the three because it knows its place and stays there in unostentatious fashion. Joe Perry's is just a grunt of a record.

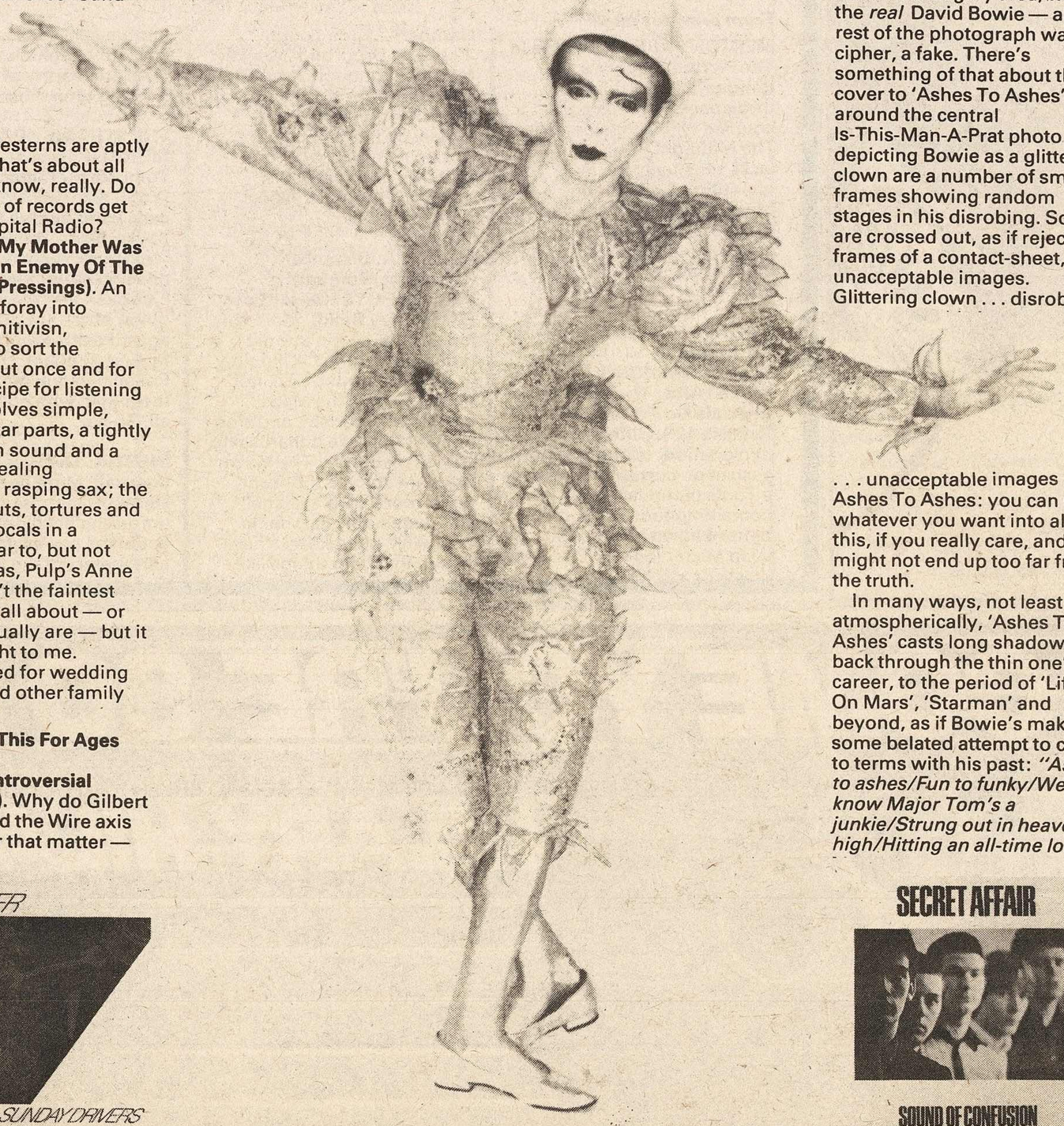
■ *Continues over*

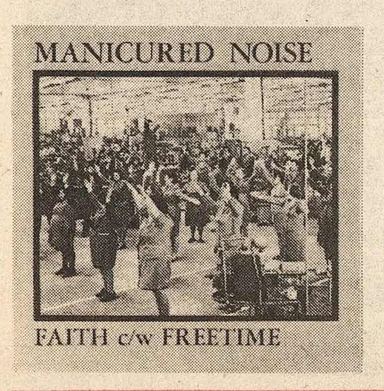
SINGLE OF THE WEEK

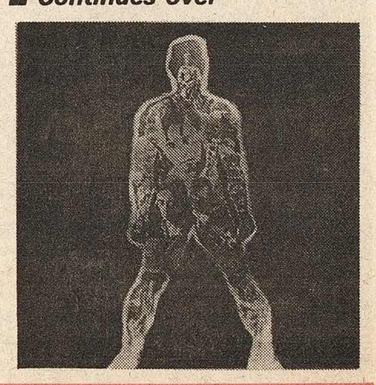
THE COMSAT ANGELS: Independence Day (Polydor). Every once in a while, there pops up a piece of pop music which puts to shame the rest of that inherently infantile genre. So far this year we've had Teardrop's 'Treason' and Joy Division's 'Love Will Tear Us Apart', records which bring to the genre a certain maturity whilst at the same time satisfying its ultimate criterion, that of becoming a haunting, infectious *presence.* And now we have The Comsat Angels' 'Independence Day', a deceptively clean, clear concoction built on a delicate balance of simple, spartan drums and clipped guitar harmonics — the firm and the fragile, so to speak — with an unusual sense of musical space and an irresistible hook. This may strike you as strange for a Sheffield band, but they're neither "bleak" nor "industrial"; just realistic: *"I can't relax 'cos I haven't done a thing/And I can't do a thing 'cos I can't relax."* I know just what they mean, and it's never been put better. Over on the other side, 'We Were' explores more dark, cavernous climes; vague echoes of some awesome ritual.

1980 — a vintage year, I'd say. With more to come . . .

Pic: Philip Barnes







JUST FINISHED YOUR 'A' LEVELS?

If you have just finished your 'A' Levels and are not quite sure what to do next, NME will be carrying a series of features showing the availability of courses at different colleges commencing August 16th for several weeks.

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Discovering the old soul rebels

Max Bell on Charly's grunt 'n' grits from the vaults

LEE DORSEY: Working In The Coal Mine; Holy Cow; Can You Hear Me.
BETTY HARRIS: Ride Your Pony; Trouble With My Lover; Nearer To You.
JIMMY HUGHES: A Shot Of Rhythm & Blues; Neighbour Neighbour; Try me.
BETTY EVERETT: Getting Mighty Crowded; The Shoop Shoop Song; You're No Good.
JIMMY REED: Shame, Shame, Shame; Big Boss Man; Bright Lights, Big City.
JOHN LEE HOOKER: Dimples, Boom Boom; Onions.
BETTY LAVETTE: Easier To Say (Than Do); Let Me Down Easy; Piece Of My Heart.
PEGGY SCOTT & JO JO BENSON: Lover's Holiday; Picking Wild Mountain Berries; Soul Shake.
JOE SIMON: Bring It On Home To Me; When I'm Gone; Let's Do It Over.
THE DELLS: Stay In My Corner; Oh What A Nite; Looks Like It's Over.
TED TAYLOR: It's Too Late; Only The Lonely Knows; I need Your Love So Bad.
BOBBY PATTERSON: She Don't Have To See You (To See Through You); How Do You Spell Love? (M.O.N.E.Y.); I'm In The Wrong.
THE METERS: Look-ka Py Py; Tippi-toes; Cissy Strut.
JERRY BUTLER: He Will Break Your Heart; I Stand Accused; Make It Easy On Yourself.
DEE CLARKE: Your Friends; Hey Little Girl; Raindrops.
GENE CHANDLER: Nothing Can Stop Me; You Threw A Lucky Punch; Just Be True.
BILLY BOY ARNOLD: I Wish You Would; I Ain't Got You; Rockinitis.
LITTLE JOHNNY TAYLOR: As Long As I Don't See You; My Special Rose; How Can A Broke Man Survive?
BUSTER BENTON: Sweet 94; Spider In My Stew; Do It In The Rain.
THE CARTER BROTHERS: Southern Country Boy; Booze In The Bottle; Booby Trap Baby.
THE UNIQUES: You Don't Miss Your Water; It's All Over Now; All These Things.
ROSCO GORDON: Just A Little Bit; GENE ALLISON: You Can Make It If You Try; BOBBY PARKER: Blues Get Off My Shoulder.
ROBERT PARKER: Barefootin'; AFRICAN MUSIC MACHINE: Tropical; REDD HOLT UNLTD: I Shot The Sheriff.
EDDIE GILES: That's How Strong My Love Is; AARON NEVILLE: Tell It Like It Is; TOUSSAINT McCALL: Northing Takes The Place Of You.
TARHEEL SLIM: Number 9 Train; BIG MAC: Rough Dried Woman, Parts 1 & 2.

THAT OLD soul-shoe suffle, it never loses its appeal. In the current race to exhume fashion, the traditional strengths of late '50s and early '60s black music are being steadily re-discovered by young and old soul rebels alike.

Charly Records, never a label to follow any revolt into style, have banked a considerable amount of taste and energy on this new account. Latest in a line of toughtful soul re-issues that includes a cavalcade of Motown and Atlantic classics, their Triple Dynamite series consists of twenty five three-track EPs and concentrates on the Southern sounds of Vee Jay, the Sansu stable (run out of New Orleans by Allen Toussaint and Marshall Sehorn), Shelby Singleton's rosta, and the Jewel-Paula-Ronn nexus from Shreveport, Louisiana as hosted by one Stan Lewis. This full batch of twenty five three-track EPs also prefaces a limited selection of LPs (John Lee Hooker, Toussaint McCall, Lee Dorsey for starters).

It's mostly familiar stuff, though the EPs contain a sprinkling of obscurities, packaged in fetching black and white (what else?) picture bags. The pressing quality varies but I don't think you'll be worrying about that for long. Listening to this black gold it's apparent that Charly know their backbone from their elbow.

This is after all dance music.

For reasons of space a track by track breakdown isn't on but special delights include: Lee Dorsey and Betty Harris slouching through the slippery book of wisdom provided by Mr Toussaint, his compassionate work songs, and his novelty chants (it was fun to learn that these recordings date from a time when the Prince of New Orleans was composing theme tunes for Coca Cola and hair grease ads — everyone needs a little spending cash now and then).

Jimmy Hughes, in the Arthur Alexander vein, makes 'A Shot Of Rhythm and Blues' stick in the gullet like five fingers of Bourbon and you turn over to find that 'Neighbour Neighbour' is like a sticky pizza. And Tarheel Slim, hot on the rock 'n' roll circuit again with his echoed rockabilly 'Number 9 Train', gives the devil's music a run for your money.

Of the better known blues men; Little Johnny Taylor's selection is interesting precisely because he breaks away from expectations and gets down to some swampy crooning. John Lee Hooker, on the other hand, is blue as a boondock flood, in his own nicest way, giving sex its head on 'Dimples' and letting it out loose and loud on 'Boom Boom'.

Then there's the gutbucket thrill of the muddy Carter Bros slapping against the Bayou Beat of The Uniques (the only Crawdad white band to sniff the air here).

Close on all this stuff is seminal good times and timeless. Available now so you can stack 'em to the roof and start hopping. No excuses, this thing is gon'h be funky from now on.

From previous page

MERTON PARKAS: Put Me In The Picture (Beggar's Banquet). Execrable throwback pop music, coupled with a version of 'In The Midnight Hour' which lacks sensitivity in vast quantities. It's patently obvious they neither *know* nor like the song, but believe it's a good business move: not an interpretation, but an obligation.

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS: EP (Island).
DON DRUMMOND JR. & THE SKA STARS: The Clash And Specials Go To Jail (Rush Release 12"). Different kinds of exploitation: Island attempt to cash in on current mores with a Toots compilation containing four of his better-known numbers: 'Stick It Up Mister (54–46, That's My Number)', 'Time Tough', 'Pressure Drop' and 'Monkey Man'. Fair enough, I suppose. Don Drummond's is an iconic cash-in job, which relies largely on imitation of a certain record label's graphics. Musically, it's exactly what you'd expect. It functions.

EXHIBIT A: Distance (Irrelevant Wombat).
MIRROR BOYS: Mirror Boys EP (Wortley Road). More silly indies, having fun as only indies can. Exhibit A indulge in gentle, faltering pop, not entirely unlike the Maps' boyish amateurism, and sing about things like bollards and station platforms. The Mirror Boys are about a thousand times more "professional", and undeniably harsher in approach, but take less risks. They sing about things like jumble-sale suits and smoothie-nightclub boredom. Both are worthy of investigation. Possibly.

THE STRAND / POSITIVE SIGNALS: Here Today, Gone Tomorrow / Media Man (Yob). A collaborative effort, each band getting a side (two tracks each). The Strand are "real punk" with a nice line in phasing — I'm a sucker for an FX box — and the weediest guitar break I've heard in ages; Positive Signals do a fairly redundant Costello-esque rant, heavy on the hi-hat, with no bottom at all. So-so.

INERTIA: The Screen (Inertial). More one-man electronic pap, which unfortunately fails to break out of the pre-existing parameters of the Human League / Normal end of the genre. This may be excusable instrumentally, but surely there's no reason for him to sing like a dry, dispassionate Phil Oakey clone?

BRIAN BRAIN: Another Million Miles (Secret). Brian Brain, you'll recall, is former PIL drummer Martin Atkins' new band. 'Another Million Miles' is an eminently forgettable case of fame by association. BB's press release says that the slapstick comedy on Brian's stage act is "already generating a certain amount of notoriety for him with audiences" ... Whoopee! This record tries so hard to be jolly it almost chirps.

Continues page 49

"HOW COME YOU'RE SO DUMB"

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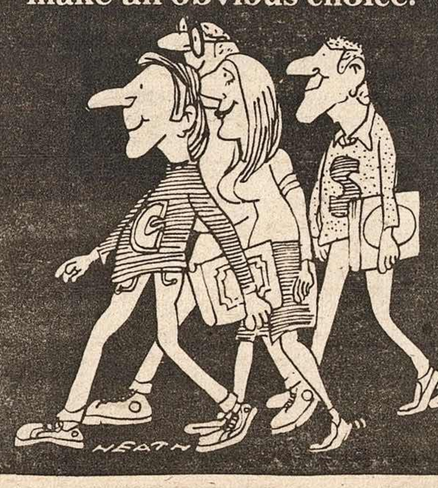

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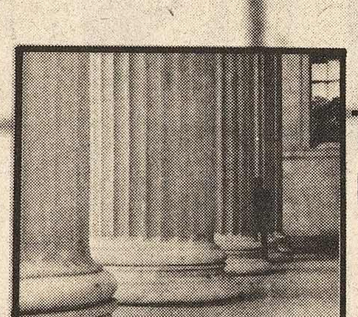

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"Last year's words belong to last year's language and next year's words await another voice. I don't disown the past, I've just walked away from it."

— *Tom Robinson, July 1980*

The past is a foreign country, they do things differently there . . . Well, Tom Robinson says he did anyway, and now he's got Sector 27 to prove it.

Report:
LYNN HANNA
Pictures:
PETER ANDERSON

Below: Sector 27 — the result of a Russo-American experiment to split Studio 54. L-R: Tom Robinson, Stevie B, Jo Burt, Derek Quinton.

TOM ROBINSON is a fluent and entertaining conversationalist. He slips easily into matching accents and actions. As we sit side by side in a speeding mini-bus he shares some of his stories: Robert Fripp's tortuous theory on the exact origins and application of rhythm; Peter Gabriel's fascination with the sound of burning laundry bags. . .

A tape of Sector 27's unreleased album blasts through the speakers of the speeding van, and while we listen I sense he's trying to gauge rather more than my reaction to the music. He wants a rapport between us, a level of communication that will ensure I convey what he wants in my writing. I know before he tells me that the tender and untried Sector 27 feels like his whole life. And I find his careful and intelligent courting disconcerting.

Not that he is as cynical as this makes him sound. Tom Robinson is natural, honest and lively. When he walks he shambles a bit like a bear. Doesn't he ever get tired of the image of the archetypal Nice Guy?

"Well I *am* reasonable," he replies. "I rarely lose my temper."

In the time I'm with him he shows just a single sign of irritation, and that's when I refer to him as one of the former spokesmen of a generation.

"Oh, come on!" he explodes. "You can't say that!"

I ask him later why he was so embarrassed.

"Because I know how far from the truth that description is. I honestly can't see it in those terms any more. I don't think I was," he says simply.

SPEND A FEW HOURS in his company and it's easy to learn to like him a lot. The writer suspects that the root cause of her unease is the fact that her task is to make public the intimacy he's so subtly creating. But then that's what Tom Robinson wants.

He's chosen the setting. A trip to Southampton with Sector 27 and a gig at the univeristy, and although he stresses that he really doesn't want to answer formal questions, he gracefully agrees to a tape-recorded interview in a cafe somewhere in the zone where Portsmouth and Southampton mingle.

It's an outing that includes Dave, the tetchy, hard-headed road manager, Clare, the group's calm and quietly firm co-manager, and of course the rest of Sector 27.

Tom tells me about them. There's the androgynous beauty Stevie B. A slim, smooth-skinned 20-year-old who could pass for fourteen, he left school at 13, attending afterwards only to stave off court cases. Before Sector 27 he'd left his home in Wood Green only twice and his apparent naivety is sometimes alarming. "What's a fanzine?" he asks me innocently.

The night he was recruited Tom gave him 'Unknown Pleasures', 'Fear Of Music', the albums by The Cure and Gang Of Four.

"It was like eating health food after a diet of egg and chips," Stevie says. "At first you feel sick and then really refreshed."

Derek Quinton the drummer is wiry with pale, blue, slightly protruding eyes. "Some of the things he's done would make your hair stand on end," says Tom theatrically as an aside.

Bass player Jo Burt is the co-founder of Sector 27 and responsible for roughly fifty per cent of their material. He played on a session basis with The Troggs for 18 months, taking on the work for a trip to America. After three years of intermittent contact with Tom, their friendship was cemented when the TRB folded and they began frequenting the clubs and pubs of London in an avid search for new music and inspiration that finally led them to set up Sector 27.

In Southampton, to stave off the aimless hiatus before a gig, we board a bus. "Take us somewhere we can eat," Tom tells the conductor as the woman in the seat behind joins in the directions.

Two hours in a cafe; nearly two hours of talk. But by common consent Sector 27 say they're about action rather than words.

"Shooting my mouth off was one of the major causes of the TRB break-up," says Tom. And when they split he nearly had a nervous breakdown.

"For the TRB to break up was a real trauma because we were a band who were going to stick together.

"But whereas it was risky to play songs like 'Glad To Be Gay' in '77, by the beginning of '79 it was very safe. I expressed it badly at the time. When the audience were singing along with it I'd say 'I can't believe that you know what this song is really about' and I'd kiss Danny or the keyboards player and quite often you'd get a wave of shock. In fact I'd phrased it badly and people told me later that they felt I'd rejected their support.

"But we'd become a parody of ourselves, a cabaret, a ritual of set response that had ceased to have any meaning. And we'd always tried to keep close to the edge so that we were totally committed and vulnerable.

"I wanted us to stay together because I was too terrified for it all to fall apart. But Danny could see it more clearly than I could and he was bloody right. I owe a great deal to Danny Kustow for having the courage to walk out. It was like a bucket of cold water that woke me up and gave me the chance to become a new music fan again."

And those brave, naive words quoted above about failure and subsequent scorn, which Tom reproduced on the back of the first TRB album?

"I think they were prophetic. They turned out to be devastatingly true. But my point was, what does it matter if we all look stupid in two years time? If I had the same circumstances and chances I'd do exactly the same thing again because it *felt* right. And OK, I got too big for my boots, I let two hit singles go to my head and it contributed to the tension that led to the break-up. We learnt the hard way. But I still say I'd do it again because at the time I didn't think there was any choice."

THE PUBLICITY afforded the old TRB is both a joint asset and disadvantage to Sector 27. Without it they'd still be lost amongst a stratum of new bands struggling for a foothold to success: "We wouldn't even get the gigs if it wasn't for Tom's name," says Stevie. Despite the plain Sector 27 on the single sleeve, to secure its release the album will almost certainly be called 'Sector 27. By Tom Robinson'.

Back at the university I'm wandering out of the building with Jo and Stevie when we're stopped by an inquisitive janitor.

"You're Tom Robinson's new band aren't you?" he asks eagerly.

"No", says Jo. "We're Sector 27."

"Oh, I see. You're the support."

"No . . ." The explanations that follow aren't understood.

"OK. We're Tom Robinson's new band," admits Joe, anxious to escape. How does he feel when the same thing so frequently happens?

"To be honest, I'm pissed off. But things are changing. Like the posters used to be Tom Robinson in big print and Sector 27 in tiny little letters. Now at least the Sector 27 is usually the same size."

Inside the band the problem is accepted as inevitable, partly because of the real respect and affection they obviously feel for Tom. And although he admires John Lydon's ruthless transition from The Sex Pistols to Public Image, Tom has no real desire to completely part with his past.

The structure of Sector 27 is deliberately different from that of the TRB. Tom describes it as rather like the argument for marriage or living together amongst heterosexual couples.

"We agreed loosely that we'll stay together for two albums. If after that we're still making music that we consider is creative, then we'll stay together longer.

"Since necessarily we have my name, it would be pretty bogus to pretend otherwise. It's not that I can sing very well or play very well,

■ *Don't look over. . .*

SECTOR 27

■ *From previous page*

because I can't. But neither Derek or Jo can front a band and deal with an audience in the way I can.

"Holding it all together — that's the gift that I contribute. It's just a function within other functions.

"Sector 27 isn't like the cult of the personality for any of us. We aren't marketing a set of people as a commodity.

"Sector 27 is also the audience, they're part of it. And we do have an audience now, especially in London."

Jo calls Tom "the king-pin around which we all revolve. But it feels democratic. I don't feel subservient. There's as much input from all of us. He plays a different role because of what's been and gone: the press, the gay thing. And the politics."

And the politics. The salient point considering Tom's past. Are Sector 27, to use his words, "standing aside"?

"The politics are definitely still there." Jo is adamant. "It's something we all feel very strongly about. It's just that it isn't soapbox. In this situation it feels more constructive. The whole thing is welded together.

"I think an audience tend to shut off if you try and ram it down their throats. We've found that people who didn't like the TRB do like us."

So what's the difference between the two bands?

Tom: "The difference as I perceive it is that before I was writing about things as observed. What we're trying to do is make the music and words a whole song rather than just a set of lyrics with music to back them. We're trying to say something by the totality of music and words that couldn't be said in any other way. The energy source from which the lyric is derived is from emotion rather than observation. What Sector 27 are trying to do is to draw on things that have happened to us as a source. But then the song isn't written *about* that thing. It's an attempt to draw something with a wider application, wider implications and overtones that anyone can relate to.

"We hope that the song and the lyrics affect you at more than an intellectual level. I'm fed up with making music just for the mind and not for the body."

In the van, he nodded when I commented that aspects of Sector 27's tape — particularly the percussion — reminded me of Peter Gabriel's album. Both were produced by Steve Lillywhite. But the rationale behind the sound is also similar. Travelling to and from Southampton, when they aren't listening to themselves, Sector 27 play Peter Gabriel.

Tom is unwilling to write off the spirit of '77, though.

"To say that it was naive is to imply that we know better now. And I don't think we do. Think what it would have been like if we hadn't been through it! If that spirit is missing in today's music, it's because it's missing on a wider scale."

I don't think it is missing, I say. It's just that it isn't that explicit, it's taken different forms.

Tom agrees. "You could argue that The Specials have rocked more against racism than anything the TRB ever achieved. They don't have to sing we think black and whites are as good as each other because it's obvious and much less patronising. And there's more than one way to skin a cat. When the TRB split I started to discover groups like the Gang Of Four, The Pop Group, Scritti Politti. Bands like Wah! Heat are just as committed to their ideals as we are, although they aren't necessarily the same as ours.

"When the steel strike was on we played Port Talbot and gave the proceeds to the strike fund. We didn't call it Rocking Against anything, we didn't announce it or try to make any capital out of it. Perhaps it would be better if you just said we'd done a couple of benefits."

Accepting Tom's point that all music is, loosely speaking, "political", rock is at best only a clumsy vehicle for direct political statements. When the two mix successfully, it's due as much to what the group stand for and the atmosphere they create as to anything they may say in the lyrics.

Tom Robinson admires The Clash for having had the strength to accept

their inherent contradictions and work through them. But the last time I saw The Clash I walked out after the first few numbers. This isn't a self-righteous condemnation from someone whose own life is as full of compromise and petty betrayal as anyone else's. It was just a gut reaction from a squeamish stomach; I couldn't stand to see what they'd become: professionally loud, smooth heavy metal churned out for an adoring audience, with only Strummer looking trapped within the stultifying confines of a seamless rock show.

Success, says Tom, destroyed the TRB. How will it affect Sector 27, if and when they achieve their goal? Or do they want success — the sort of success that can put unbearable pressures on any band whose aims aren't simply commercial?

Derek for one is definite. "I obviously want to make it big. Who doesn't? I enjoy what I'm doing but, it's like anything, if someone turns round and offers you an extra tenner you don't refuse it. Do you?" he begs Tom incredulously.

Tom: "I've got a car, a flat, and I play in a band. If I could carry on living this style of life for the next ten years I'd be very happy. Overjoyed, in fact.

"Sector 27 is a different kind of band from the TRB so I don't think success would affect it in the same way. But I don't care if people buy the record or not. It's OK if they like it and just tape it off the radio. So long as the music gets heard and people enjoy it and that enables us to carry on playing then that's fine."

Which is an optimistic statement from someone who has just told me that he's not too far away from the bankruptcy court and is willing, if necessary, to sell his flat for Sector 27 to continue.

Yet although he seems sincerely unconcerned about material wealth, Tom doesn't answer my question about success directly. He seems unwilling to reveal his obvious consuming ambition, partly because of the personal consequences of possible failure. He's an intelligent man avoiding grandiose claims that may misfire.

Jo and Stevie share a more orthodox view of success. Jo: "We may have taken ourselves to extremes to get the input for our music but the result is somewhere between what we formerly were and what we subsequently listened to. There's no way that this band is out on a limb musically. I don't think any of us would claim that. No one wants commercial suicide. And I think our sound *is* commerical enough to be successful."

THE SMALL bare hall of a redbrick university. A free gig for the students who acted as extras for a film company; it's also open to the kids from the town. It's a thin, end-of-term audience, who range from the listless and the curious to the seriously concerned.

I spot The Troublemaker first at the side of the audience: square head balanced on a beefy body, ears at right angles to a dim-featured face. I watch the slow workings of a small brain as he thinks he sizes up Sector 27 and shoulders through the crowd to join his cronies at the front.

"Where d'you get your trousers?" he sneers loudly at the stage.

"Where d'you get that chain round your neck?" Tom ripostes.

"The toilet," guffaws the witty one. His mates laugh with him, the rest of the audience laugh at him. Tom wins round one.

But The Troublemaker's next few sallies are more seriously disruptive and suddenly Tom says: "Who d'you want to hear? Him? Or me?"

"Him", bay his accomplices. Tom helps haul him on stage and walks off. The rest of Sector 27 exchange nervous glances and follow him.

The stolid lines of the uncommitted remain impassive at the back. The Troublemaker blares mindlessly into the microphone. But the small section of the audience that has come to see Sector 27 finally finds its voice. "Get off," they scream. "You bastard. Get OFF!"

The Troublemaker's skin is thick, but eventually he complies, kidding himself that he's kept his cool in his moronic bid for his own few minutes of fame.

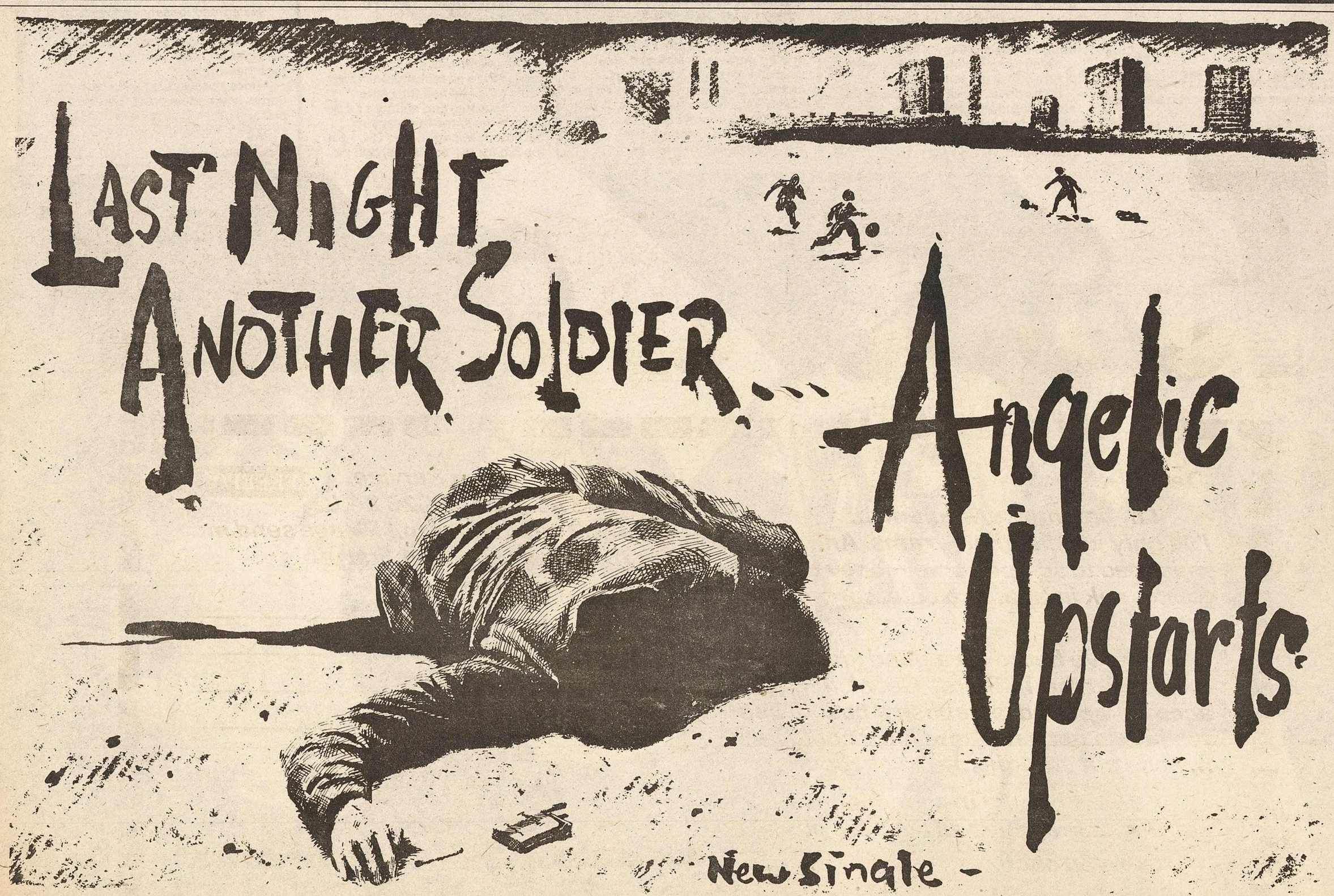
Sector 27 return, and although their supporters rally, the rest of the evening is inevitably soured.

There are still unsolved disparities in the group onstage. The set is often balanced uneasily between straight rock and the deliberately avant garde, while some of the material isn't strong enough to stand such a treatment. Tom is too anxious, and can't resist explaining the numbers instead of letting them speak for themselves. Two songs that stick in my mind are strong and simple. 'Bitterly Disappointed' is about parental pressures during adolescence. 'Where Can We Go Tonight' is obviously relevant to gays but applies equally to any young couple in love.

It's after Sector 27 have left the stage, that the real fight starts. One of the committed clutches The Troublemaker and the pair roll through the shocked circle of spectators using fists, feet, fingers in a hurried, clumsy search for the softest spots of flesh.

Thinking in a sickened impotent way of stopping it, I take two short steps towards the dressing room door before I check myself. Tom

■ *Continues page 47*



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STEPPING IN

LATE IN the afternoon The Selecter, minus drummer H who arrives later and organman Desmond Brown who doesn't, are gathered in the lounge of the first floor low rise council flat near Coventry town centre in which the quietly purposeful, stolid co-vocalist Gappa Hendrickson lives with his mum.

Since she's gone off to her native Jamaica on an extended holiday the group's red-haired dread bassist, the gentle concise Charley Anderson has moved in, too.

It seems apt that it should be one of the hottest days of the year when I talk to a group whose sinuous, springy sound has a powerful and protective sense of summer and sunshine wrapped about it.

It's ironic that most of their success has been during the months of the most recent winter, when they swiftly followed the success of The Specials by opening up a second beach-head as part of what was apparently a permanent alliance within 2-Tone.

This seemed logical: though Madness with 'The Prince' were actually the second group to score a hit on the label, their success was merely the first example of an outfit benefitting from the magnanimous motivation behind Jerry Dammers' concept of 2-Tone — it was never expected that their time with the label would be more than transitory.

But even prior to that first Madness success, The Selecter had already become part of the speedily established 2-Tone mythology: the first Specials' single, 'Gangsters', was backed by an instrumental that sounded like an early '70s Scratch Perry out-take, 'The Selecter' by The Selecter, a number co-written by Neol Davies and Brad Special for a group that then existed in name only.

"I was wandering round wondering what to do," says Neol, "when Lynval came along and pulled everyone together for me, and it worked immediately. Three weeks later we were playing The Electric Ballroom."

It was five years previously that Neol had first played with any of the musicians who later became involved in the two main 2-Tone groups. In an outfit called Chapter 5 he'd played a mixture of reggae and Booker T And The MGs-type soul along with Gappa, Charley Anderson, Desmond Brown, and original Specials drummer Silverton. After that group split up Neol and Silverton worked together putting down some songs on Neol's Revox. Then, at an audition for a soul band named Night Train, Neol met Dammers who was also looking for a gig. They both joined and worked together from then on.

Meanwhile, Charley, Gappa, Compton and H were together in an outfit called Hard Top 22. "That was just really hard dub reggae — in the end it got so *hard* it was a bit ridiculous," tells Neol, who by Christmas '78, the time when The Specials were cutting 'Gangsters', was in Transposed Name, a group that also featured Desmond and Brad from The Specials, Singing Cats bassist Vaughan Tive, and Kevin Harrison, now guitarist with new Arista signing The Urge.

By June of last year, when Lynval pulled it all together, Pauline had turned up, having been working with Desmond, Silverton and Steve since Christmas '78. Mushy peas fan Neol Davies had day jobs during his time with all these groups. He drove fork-lift trucks, had dull office jobs, and, once when times got really hard, cleaned toilets: "fucking interesting work, that — Laxons Foodware. We were desperate. At least it paid a few bills."

Since last summer 2-Tone has become one of the most vital forces within British rock music since the emergence of Punk at the end of '76. If Punk had demonstrated how contemptible and un-knowing were most of the major record companies, the Coventry-rooted operation, suddenly appearing at a time when the music industry was already sliding once again deep into sloth, suggested that from now on it was to be harassed unmercilessly by musical guerilla operations eager to have done with it.

Within this were crucially inter-linked the political implications of 2-Tone — a further continuation of the initial true Punk spirit. Not, though, the politics of redundant left / right bickering — The Selecter are as aware as most thinking people that there is little difference between the Labour Party and the Conservatives — but the politics of the human condition. Just the sight of the racially integrated 2-Tone groups on mass audience shows like *Top Of The Pops* did more to rectify concepts of racial misunderstanding than the Anti-Nazi League, and certainly more than National Front rallies.

Actually, *racially* mixed isn't quite accurate: "*Culturally* mixed!" insists Selecter guitarist Compton Amanor who, Ghanaian-born, understands the glib way that whites lump together *all* blacks, yet would never expect a Swede and, say, a Spaniard to have all that much in common with each other.

But what of the concept of 2-Tone as the soundtrack to which British Movement boot-boys were able to maniacally get the boot in to non-skinhead members of the groups' audiences? Well, claims Neol Davies, the one white in the group, that was all over-played anyway. It's the product of the same confused thinking that sees The Clash as a racist band because they play 'White Riot' and have skin supporters.

"Everyone," says Neol, understanding how most of us live on several levels at once, "has their own version of The Truth, but that whole skinhead / 2-Tone thing was very much geared to the way the media handled it: the TV, the radio, the papers. All that input. Which is usually controlled by just a few people.

"There's no way you can't be affected by it, unless you become a hermit, but most of us *are* caught up in it. It is a fuckin' rat race . . . but show me somebody who isn't taking part in it. You just have to be aware of the way they're trying to condition you. Not just the media — everything; teachers, bosses of factories . . ."

"The media," adds Compton, "is so caught up in it *they're* confused. In the London *Evening News* they wrote about 2-Tone actually being National Front supporters."

Vocalist Pauline Black: "*'Don't Rock With The Sieg Heilers'* it said — which is confusing in itself, isn't it? I mean, we are a mainly black band . . ."

AS NO doubt you're aware, The Selecter are no longer part of 2-Tone. In a statement last week the group announced that in future its releases will appear under the group's own logo, which, as with 2-Tone, will be marketed through Chrysalis.

The Selecter label will continue to be as autonomous within that structure as 2-Tone has been, a point where it differs considerably from the reality of many supposed 'independents' deals with major labels. Their own releases will be only part of the label's output, however, and they will seek out and foster new talent.

Last week's statement read, in part: "We originally wanted to stop 2-Tone completely. On the one hand, we had certain ideas about the recording industry which could have been put into practice. On the other hand, due to the success of 2-Tone, many of our ideas have been hampered — so we were faced with the choice of leaving, or staying and living with it.

"We're also pissed off with the rip-off merchandising that's been flooding the market. At least a lot of sharks will be left with 2-Tone Selecter badges and ties, which we hope no-one will buy."

When The Selecter's 'Too Much Pressure' LP was released in February there was not a tinge of doubt about what Neol Davies told Charles Shaar Murray 2-Tone meant to him. It was, he said, "a non-separation of things, like the way the whole world tries to separate everything away from everything else, things and ideals . . . It means a bringing together and seeing things in their entirety . . ."

"I think," enunciates Neol thoughtfully, the slightest Midlands lazy twang about his speech, "we're all still positive about what 2-Tone's there for, but we personally have become restricted within that framework, primarily because of the way it's been distorted until it now appears as something it was never intended to be when it started out.

"Obviously in some cases it's had very positive results, but there's a number of things tied in with it. The whole merchandising side of it is a real rip-off. There's a helluva lot of money being made, supposedly in our names. But where's it all going? It's all being ripped off people who can't afford it.

"There's two ways of dealing with that: you can either form 2-Tone into a proper business operation and start throwing law-suits around . . . or you can do what we've tried to do and take away what it is they're trying to market."

Continues Pauline Black in her somewhat plummy, attractive elocution class tones: "We put it to The Specials that perhaps it was best to stop 2-Tone whilst it has 100 per cent success, and go on to something different and just use that as an era you can look back upon and expand on those ideas. But they wanted to continue, so we thought we'd leave and progress from there.

"When it first came out, 2-Tone was basically about black and white people playing together. It had a certain dress-style and a readily identifiable musical style in that the music was dance music. To a large extent that's still there: the dance music is still being produced. But, as it always does, the media has tended to snatch it up, blow it up out of all proportion, and then straitjacket us.

"We can tell from the tapes sent in to us that a lot of bands feel that to get a deal on 2-Tone they have to play a certain way. So that's having a bad psychological effect on them, and you're getting just a load of clone bands who feel obliged to make only a certain type of music."

Continues Pauline, with sadness: "The main thing is that there's been this very superficial look at 2-Tone. You try as much as you can to get across the basic philosophy behind it, but that was very rarely dwelt upon. To me it seems that as far as the media are concerned it's pretty dangerous if black and white kids start coming together and listening to a certain kind of music. Up until then it had all been pretty separate, and I think that because of the obvious movement forward by the kids they thought 'Well, we'd probably better not get too much below the surface here in case it's too much to handle'."

"It almost seems," remarks Compton, sensibly paranoid, "that there's an economic policy that cuts off all the important things you're trying to say."

"Certainly," goes on Neol, "it's great to

Desmond, Lynval, Compton and Neol

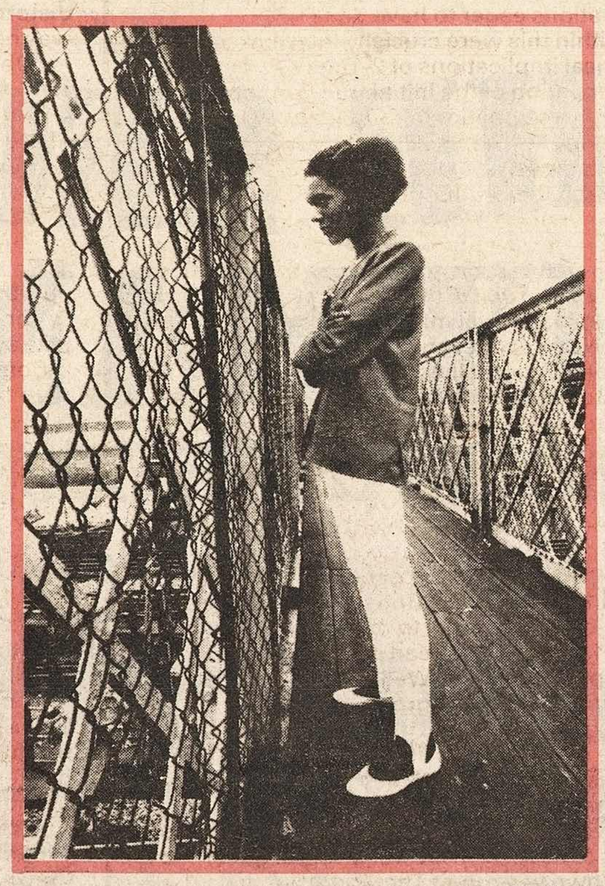
TOO MUCH PRESSURE! TOO MUCH SUCCESS! TOO MUCH RIP O

Why Selecter quit 2-Tone. Chris Salewicz investigates of a proud philosophy. Photographs by Pennie Smith.

Compton and Charley

O MUCH OFF!

s the paradoxes



Pauline

have things that are visually eye-catching and 2-Tone records definitely have a feel and identity of their own, which is great. But I do feel the way it's been presented spoils all that and its original intentions and turns it into something it shouldn't be.

"We're still into opening doors to people so they can take that first step of making records, but we want to take a more basic approach to that particular problem of helping groups. We don't want to just say, 'Here, record a single'. We want to become more involved in it in every possible way, which is difficult to do within the framework of 2-Tone because its horizons are a little bit broader than they're made out to be.

"In many ways it's good that things do move as quickly as they do these days — it's good to have a music scene where things are alive and coming up all the time — the trouble is that one of the by-products of 2-Tone's success is that it has got a little stale again in many ways."

Though Selecter rail against the media and its instant assessments, they are carping as much about their own impotence. They are aware of the paradoxes of their own position — in needing, for example, to re-sign with Chrysalis to start their label because, despite their large success, the financial outlay to maintain their ideologically sound seven-piece outfit is so vast that they have little money. They realise the inescapable truth that life in the '80s is the proverbial rat race, yet they know that what it's really down to is how you act within that situation.

"Take the problem of The Bodysnatchers," sighs Pauline frustratedly. "Their first single was in the top twenty, it moved very fast. But what did we find? That when they came off tour with us they were absolutely broke. And 2-Tone, as independent as it may have been, didn't have any money either, because we had to put ourselves on tour and The Specials were going off to America. So what happens then? Do The Bodysnatchers sink back into obscurity? Or do you try and use Chrysalis as a means to an end in providing money for The Bodysnatchers to go out on tour and get together their next single?

"In terms of the amount of money needed to keep us and The Specials on the road we didn't have enough money to keep The Bodysnatchers as a viable proposition."

I ENQUIRE whether, now that they've left 2-Tone, The Selecter also feel a need to change their music.

Neol: "Well, we're not going to start playing Irish folk music. Actually, I can't relate to questions about 'Changing The Music'. I mean, it's just *there,* and that's why music itself can change things; you've only got to listen to it and it can change you, the way you feel about something. That's its strength. That's why people love music so much. It's about the only way that people can change how they react to things on a one-to-one day-to-day basis."

Did they feel that too much emphasis was made of the supposed Ska Revival?

Pauline: "Yes. People thought, 'Ah, ska. Old Prince Buster stuff'. And a few covers *were* done, but I don't think many people ever looked at them in a very knowledgeable light."

Neol: "Yeah, the few cover songs we've done were included for a specific purpose. We were going against that idea of music dying. Music just carries on. We were always just drawing on music as we know it. It doesn't stop at the '60s, it doesn't stop at the '30s. It doesn't stop anywhere. It's a continuous thing. Yet what we were doing was never seen in that context, but always as some sort of revival, instead of as the parts of something new we were trying to create. Some people realized that but the overwhelming impression of it seemed to be of some weird regurgitation of a dead musical form, which is utter garbage."

Compton: "The funny thing about all that is that reggae is booming, and yet ska had developed into reggae, so it was still there anyway, all the time.

"It's a farce trying to term things as revivals, because every chord I play on a guitar has been played before somewhere in music. Every form and sequence, but that doesn't get called a revival."

Neol: "And by leaving 2-Tone we're making a statement against that. We're not just bleating about it. You can't keep finding that propaganda machine and seeing it turning out the things it does. That's why we feel if we can't stop it altogether, then we've just got to leave it. There's just too many anomalies."

Compton: "People must keep looking, not just at the music industry, not just at the press, not looking at society, but seeing it all as a whole."

ALTHOUGH ADMIRABLE in principle the democratic process within The Selecter that insists all the band, give or take a member or two, is present for the interview probably results in less rather than more being said. Polite and patient consideration of each others' viewpoints does not necessarily lead to the most explicit or intimate opening of hearts. Considering that The Selecter would never make music apart from one another there is no reason why we should balk at such a group encounter. Still, short of being involved in an Exegesis session those cosy one-to-one interludes are always so much more revealing.

Perhaps, though, it is the atmosphere of suppressed sadness, almost as though the band are in mourning, that contributes as much to this lingering reticence.

It should go without saying that The Selecter are all very different people, and that there are certain total oppositions of viewpoint.

Bassist Charley Anderson, for instance, is something of a moderate, an overstanding follower of the Rastafarian middle way who left his native Jamaica Negril — where he and Mikey Dread were class-mates — to come to the UK when he was eleven. Until he became a full-time musician he worked in adventure playgrounds.

"As soon, though, as you'd got a good one underway," he laughs ironically, "the council'd come along and take it over. Now a lot of the blokes doing it are just there 'cos they know they'll get a regular salary cheque until they retire."

Before we start the interview proper he's sitting there watching the large colour television on which the Olympics are being screened and considering how Pakistanis are able to adapt and operate with Establishment concepts like the police to the general betterment of their own community. Pauline Black, who has caustic strength and is rather consciously a mature adult though still retaining lots of endearing girlish vulnerabilities, overhears what this person sitting next to her on the couch is saying. "Any person," she spits with sudden, surprising vehemence, "who is black and puts on a police uniform is a traitor to his race."

An outburst of cheering from Neol, Compton and Gappa, sat over by the large picture-frame window watching the climax of an athletics race, breaks the train of this potential dialogue.

Pauline Black seems for that moment to be the ultimate 2-Toner, with all of its contradictions embroiled within her. Born of a Nigerian father and a young white mother, Pauline was adopted by a middle-aged white couple and raised by them as a white child would be. It wasn't until her mid-teens when she met black English soul band The Foundations when they played her school dance that she came into contact with people of her own colour. Such occasional efficiently articulate outbursts of militancy as she delivers to Charley are probably all the more forceful for the psychic dislocation she must have experienced for much of her early life. She dropped out of a bio-chemistry degree course at Coventry's Lanchester Poly and became a radiographer at a local hospital. She has a good dry wit, as do all The Selecter, in fact.

"We have to have all contradictions between us," says Charley. "You've got to have contradictions to strive and grow stronger from."

"Everyone's subject to the conditioning they grow up with," adds Neol. "No matter how hard people try they've always got certain prejudices within them."

"So, in fact, we probably do have the answer of how to get on," laughs Charley.

"See," continues Compton, the youngest Selecter, more serious, "we don't have any answers. Just being in a seven-piece band we have to struggle. This isn't heaven, I'm not in heaven with these six other people, but the idea is to have a common aim and stick together. You can see that just from looking at us the band comes from a mixed culture, and everyone's culture is the reflection of their attitudes.

"Being in a band with a common aim is just one of the things we're saying about people in general. You shouldn't have to label mixed bands as 'Mixed Bands'. You should just need to see them and it should speak for itself. It doesn't need sloganizing and fashions being made out of it."

Pauline: "The frictions within the band reflect the same fight going on outside. Unless you've actually got conflict and change amongst you you're not going to get anything new."

IT IS said that The Selecter were none too happy with the 'Too Much Pressure' album. Produced by one Errol Ross, whom they contacted for the job owing to some tenuous Coventry connection, he attempted, it is said, to reggae-fy the songs far more than the group desired.

Ross has a solo deal in Europe as a vocalist. On the European tour that followed the making of the LP and preceded the band's tour The Selecter came across one of his albums.

...Stroll on to page 49

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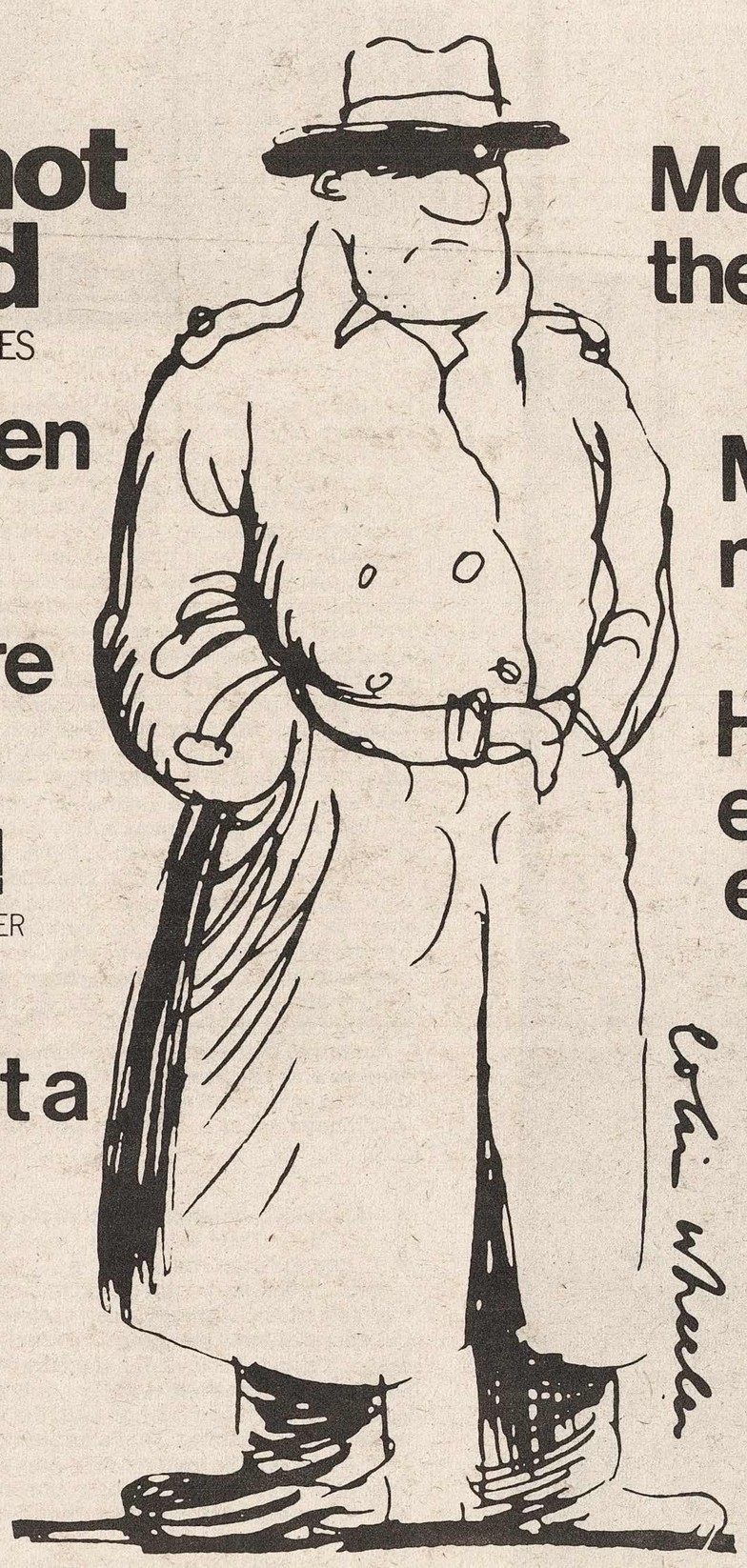

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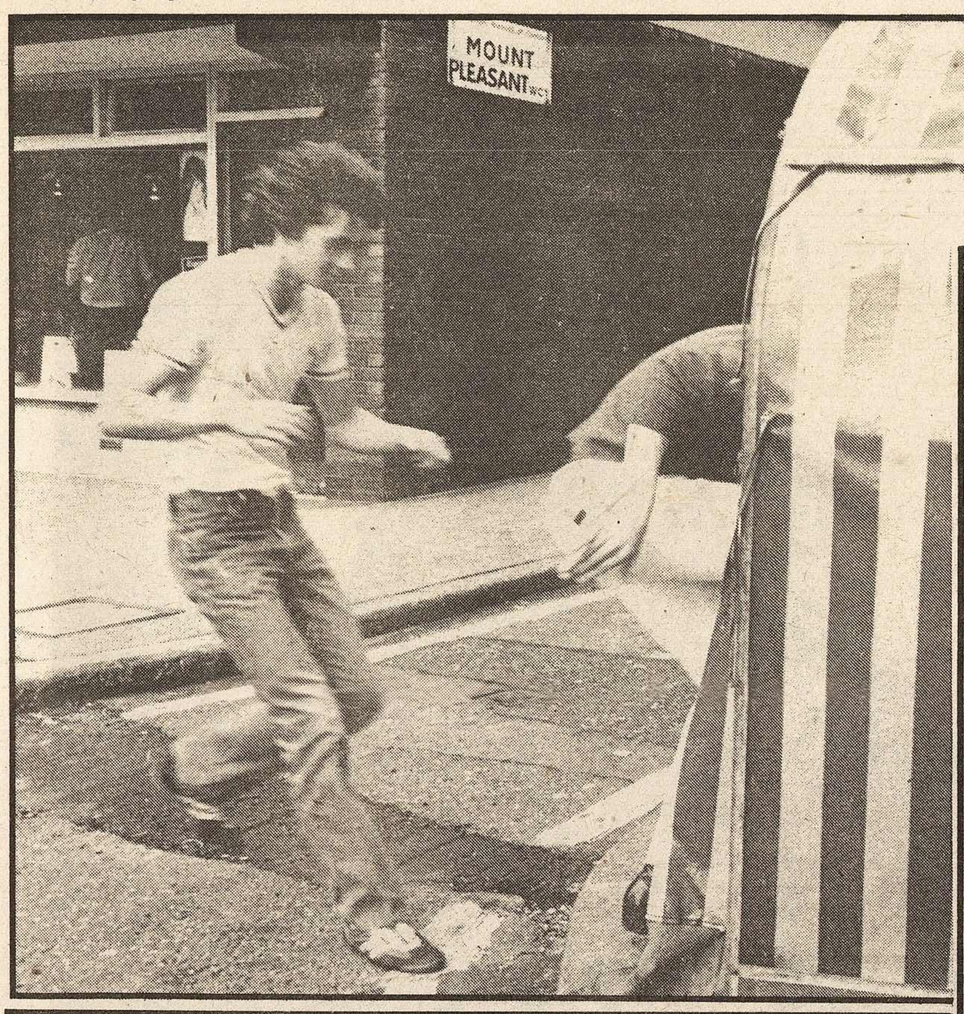

DANGER! TEENAGE FILMSTARS AT WORK

You do remember TV Personalities, don't you? Adrian Thrills introduces the man who used to be Russell Harty

THE NATIONWIDE cult of the inspired punk amateur started to look tarnished from the day The Mekons elected to try their luck as A Proper Group and threw away the keys to their independence by signing to Virgin Records.

Whether that was the day the music died or merely the day the first of the bedroom bands — those hyper-enthusiastic DIY merchants so beloved of John Peel — started to grow up depends solely on your personal viewpoint.

What is beyond dispute is that since The Mekons took that plunge — certainly ill-advised in their case — their spiritual contemporaries have slowly followed suit, leaving their musical inadequacies behind them as they went; Vic Godard to MCA, Spizz to A&M and The Teenage Filmstars to Pye of all people.

The Teenage Filmstars? Perhaps not so widely-loved as those others, the Filmstars are just as important in context, having come from the ashes of the legendary London basement-punk neanderthals the Television Personalities. Remember Nicholas Parsons and Russell Harty? 'The Prt-Time Punks' and the 'We Love Malcolm' EP?

No? Well there is still time to catch up.

THE Teenage Filmstars are to most intents and purposes, one Eddie Ball, formerly Russell Harty of the TVP's. He's the mastermind behind both last year's dreamy 'Cloud Over Liverpool' and the current Filmstars skiffle-calypso 'The Odd Man Out'.

Unlike all previous Eddie Ball efforts, however, 'The Odd Man Out' has the distinction, if that's the word, of being released through a major — Pye subsid Blueprint — on a one-off basis.

It is seen more as an experimental move than a sell-out.

"For the last couple of years, we'd been doing things totally ourselves, even down to printing the labels, so I just wanted to see things from the other side for a change."

Despite Pye's interest and the single's overt charm and promise, the Filmstars are destined to remain very much a part-time punk band. The only permanent member apart from Ball is drummer Paul Doody at the moment, although a few more original TVP's might "get drawn in later on".

So the next single could just as easily be another totally independent home-produced effort?

"Yeah. With the independent thing, you just don't feel part of the record business and it can still be a hobby. What we are doing at the moment is looking at the alternative to the alternative!

"A few years ago, people thought of doing their own records. At the start of punk all the bands like the Pistols and The Clash just went to all the big labels 'cause that's all there was. The big labels came to them and they didn't know anything else."

THE other half of the original TVP's Nick Parsons, is meanwhile gigging with a re-vamped TV Personalities and also has a synthesiser version of the old Dandy Livingstone single 'Big City' due out soon on Rough Trade. The name of the band, natch, is different again. This time the music comes courtesy of The Missing Scientists.

"I think one of the reasons for all the name changes is that we all got sick of the Personalities thing," says Eddie.

"It did get a bit out of hand at one stage where the Nicholas Parsons and Russell Harty thing was becoming a real cult thing. But we never expected people to take us seriously in the first place.

"We were going to try and get the Angela Rippon band together at one stage so that we could do gigs for Rock Against Sexism!

"The most important thing is to have a laugh. I reckon that if we were doing gigs every night, it would get to be like a job. But if things don't work out with Pye, then we can always go back to what we were doing before."

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This year's model

CABARET VOLTAIRE
Voice Of America (*Rough Trade*)

CONVENTIONAL rock music no longer has the discomforting power to be a true poetic expression of youth, lust and rebellion. That is rock and roll — going through the motions.

Cabaret Voltaire's music is acid and brittle. In the spirit it is surrealistic, in that it aims to disrupt or twist one's normal sensibilities as a matter of principle; it doesn't simply demolish existing formulae but almost starts again. This is not rock and roll.

Voltaire operate outside the rock circus, and are 'happy' this way. Over the next few months they will have a considerable influence.

Their music is more likely to have effect, and cause conflict, than the sources they themselves are using: the extreme elements of rock and Euro-jazz, the procedural advances of post-war avant garde, dub strategy. Their music of dissonance could create as large an upheaval as any post-Pistols band has done.

This music is an assemblage of splintered sound and solid sound loosely based around a sober rhythm, the end result invariably distorted, distended, filtered. Any vocals are affected and insidious, melodies anything from reflective through to malignant. The pieces are linked by a common enterprise, not by a common cramping style.

The closest they come to rock 'feel' — and then it's tenuous — is in 'Obsession', where they negotiate dark spaces with a dizzying abstraction like the Roxy of 'For Your Pleasure' seemed to be drifting towards, and 'Stay Out Of It', which ingeniously converts the primitivism of rock in a way Devo suggested they might in the very early days.

The fragmentation and submerged coherence of Voltaire's music, with its superficial impression of chaos and the anxieties dependent on it, have few antecedents in rock; Can and Faust obviously.

Chris Watson, Richard Kirk and Stephen Mallinder use electronics, tapes and a clash of accident and calculation, as well as orthodox rock instruments and a slender formalism like the early Velvets. 'Voice Of America' is more than just a collection of grating noises collapsing into a void. It's a record of self-confrontation, self-discovery. Cabaret Voltaire have been searching, trial and error, for 'original' — therefore more stimulating and enduring — methods of conveying passion and experience, and they are succeeding. This record sounds like nothing else, but not for the sake of it.

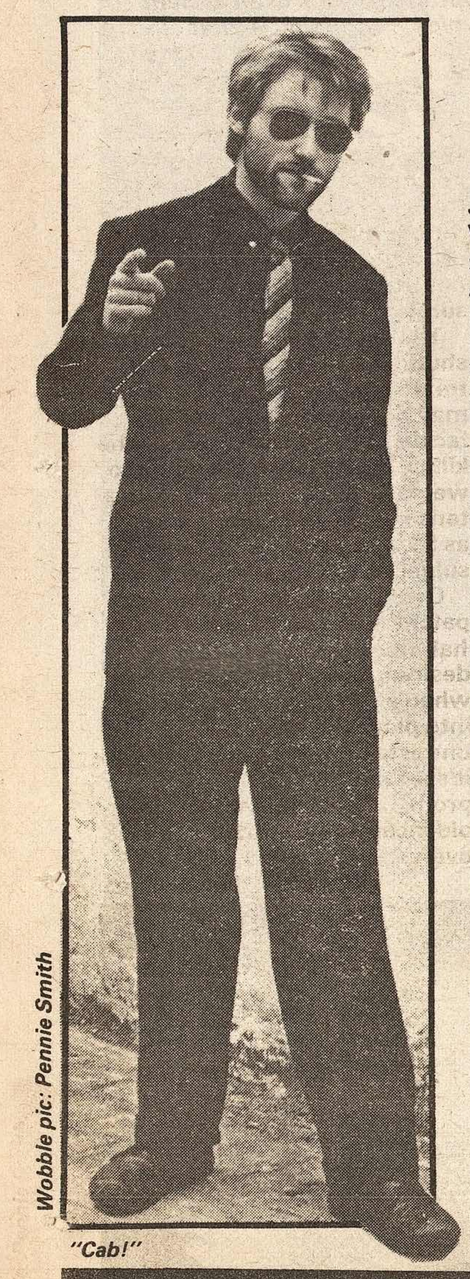
The music comments on inevitability and frail possibility, the grey areas between self-control and outside control. It's a blurred awareness of the world, confident only in its uncertainty. Voltaire's music is of a phantom reality: no hard, obvious 'social comment', no comfortable blank statements of alienation, no black and white message of politics or hope. It's trance music, technologically achieved: soul music, spiritually received.

This purposefully unglamorous LP will create a bigger stir than their previous records. Do not be prejudiced.

Paul Morley

"Hey hey we're Cabaret Voltaire, people call us the Cabs . . ."

Jah throws a wobbler



Wobble pic: Pennie Smith

"Cab!"

JAH WOBBLE
V.I.E.P. *(Virgin)*

SOME would say Jah Wobble is a very lucky lad, getting a large record company to let him go nuts in the studio and release two albums of the result in about as many months. And so he is.

'V.I.E.P.' was apparently intended as a 12" single remix of 'Blueberry Hill' (one of the better tracks from 'Betrayal'), but Wobble came up with enough stuff to justify this albumette, which lasts about 34 minutes and sells for a spit over two quid. Which is a fairly reasonable deal, I suppose, even though the amount of "original" material is smaller than it might be.

Side one, for instance, contains four tracks: two "originals", 'Blueberry Hill' and 'I Need You By My Side', each followed by its dub — respectively, 'Computer Version' and 'Message From Pluto'. 'Blueberry Hill' itself isn't too different from the previous recording, and 'Computer Version' is merely an instrumental version of the same thing, which means there are now three barely - dissimilar versions of the song around. Mind you, it's a fairly good horse to flog, based on one of the most infectious, bubbly bass-lines he's devised so far (which is saying quite a lot). That this is his real strength is evidenced by the rather stilted nature of the arrangement when the bass absents itself from the dub.

'I Need You By My Side' is a casual, gentle ghost of a track, a satiric(?) love song in a skeletal flow derived from bass, minimal keyboard phrases and a drum-machine tapping out a simple woodblock rhythm. It's pleasant and innocuous, qualities roughly dispensed with on 'Message From Pluto' by crude, jarring electronic splashes and other extraneous noise interjections, which add little and detract plenty from the original.

Over on side two, 'Sea-Side Special' takes the weakest track on 'Betrayal' — 'Today Is The First Day Of The Rest Of My Life' — and transmutes it into a glorious instrumental packed with shifting, hall - of - mirrors brass: a real triumph of a remix, profiting greatly from the absence of the original's embarrassing lyrics. Goes on a bit, mind.

Wobble's vocals generally have an endearing frailty about them. The frailty of his lyrics is not quite so endearing, though on a piece like 'Something Profound' it's easy to ignore them and just relax into the close, humid music, replete with chirping cicadas and seashore sounds. I'm reminded of the J. J. Cale of 'Naturally', which can't be bad.

'Blood Repressions', which closes the album, is closer to Wobble's skank roots, a sparse litany of doom and destruction (the impending variety) which doesn't quite ring true: those lyrics, again. It also contains some of the least sympathetic drum-rolls I've heard in a long time.

'V.I.E.P.' possesses an atmospheric consistency which flawed 'Betrayal' lacked, a sense of "feel" which more than makes up for its numerous (technical, judgemental, material, lyrical) shortcomings.

Given a year or two, Wobble could well be making records of real and lasting worth; meanwhile, he's very lucky that his celebrity can buy him the possibility of pleasant indulgences like 'V.I.E.P.' Countless others never get the chance of such an apprenticeship.

Andy Gill

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES
Love Is A Sacrifice *(Mercury)*

ALTHOUGH a step up from his last album, 'Sacrifice' is far from prime time Southside Johnny, a deficiency that can be traced back to the departure of erstwhile writer/producer Steve Van Zandt of the E Street Band.

His replacement here is the Jukes' regular guitarist Billy Rush, whose songs are rooted more in mainstream rock than Van Zandt's R&B balladry and whose production favours his own flashy, predictable lead at the expense of the Jukes' punchy horns.

The result, ironically as soul enjoys a revival, is the *least* soulful album from one of America's foremost white (hot) soul bands. A few tracks here even come close to a kind of jet-propelled power pop, well done but nowhere compared to those classy, brassy smouldering raps like 'Fever', 'Hearts Of Stone' and 'Light Don't Shine'.

The album's remaining irritant is that Rush doesn't know what to leave out — most tracks are mini-maelstroms of noise as everybody blows pell-mell through a choking foliage of arrangements. Energy a-plenty yeah, but lacking the shape or discipline to make it bite, it curdles into a strained, fussy feel that spoils even better moments like 'Murder' or the title track.

Moans aside, you can still enjoy Johnny Lyon's torrid vocalese, the out-of-character 'On The Beach' which crosses The Ramones with Chris Montez for headlong summer pop, and the album's one low-key swinger 'Long Distance', where Rush finally gives Lyon and the horns time and space enough to dig into the real thing — 100% soul!

But these are minor compensations on a generally muddled record. If you haven't already done so, check out the 'I Don't Want To Go Home' and 'Hearts Of Stone' albums but as for 'Sacrifice' . . . well, the light don't shine no more, do it?

Graham Lock

JACKSON BROWNE
Hold Out *(Asylum)*

'HOLD OUT' may sound like a good slogan for a world in recession but this is not a timely album. Jackson Browne's least successful record to date is a sorry and sometimes blatant recycling of earlier themes; gestures without substance, thrown together more in desperation than from any discernible sense of purpose.

Someone once said that those who don't learn from history are condemned to repeat it and the same is true of myth, Browne's staple diet, of which 'Hold Out' is one long burp. As an observer of romantic myth and its conflicts with other needs and with social constraints, he's in the same (top) league as Neil Young or Leonard Cohen. But Browne's belief in the myth, the root of his inspiration, is also his blind-spot. Because he sees these contradictions between love/idealism and — for want of a better phrase — 'real life' as a conflict of *natural* forces rather than social constructs, he's unable either to resolve the conflict or even escape from its double-bind.

The songs here trace a familiar pattern: a search for love, failed relationships, despair and a struggle to stay open and *"hold on . . . to what your love is worth"*. It's a cycle that has dominated his previous records and was fully explored on his finest work 'The Pretender'. A few of Browne's strengths linger on but 'Hold Out' lacks the ambivalence, pain and *substance* from which 'The Pretender' drew its

"An' I don't wanna get overcoat . . ."

Siouxsie pic: Paul Hubbard.

ALBUMS

Next year's girl

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Kaleidoscope ***(Polydor)***

A KALEIDOSCOPE is a clever concept for an album. It conveys a small, bright world of sharp, fleeting patterns; a changing order that is controlled and interpreted by the viewer.

It's also an apt title for an album by a fragmented group made of different permutations of musicians — Sioux, Severin, Budgie, Magazine's ex McGeoch, a restrained Steve Jones — who use instruments that range from synth to sitar, alternate between drums and rhythm box and include melodica, harmonica and finger cymbals.

'Kaleidoscope' should stand as the clear assertion of a fresh identity for Siouxsie and The Banshees. With their second album 'Join Hands' they seemed to have backed into a blind alley strewn with the debris of their violent imagery like the bloody discarded props of a low-budget horror film. Despite the bitter juices of Sioux's bile, The Banshees weren't using horror as a means of constructive exploration. Too often they simply provided a series of cheap, nasty thrills that suggested a fake skeleton grinning in the cupboard. The controlled twist and thrust of Sioux's vicious voice narrated a cold commentary that was chilling in its absence of concern.

Then, after the humiliating defection of Morris and Mackay, there were two, and Sioux and Severin's dogged resilience resulted in a pair of hit pop singles. 'Kaleidoscope' should have consolidated their success but it achieves nothing so definite. It's an album of imaginative experment, of trial and some error.

The outstanding failures are confined to the first side. 'Hybrid' is messy and meandering. Siouxsie slips into some of her old swooping inflexions as she declaims science fiction genetic mutation cliches: *"a broken finger on the floor/a mess in sawdust — a shop window burst."* The track is tuneless, too formless and the effect is gratingly amateurish.

'Clockface' that follows is relatively a relief, but it's really too slight to contribute anything to the album. It constitutes a prolonged introduction where the sense of suspense is never satisfied by the wordless chantings of Sioux's vocals.

'Lunar Camel' sounds too like a private joke for comfort. Over a dreamy patter of drum machine Sioux intersperses an innocent word play on dunes, moons and monsoons with soft, yawning sighs, and the track never transcends an abstract doodling around a vague Eastern vision.

'Tenant', a sinister trickle of orchestrated paranoia, is an improvement, but 'Trophy' is a monotonous, plodding melodrama that stretches too far its substantial theme of discarding the past.

Side Two is much stronger. It's remarkable for its sympathy, insight and sensuality, qualities not formerly associated with The Banshees. Siouxsie's voice is matched to the mood of each song and no longer contrived as it reveals an unsuspected capacity for expressing emotion.

It starts with 'Christine', a ringing description of a tragically fractured personality. 'Desert Kisses' is a lovely blurred blend of Severin's bass, Budgie's drums and McGeoch's guitar, sitar and string synth while Sioux's voice rises cleanly through the atmosphere: *"Tidal fingers cling to rocks/a deadly grip, a deadly lock/I kissed your face, I kissed the sand/I heard you sigh/thrashed and spat back at the ocean/but there was nothing, no commotion/just my lonely, stupid notions/trapped again in still life motion."*

The rest of the tracks treat their subjects with a strength and subtlety that avoids the easy traps of sensationalised over-simplification. The creaking, squeaky menace of 'Red Light' conveys the vulnerability of the model caught in the camera's merciless eye: *"Sees the red light rinsing another shutterslut wincing/the sagging half-wit sister/pretty, pretty picture/of an ancient nipple shrinking — that Kodakware winking/'til the aperture shuts — too much exposure."*

Steve Jones' sensitive lead sears through 'Paradise Place', an understated song based on the American experience of the drastic mutilation that can be caused by unskilled and unscrupulous cosmetic surgeons.

The title 'Skin' makes you shudder to think of the treatment the former Banshees may have meted out to it. In fact it's a feeling song about the killing of animals for women to wear their skin that turns into a tense, palpitating track that's as fraught and jarring as its subject.

Overall 'Kaleidoscope' is patchy and incomplete. Only half the album activates the desired, condensed clarity. But when all the components click into place the signs are unmistakably constructive. And it's a view that's infinitely more promising than anything the old incarnation of the Banshees ever revealed.

Lynn Hanna

Jackson gets browned off

courage. The result is that Browne's faith now seems sentimental and his harangues to "hold on to love" an ineffectual nod towards optimism that merely betray a terrible emptiness.

'Hold Out' and 'Hold On Hold Out', the album's major tracks, illustrate this crisis. The former, about the ending of a love affair, evokes a mood of credible regret as the narrator takes the blame for the failure and urges his ex to hold out for someone worthy of her love. The other track — and as the album's closer it takes a significant place — inflates this advice into a full-blown philosophy and attempts to confirm it in a mawkish 'aw shucks' talkover in which Browne mumbles *"anyway . . . I guess you wouldn't know unless I told you but . . . (sigh, deep breath) I . . . I love you"*.

Tish! This reliance on flab and corn is the starkest proof of Browne's confusion. It's as if he knows it doesn't ring true, yet it's the only escape he can see.

Musically, Browne — who co-produces with Greg Ladanyi — edges his earlier lightweight bouyancy towards a harder vein, placing Russ Kunkel's sturdy but less-than-subtle drums high in the mix and also highlighting the dirge-like organ undertows from Bill Payne and Craig Doerge. These changes are most obvious (and least successful) on the album's two curiosities — 'Boulevard' is a vacuous stab at hard rock while the rinky-tink essay at funk on 'Disco Apocalypse' is both good and bad enough for you to wonder how Michael Jackson and Quincy Jones would handle it.

While the album is not an unmitigated disaster — 'That Girl Could Sing' rocks out stylishly and 'Call It A Loan' has David Lindley's finest guitar — its other major 'statement' 'Of Missing Persons' underlines its flawed nature, as Browne overburdens the song with puzzling references to American Independence Day and pious cliches about life and death.

'Hold Out' sounds like Jackson Browne trying to convince *himself,* a man clinging to a tatty romantic myth. If you believe, as he seems to, that a particular version of 'love' is not just the way to personal salvation but also the only hope for humanity, and if you've already spent five albums testing that belief against overwhelming evidence to the contrary, then you'd better change your mind pretty soon or you're gonna sound very silly asserting the same old nonsense.

Graham Lock

GINA X PERFORMANCE
X-Traordinaire ***(EMI)***

"THE ABSOLUTE union of music, poetry and travesty" — that's the declared aim of Gina Kikoine, a Cologne art student, and the group of musicians who together form the unit called Gina X Performance. Well, the good news is that they've achieved the third of those objectives without any trouble; the first and second, however, still seem to be presenting difficulties.

Maybe they're trying to pioneer the impossible, namely a disco for the intellect, a sort of cerebral boogie. Then again they could be working in what's potentially the most interesting experiment in modern music — the attempt to develop an electronic cabaret, heavily under the influences of both film and literature, a new medium that's rich with style and provocation. Whatever, the unfortunate truth is that these Performance artists make it all sound like hard and tedious work indeed.

Gina X Performance on record (although in fairness, they are as much a visual concept) just lack the talent to match any such aspirations. Over a characterless and flat brand of slightly stilted future-disco, singer Gina tries valiantly to contrive the desired images — of sexual sophistication, erudition, hipness, cosmopolitan lifestyle, that general kind of thing. Favoured tactics include casual lapses into *Francais,* or *Italiano,* with frequent place-name dropping, references to every fashionable deviation going, and gender confusion everywhere. (Gina's last album 'Nice Mover' was laced with the praises of Quentin Crisp).

Far from being the feast of libido - liberating fun it might be, 'X-Traordinaire' makes pleasure seem a grim, tiring business; probably not worth the bother. Gina's ahead of Amanda Lear, but well behind Grace Jones and Cristina.

Paul Du Noyer

DESMOND DEKKER
Black & Dekker ***(Stiff)***

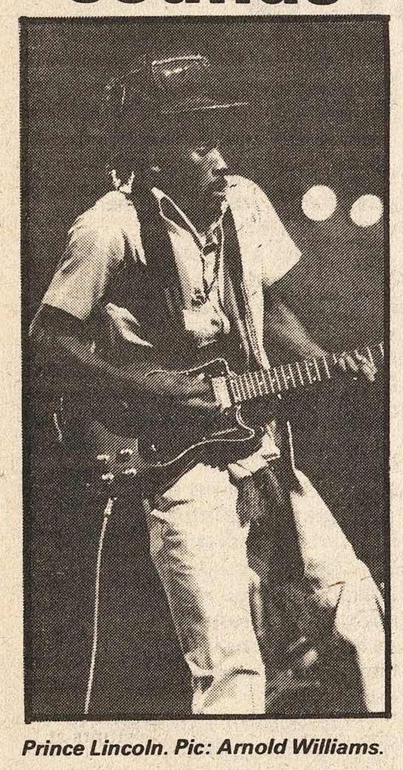
FROM THE weedy, supposedly attention-grabbing title to the contents, this album's just what you'd expect from Desmond Dekker on Stiff in 1980. A puny attempt to cash in on the 2-Tone ska revival, and an insult to Dekker's long-gone glories. Musicians from the Rumour and the Pioneers try in vain to recapture the delicate bounce plus forward pelt of ska on (among others) some old Dekker hits — 'Israelites', 'It Mek' — and remind us of how good the originals were compared to this dehydrated instant-mix of a pancake.

Everybody has to earn a living, and if ska revival's done nothing else, at least it's seen the venerable ecstasy of Rico (the old-time trombone player currently hitting it with the Specials) rewarded at last. If Desmond Dekker had come blazing back with some original, heartfelt tunes, it would have been brilliant. As it is, it's a mish-mash of trendy influences (2-Tone plus syndrums) and I'll be well pissed off if I have to hear it on the radio.

Vivien Goldman

"Hey Steve, I just can't shake off this horrible idea I'm being followed by Paul Morley . . ." Pic: Justin Thomas.

Dub-ious sounds



Prince Lincoln. Pic: Arnold Williams.

THE RASS-ES BAND
Harder Na Rass
(U.A./Ballistic)
BURNING SPEAR
Living Dub *(Island)*

File the rass-es straight into category: Boring Dub. The Jammy-produced 'Harder Na Rass' makes the mistake of completely eliminating Lincoln Thompson's voice, and just adding genteel twitches of reverb here and there — brightening up the cymbal sound now and again. I don't reckon that's dub, I call that pleasant background instrumental music. Not that there's no demand for it, but I wish there could be some Trades Descriptions-type new category, so that these endless almost-instrumental 'dub' albums could be spotted in the racks to avoid domestic disappointment among fans of e.g. Lee Perry, 'Starship Africa', Dennis Bovell, Scientist et al.

'Living Dub' is a different piece of pie. A Spear fan will continue to go a bundle on hearing the 'Social Living' LP rhythms, and there's a few nice moments of extraneous bird-song. It would sound really A-1 on a sound system with built-up separation and dynamics. But — it's the '80s and time for pyrotechnics. Electronic space-age feelings have taken over from the excitement of hearing a phone ringing or water running on a Joe Gibbs due three or four years ago.

So 'Living Dub' betrays its age, but it's still strong. Everything revolves around the bass drop. Some tracks, e.g. 'Social Living' (here called 'Associate') and 'Jah No Dead' (here called 'Jah Boto') are heights of classical dubbing, being sensitive to the interplay of every element within the sound — and sensitive to silence. Maybe Shaka's sound system has blunted my palate.

Vivien Goldman

IMPORTS
by Fred Dellar

WHILE SO many musically-bereft outfits still benefit from major record company exposure in the States, good bands continue to proliferate on the myriad minor regional labels, waiting for their time to either come or pass them by.

One such group is **Thumbs,** a four-piece, whose debut album has obtained a release on **Ramona,** a label based at a dot on the map *known* as Lawrence, Kansas. Titled merely **'Thumbs,'** the album contains an eleven track sample of the band's brand of contemporary mid-west rock, a brand that often comes 'Blonde On Blonde' flavoured, with Dylanesque vocal lines and organ swirls straight out of the Al Kooper cookbook.

But to delegate the disc to the nether-regions of Zim-cop would be both dishonest and doing Thumbs a disservice. For the band — Steve Wilson (vocals), Kevin Smith (guitars), Karl Hoffmann (bass), Marty Olson (keyboards) plus various drummers — may be derivative, yet they still have much which is their own. And their songs, particularly such anti-jingoistic lays as '(I Wasn't Born On) The Fourth Of July' — *"Don't tell me about Bunker Hill / All you show me is overkill / You say it's time for celebration / But I feel more like hibernation"* — gradually chip away at the defences.

Thumbs don't suck.

At long last **The Nighthawks,** whom I have raved over in recent months as being among the tastiest in U.S. blues-rock units, have climbed to the top of their particular mole-hill and signed for a major. But **'The Nighthawks,'** their first album for **Mercury,** is something of a disappointment. For someone has taken Wenner, Ragusa, Zukowski and Thackery down to Muscles Shoals and induced them to toughen their sound, pushing them in a heavier direction. The results too often pan out as yawn - provoking power displays, devoid of personality, while even the surrogate Presley work-out on 'Little Sister' doesn't rock as instinctively as that which bedecks the band's Aladdin album.

Not all is tears and woe, however. For the finger - clicking strut 'Pretty Girls And Cadillacs' is even happier than the live rendition on 'Direct Cuts' (SRI), thanks to a great, R&B Nat Cole-ish vocal and some trombone - styled harp. Then too, the Hawks' own 'Back To The City' spits like hot-pan fat, while their interpretations of Al Green's 'One Nite Stand,' Willie Dixon's 'Don't Go No Further' and Jimmy McCracklin's 'Every Night And Every Day' should do their reputation no harm at all.

Even so, for an album that is likely to provide the D. C. bluesmen with their first British release, 'The Nighthawks' is not all that it should be. Shame.

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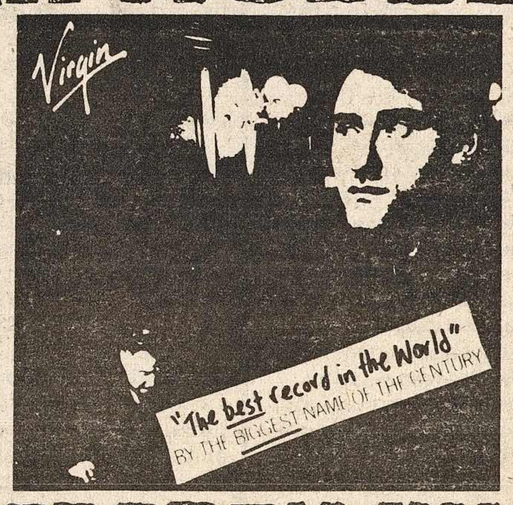

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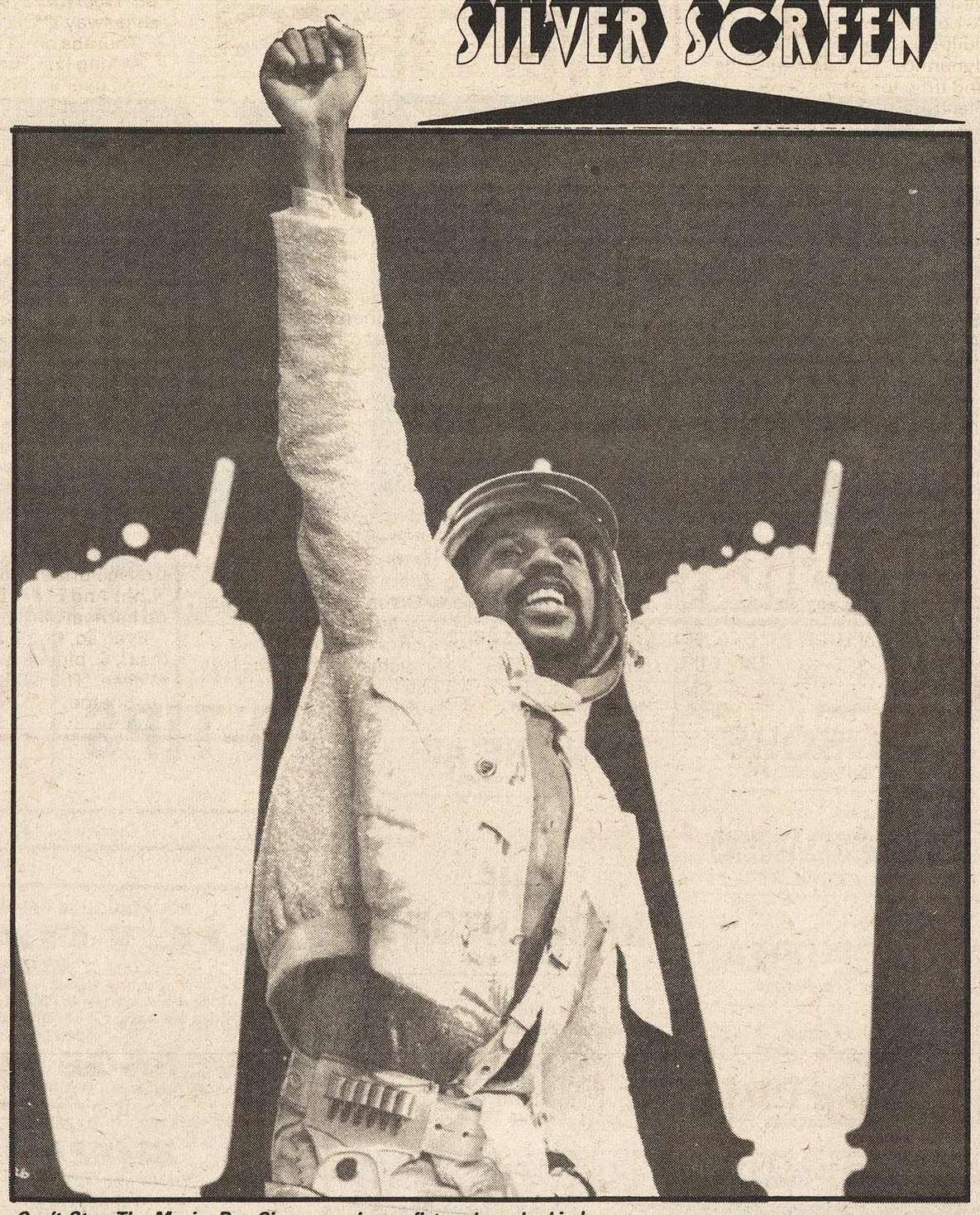

Can't Stop The Music: Ray Simpson raises a fist and macho-kind.

Won't stop being a flop

Fingers

Directed by James Toback
Starring Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow and Jim Brown *(Gala)*

MOST suitably loose, but which ever way you come to it *Fingers* is a genuinely weird movie, a cultish little fragment: unearthed, out of time, and bound to engender opposite camps.

Fingers is three years old and was Harvey Keitel's most immediately post-*Mean Streets* role — both in terms of time and theme, being a furtherance of the New York Italian underworld odyssey so lovingly mapped by Martin Scorsese. The difference here is an explosion of stereotypes into extremes, metaphor, bleak comedy. From the familiar sound of squabble to disquieting conclusions.

Harvey Keitel is Jimmy — the son who wants out, bound by unwritten but constantly spoken patriarchal loyalties to carry on collecting debts owed his Dad, even though he's practising to become a concert pianist. He's not academically taught (so far as we know) and split between dedication to Something More Serious and the pervasive distractions of the moment — mainly sex and family. Cut through the competent criminal (Romantic cinema) is a massive lack of confidence, and tensions that are killing him. Not to mention the infection he's picked up.

Jimmy here is the character Keitel played in *Mean Streets* displaced, messed around with by a level-headed but obviously intellectually (sic) inclined director. James Toback has a hell of a time to often hilarious effect. Jimmy carries the soundtrack around with him on a big cassette player. It goes on whenever and wherever he wants it to — which is most of the time he's away from the piano — and the point is that people aren't so awfully keen on something like this outside the Hollywood set: "Mahler . . . The Drifters."

Jimmy says it keeps him sane, but as his Dad so credibly points up the contradiction: "Who the hell ever heard of someone playing 'Summertime, Summertime' when it's 15 fuckin' degrees below zero?"

As with Scorsese the odyssey feels doomed at every step along the way, sighted on a gory exit. Our hero loses the girl, loses his dream job, loses Dad, loses...

Fingers ends in something like a shot of modern poetry with Keitel stark naked at the piano, drawn away to a window, caged in and defeated. His gaze — definitively shattered — slowly shoots out at the camera: *you looking at me?* But he's past caring.

Ian Penman

Can't Stop The Music

Directed by Nancy Walker
Starring Village People, Valerie Perrine and Bruce Jenner *(EMI)*

WHEN is a film not a film?

While you're mulling that over let me tell you about the latest offering from the Midas of the movies, self-styled Hollywood entrepreneur Alan Carr, who was responsible for bringing *Grease* and *Survive* to an omnivorous viewing public. *Can't Stop The Music* tells the heartwarming story of young, enterprising DJ and songwriter Jack (Steve Guttenberg) and his attempts to break into the music scene with the help of his ex-model flatmate, Samantha Simpson (Valerie Perrine).

Having decided that he needs a group to assist him in the process he holds an 'hilarious' audition, by the end of which he has chosen all those dressed in funny costumes (Leatherman Glenn Hughes gets in by performing a faultlessly tasteful rendition of 'Danny Boy'). Village People is decided on as the most suitable name, though I thought of some better ones.

After a series of 'antics' and 'disappointments' in the whacky world of music business, our heroes give a triumphant performance at a benefit gala in San Francisco after which we can assume their future is assured.

The plot 'comes out' halfway through when the group rehearse a number at the local YMCA amidst a bevy of lithe, muscular, hairless torsos, pumping iron and posing gymnastically in the body talk tradition of Mishima and Orton. Valerie Perrine can never have had a safer communal bath in her life.

But when the only good sequence occurs midway through a movie of over two hours, what hope is there for the remainder? Even the cameo laughs never quite come off, though I could have done with more of the little old lady mugger who responds to a foolishly gallant young man by producing a ·45 and spitting "Put 'em up, shithead!"

For the most part though the galumphing script is funny only in the crassest way, with Ms Perrine giving her new lover directions to the bedroom thusly: "To the right — and don't stop till sunup." Other gems include: "Music is magic. I want to make magic." And "Where do you draw the line?" . . . "With uptight squares like you". Ooh Valerie, you sure know how to hurt a guy.

Busby Berkeley must be getting dizzy by now because if his fantasy dance sequences had borne any resemblance to the 'show-stoppers' in this movie — notably the milk advertisement scene — he'd have been as memorable as that stupid GPO bird.

Just in case you're still wondering, it's the biggest turkey you'll see this side of Christmas.

Neil Norman

Little Darlings

Directed by Ronald F. Maxwell
Starring Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol *(CIC)*

LITTLE horrors is more like it. What else could you expect from a summer camp full of teenage Yank brats, principally of the female variety? Well, if you go down to these woods some day, you're in for a mild surprise.

Sure, the main scam is tacky — a would-be Bilko runs a sweep on who'll first lose her virginity, Little Miss Rich (Tatum O'Neal) or Wrong Side Of The Tracks (Kristy McNichol). But these protagonists are far from cartoon figures; they look and act like girls who bruise and bleed etc. And the use of hoary old cliches is generally twisted quite neatly (though I don't go a bundle on the familiar 'men have passed their peak of sexual potency by the time they're 17' shtick, for reasons known only to my doctor and Somerset House).

Aside from the extremely sentimental use of music — John Lennon, Blondie, you name it, we suffer — and the somewhat predictable cross-section inhabiting Tatum and Kristy's hut (one fat, one goofy, one minx, one clumsy, even a hippy offspring who spouts a couple of gems about ginseng and karma), *Little Darlings* deals with the pangs of awkward adolescence pretty perceptively.

It's been knocked in some quarters for being sneakily moralistic in the way it deals with contraception and boy/girl 'relationships', for hiding its propaganda behind a veneer of jollity. That didn't occur to me, but blimey, what's so bad about pointing out the folly of casual sex, especially when the feelings aren't entirely mutual? (Answers on a postcard to Senile Old Duffer, *NME* . . .)

Tatum's adequate but this is Kristy's film right from the off — her first shot is a beaut, right in the knackers of some dumb ox making an inept pass — and she grasps her chance as tightly as she clings to ubiquitous Marlboros.

She's even convincing when tracking a good-hearted, inarticulate Travolta clone ("All dis nature stuff's for de boids") and when swallowing some pathetic advice from her handsome mum, who casually casts off the importance of sex as she distractedly fills her face with hamburger in embarrassment.

Fairly sharp, and if some of it looks like a glossy ad, it's not enough to matter. Ronald F. Maxwell, whoever you are, please make another film.

Monty Smith

ON THE BOX

Friday August 1
THE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE: Peter Finch in flamboyant form as poor ol Oscar gets taken to task for "perversion and sodomy". Shot and edited in an amazing six weeks in 1960 by Ken Hughes (thereby successfully jumping the gun on a more austere version of the sale story, starring Robert Morley as Wilde). Some terrific lines, of course, and good support from James Mason, Lionel Jeffries and Yvonne Mitchell. **(BBC 1).**

Saturday August 2
COOGAN'S BLUFF: Big Clint's Arizona sheriff rides into dirty New York City singlemindedly pursuing Don Stroud's yobbo villain, much to the embarrassment of Lee J. Cobb's harassed police chief. Seminal Siegel ('68) thriller which has been well and truly aired these past few years but even if you're familiar with it, watch for Clint, Cobb, Stroud and, as the winsome hippy girl, Tisha Sterling. Shame about the duff motorcycle stunts at the end, though. **(BBC 1).**

PARANOIAC / CAPTAIN KRONOS, VAMPIRE HUNTER: the Horror Double Bills seemed to peak early this time around, but there's a couple of chuckles in Freddie Francis' *Paranoiac*, a '63 Hammer with Ollie Reed putting the wind right up Janette Scott. *Avengers* veteran Brian Clemens came a cropper with *Kronos*, a 1972 attempt at comic-strip horror which could've learnt a great deal from Polanski's *Dance Of The Vampires*. Never mind. there's always the hunchback to laugh at. **(BBC 2).**

Sunday August 3
THE DAMNED: Extremely turgid Luchino Visconti account of the rise and rise of fascism in pre-war Germany. Made in 1969, starring Dirk Bogarde, Charlotte Rampling and Helmut Berger. Absolutely no jokes. **(BBC 2).**

Wednesday August 6
JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: The 'Movie Showcase' season just gets worse. This week's oh-so-sophisticated offering from the incredibly dull American Film Theatre repertoire has Belgian balladeer Brel starring with Elly Stone and Mort Schuman in his political musical revue, a big Broadway success in the late '60s. Denis Heroux directed this 'movie' version (huh!) in 1975 — there's no plot, no dialogue, just 26 meaningful songs about love, death, war and that. Essential viewing for middle-class liberals who like songs called 'Ne Me Quitte Pas' and 'Whipping Post' *(Shurely shome mishtake? — Jacquesh Brel).* **(BBC 2)**

Monty Smith

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2. **Bronco Billy** (Clint Eastwood)
3. **The Sea Wolves** (Andrew V McLaglen)
4. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
5. **The Secret Policeman's Ball** (Roger Graef)

Regions

1. **The Brood** (David Cronenberg)
2. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
3. **Zombies** (George A Romero)
4. **American Gigolo** (Paul Schrader)
5. **Last Feelings** (Damien Richardson)

(Screen International)

Peter Sellers 1925-1980

OBITUARIES are the hardest things to write. Even the best are suspicious and smack of insincerity, so I'll keep this short.

The death of any rock person has never — and I reckon never could — put me off my stroke. But I was choked when Peter Sellers died. The first record I ever valued was a 10" LP called 'Best Of Sellers', and while growing up and loving Fields, Hope, the Marx Brothers and other imported gold it was impossible not to also soak in that we had a library just as priceless: *Two Way Stretch, Wrong Arm Of The Law, Battle Of The Sexes, The Naked Truth, Smallest Show On Earth.* And while the buffs, probably rightly, have pointed to Sellers' roles which carried more significant social clout, it's these films that I'll treasure for their daft stories, two bob budgets, and a great actor creating comic genius just for the hell of it.

Perhaps the highbrow ballyhoo over the 'discovery' of Sellers as an actor in *Being There* is just a case of conveniently forgetting the ignorance of passing over such unmatchable performances as Mr Martin in *Battle Of The Sexes.* But then there are too many bilious bastards having one set of score cards for drama and another for comedy; "good little comedy films," they say.

Sellers was fabulous whether on screen or radio. And as for *The Goon Show* . . . the best comedy record ever — and, by my own criteria, the best LP full stop — was 'Bridge Over The River Wye'.

It's tempting now to get into what his legacy really means. Perhaps it's best to just paraphrase what Honey Bruce said after Lenny died: He was so bloody funny.

Danny Baker

Sellers in Being There

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Bradford Queen's Hall: **The City Limits**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Mets**
Brighton The Concorde: **Woody & The Splinters / The Audience**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Odyssey**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Dick Smith Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Idiot Dancers**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Munchies**
Leeds Fan Club: **Naked Lunch**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Agony Column**
Lichfield City Centre: **V-Sor X**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Junior Walker & The Allstars**
London Camden Music Machine: **Splodgenessabounds/ The Piss Flaps/ The Jump/ The Whizz Kids**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Special Branch / The Strand**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
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London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Wasted Youth / The Dave**
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London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie**
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: **The Woodbines**
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London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Talk / Motion Pictures**
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Manchester Rafters: **The Fall / The Hamsters**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **The Accelerators / Spring Offensive**
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Poole Brewers Arms: **The Blazers**
Poynton Folk Club: **Andy Caven**
Preston The Warehouse: **The Salford Jets**
Reading Target Club: **The Flatbackers**
Runcorn Castle Hotel: **Rambling Jack Elliott**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **JCB**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Fury**
St Helens Last Bridge: **Vardis**
Truro The Swan: **Hot Vultures**
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FRIDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Girlschool/Angel Witch-/White Spirit**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Junction 13**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **Dick Smith Band**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Q-Tips**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Bastille**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Review/Vice-Squad/Volatile Romance**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Bop Cat**
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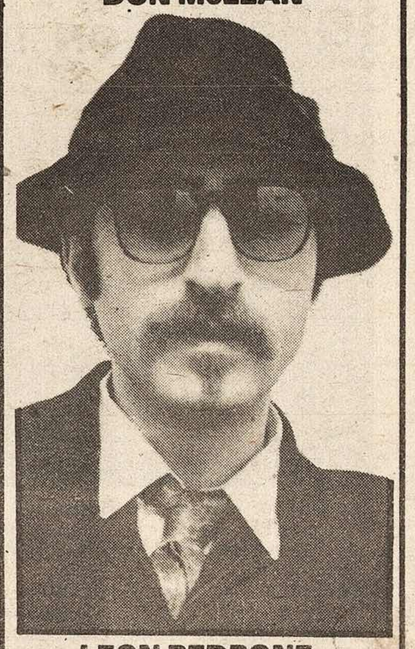
Colchester Guisnes Court: **Final Damand/ Shanghai**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Stanton Club: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Sabre**
Derby Havannah Club: **Tony Tuff**
Derby Sinfin Moor Club: **Strange Days**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
Exeter The Black Horse: **Hot Vultures**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Flatbackers**
Horwich The Crown: **J.G. Spoils Rock Band**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Athletico Spizz '80**
Jersey Fort Regent Leisure Centre: **Saxon**
Kenilworth Showground: **Barbara Dickson**
Launceston White Horse: **Total Outlay**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Limelight**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Manitou**
London Acton The Windmill: **The Chevrons**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Mechanics**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Spencer's Alternative**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Spectres/The Critics**
London Deptford White Swan: **The Boyce Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Grand Prix**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Young Marble Giants/This Heat/Furious Pig**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ted Nugent**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Tom Robinson's Sector 27**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Peter Bardens Mole**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Citizens**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The New Quartet**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams**
London Southall Community Centre: **Misty/Nathalie/Unite/The Enchanters**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Eddy Grant & The Frontline Orchestra**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Bop Street**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Scala Cinema: **The Au Pairs/The Mekons**

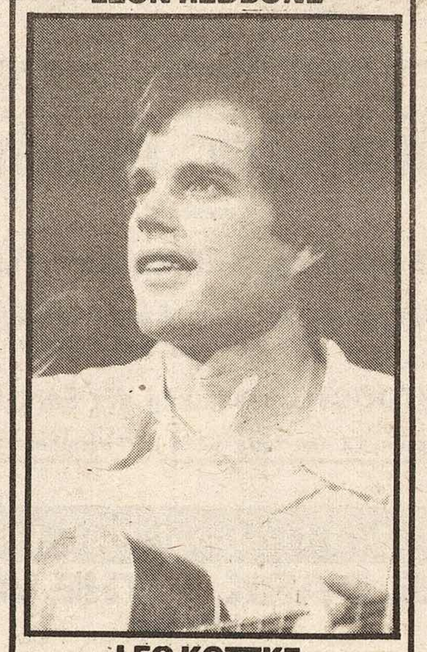
CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL
Friday—Sunday

It's the big weekend of the folk calendar, and this year's bill is stronger than ever.

DON McLEAN



LEON REDBONE



LEO KOTTKE

—and many more

London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Chalice**
London Victoria The Venue: **Don Everly**
London Wembley Arena: **Roxy Music-/Martha & The Muffins**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mobster/Talkover**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Sad Among Strangers**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Real To Real**
London W.C.1 Conway Hall: **The Au Pairs/Oxy & The Morons/Thompson Twins**
Luton Baron of Beef: **Nervous Surgeons**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **Night Visitors**
Manchester UMIST: **The Distractions-/Local Heroes**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Taurus**
Poole Arts Centre: **Da Biz/Contacts**
Reading Target Club: **The Rhythm Squad**
Retford Porterhouse: **Skafish**
Saltburn Lindale Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Johnny G**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Odyssey**
Southend Elms: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Hedgehog**
Taunton Bishops Hull Hall: **The Dangerous Brothers**
Workington Carnegie Arts Centre: **Seventeen**

SATURDAY

Ampthill Parkside Hall: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Ashford Stour Centre: **White Spirit**
Bath Moles: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Cruisers**
Blackpool Jubilee Gardens Bandstand (1.30pm): **The Membranes**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Q-Tips**
Brentford Red Lion: **Seven Year Itch**
Brighton Alhambra: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
Cambridge Folk Festival: *See Friday*
Clay Cross Top Spot: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Piranhas**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Noel Murphy/Heckspeckles Phantom**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Shattered Dolls**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Girlschool**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Vardis**
Hanley Rose & Crown: **The Pits/TV Eye**
Hastings Falaise Hall: **The Apocalypse/ Clockwork Criminals**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Insiders**
Hitchin Woodside Open-Air Festival: **Budgie/The Tea Set**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Spider**
Ilchester Heron Club: **Hi-Tension**
Jersey Fort Regent Leisure Centre: **Saxon**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Ultravox**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Step**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **No Dice/Eric Blake**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Elgin Marbles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Modern English**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sox/Trax**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Wasted Youth**
London Finsbury Town Hall: **Way Of The West/The Warriors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Upp/Viva**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ted Nugent**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Rent Boys**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Marquee Club: **Roy Sundholm Band**
London N4 The Stapleton: **World Service**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Putney White Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Suttel Approach**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Chalice**
London Wembley Arena: **Roxy Music-/Martha & The Muffins**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tenpole Tudor/The Leopards**
Luton Kingsway Hotel: **The Rhythm Hawks**
Manchester Mayflower: **Odyssey**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Beshara**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Seventeen**
Peterlee Norseman Hotel: **Monoconics/7 Minutes**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **The Dangerous Brothers**
Retford Porterhouse: **Angel Witch**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Careless Talk**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Dooleys**
Stockport Ups And Downs: **Night Visitors**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Studio 54: **Tony Tuff**
Worksop Whitwell Middle Club: **Strange Days**

SUNDAY

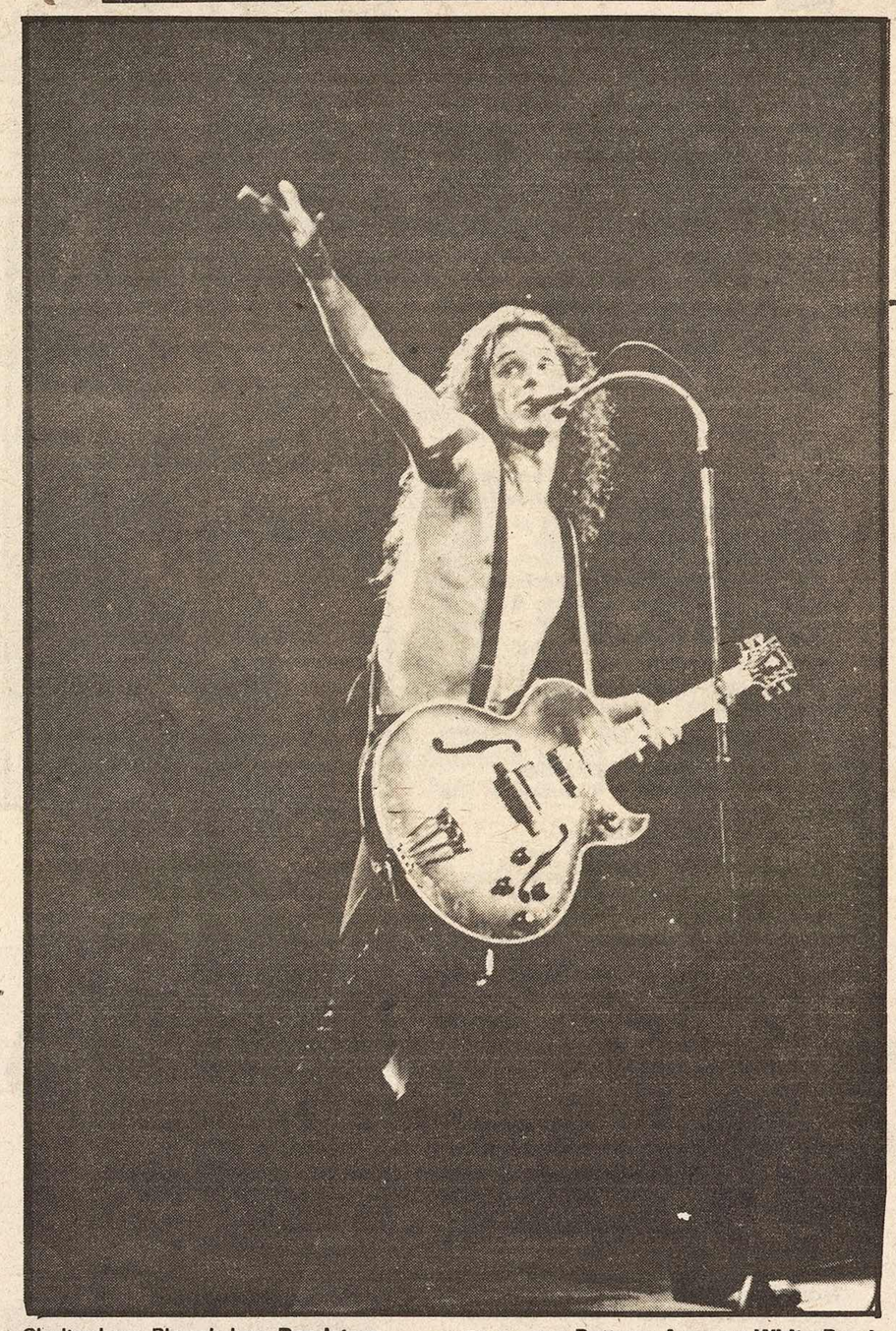
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Vardis**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Ultravox**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Swakara**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Folk Festival: *See Friday*
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Seventeen**
Croydon Greyhound: **The Sharks**
Douglas I.O.M. Palace Lido: **The Lambrettas**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Liberty Bodice**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Q-Tips**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Dick Smith Band**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Step / The Mechanics**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Tooting Fruities**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Talkover / Von Trapp Family**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sammy Mitchell Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Witchfynde**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Suttel Approach**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Spectres**
London Kensington High Gardens: **The Loved One**
London Marquee Club: **Nine Below Zero**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spider**
London Richmond Brolley's: **Angel Witch**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Walton Trio**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Peter Bardens Mole**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leake's Sweet & Sour**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Seven Year Itch**
Luton The Unicorn: **Nervous Surgeons**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Hoax / T.V. Scream / Random Gender**
Middlesbrough Empire Hotel: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich The Cottage: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Taurus**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Motley Crew**
Slough Alexander's: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Ted Nugent**
Southampton The Griffin: **The Dangerous Brothers**
Southend Shrimpers: **Bastille**
Southport Floral Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Southsea Centre Hotel: **Rambling Jack Elliott**
Swadlincote Belmont Club: **Strange Days**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Pink Floyd's sell-out concert series at London Earls Court begins on Monday

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

MORE GIG GUIDE



TED NUGENT (left) is the latest heavy metal monster to go barnstorming round the UK circuit. Take your ear-plugs along to London Hammersmith Odeon (Friday and Saturday), Southampton (Sunday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).
● Two other major tours this week, both starting on Friday, are by Ultravox and Barbara Dickson.

MONDAY

Amberley Black Horse: **Rambling Jack Elliott**
Barnsley Thurnscoe Hotel: **Limelight**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Golden Eagles: **The Androids**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Savage**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Park Avenue**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Ersatz**
Chorlton Lamplight: **The Freshies**
Doncaster Rotters: **Ultravox**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Q-Tips**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Pictures**
Hull Wellington Club: **Girlschool**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Irvine Magnum Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Leeds Warehouse: **Minny Pops**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Talk/The Batteries**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Temporary Title**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Pink Floyd**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The VIP's**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spizz '80**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Spectres**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Dizzy Gillespie Quartet (for two weeks)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Elgin Marbles/The Pin-Ups**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Zodiacs Club: **Junior Walker & The All Stars**
Newcastle Madison's: **Odyssey**
Newcastle-under-Lyme El Syd's: **The Heaters**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Average White Band/Phillip Goodhand-Tait**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Dodgy Geezers/Spit Like Paint**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **The Citizens**

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bournemouth The Woodman: **The Dangerous Brothers**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Optic Nerve**
Bristol Cardwardine's: **Various Artists / The Untouchables**
Bristol Tiffany's: **The Tarts**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Dogmacats**
Cambridge Raffles: **On The Level**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Funkin' Groovers**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Spider**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Rotters: **Ultravox**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Martha & Muffins**
London Canning Town Bridgehouse: **Salt**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Letters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Geneva**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Seven Year Itch**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Pink Floyd**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Peter Bardens Mole**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Kicks**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Mysterous / 2-3 Skidoo**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Mobster/The Rhythm Squad**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Star Jazzband / Pepper Adams**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Thompson Twins**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Red Alert / The Stats**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Coconut Dogs**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ted Nugent**
Middlesbrough Madison's: **Odyssey**
Newcastle (Low Fell) Belle Vue: **Monoconics / 7 Minutes**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Average White Band / Phillip Goodhand-Tait**
Oxford Walton Theatre: **The Loved One**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **The Name**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Any Trouble**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Sympatica**
Southend Zero Six: **The Sinceros**
Walsall The Dilk: **Sub Zero**

WEDNESDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **The Kinks**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Maison Royale: **The Bodysnatchers**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Nos Faratu**
Cambridge Raffles: **The Munchies**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Adam & Eve: **Toward Oblivion/Mrs Beach/Delinquent Teens/The Cause**
Cleethorpes Shakers: **The Cruisers**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Girlschool**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Spectres**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Derby Romeo & Juliet's: **Odyssey**
Doncaster Rotters: **Average White Band**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Ted Nugent**
Ilford Oscar's: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Decorators/Furniture**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tony Tuff**
London Camden Music Machine: **Spider/Stormtropper/T.34**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Peter Bardens Mole**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Blurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Smart**
London Earsl Court Stadium: **Pink Floyd**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **John Bennett Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Scene**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Expressos/Eric Blake**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Disco Zombies/The Normil Hawaiians**
Londc / Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
London Millwall 909 Club: **The Loved One**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The City Gents**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams/Jim Richardson Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Southside**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Real To Real**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Martian Dance/The Newtown Neurotics**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Mickey Jupp**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Dagarti**
Manchester Beach Club: **Minny Pops**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **Night Visitors**
Motherwell Civic Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Norwich White's: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Martha & The Muffins/Any Trouble**
Oxford Scamps: **The Skavengers**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Torquay Town Hall: **Ultravox**

Send your entries to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — to arrive at least a week before publication date. Sorry, but we can't take entries by phone.

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
ULTRAVOX
+ SUPPORT
SUNDAY 10th AUGUST 7·30pm
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON
Tickets £1·90 in advance, £2·50 on door (if available) No under 18's
FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), ATTRIX RECORDS
MANAGEMENT RESERVES RIGHTS OF ADMISSION

COPASETIC RECORDS
presents
A 2 day Reggae/Blue Best Festival
Thursday 31st July, Friday 1st August
at 100 Club, Oxford Street
with NIGHTDOCTOR featuring Vin Gordan and support
Admission £2 members, £2.50 non-members. 8pm-1am

NINE BELOW ZERO
AUG 3
LONDON The Marquee

HAVE YOU HEARD PARK AVENUE
HAVE YOU SEEN PARK AVENUE
EXPERIENCE THE PARK – GOLDEN LION
FULHAM Rd. SW6
TUESDAY AUGUST 5th

No 1 Club, 1 Liverpool Road, Islington N.1
THE DARK + THE WALL
+ Support
Adm £1. Doors open 7.00
A Fresh Music Production

CND PRESENT
HIROSHIMA DAY BENEFIT
WITH
HERE & NOW
inner city unit
androids of mu
WED. 6th AUGUST. 8–12pm £1·50 admission.
ISLINGTON TOWN HALL UPPER ST.
BUS 19 or 30 HIGHBURY/ISLINGTON

Q·TIPS
LIVE AT THE MARQUEE
MON 11. TUES 12 WED 13 AUGUST.
A LIMITED NUMBER OF TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE BY POST IN ADVANCE, PRICE £2
FROM SHOTGUN PRODUCTIONS 20 GREAT PORTLAND ST. LONDON W1 (INCLUDE SAE)
CHEQUES AND POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO SHOTGUN PRODUCTIONS. THERE WILL BE A LIMITED NUMBER OF TICKETS ON SALE AT THE MARQUEE EACH NIGHT.
IT IS ADVISABLE TO BUY TICKETS IN ADVANCE AS ALL PREVIOUS CONCERTS AT THE MARQUEE HAVE BEEN SOLD OUT.

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:–
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
WASTED YOUTH
THU 31st • "Stark & violent," said Sounds. "Music proves itself to be a dark gothic mansion.... You'll be hearing a lot more of Wasted Youth."
THE SPECTRES
FRI. 1st AUG • The Matlock-Kustow alliance using the basic rock line-up plus a 2nd. T.R.B. player on Keyboards, and a brass player to add some soulful textures.
SOX
SAT. 2nd • Piloted by guitarist, Gordon Hunt, this funky dance unit can turn its collective talents to backing acts like Lynda Lewis and delivering a fire-cracker set of its own.
TALKOVER + PRECINT
SUN. 3RD + VON TRAPP FAMILY.
SECRET RECORDS) TEMPORARY TITLE +
MON. FRESENT) BRIAN BRAIN + BIDETTES
TUE GENEVA + HI–FI.
THE SMART
WED. 6th • Put together by Chelsea guitarist Geof Miles, and Nips' bassist Roger Williamson and musically inspired by The Move circa '69.
THE BLURT
THU 7th • An amusing cross of Beefheart's funk and James White style highbrow blowing!
The Doors open 8:45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7:30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week ~ 8:30 AM till 6:00 AM. most days. Phone for details
We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station).
PHONE: 240·3961

REGULAR MUSIC PRESENTS
EDINBURGH ROCK FESTIVAL 80
NITE CLUB
☐ ROY HARPER FRI 8th AUG
☐ FLOWERS & BOOTS FOR DANCING SAT 9th AUG
☐ WEAPON OF PEACE SUN 10 AUG ☐ ANY TROUBLE MON 11 AUG ☐ BILL NELSON TUE 12 AUG
☐ JOHN MARTYN WED 13 AUG ☐ OZZY OSBOURNE'S BLIZZARD OF OZ THUR 14 AUG ☐ JOHN PEEL FRI 15 AUG ☐ RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON SAT 16 AUG
tickets from Playhouse box office. tel. 031 557 2590
The Playhouse
☐ THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND THURS 7th AUG
☐ ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS SUN 17th AUG
☐ THE RAMONES SUN 24th AUG
tickets from Playhouse box office. tel. 031 557 2590
Tiffany's
☐ ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80 & ALTERED IMAGES. MON 11th AUG ☐ STEEL PULSE MON 18th AUG ☐ ULTRAVOX MON 25th AUG ☐ BAND PLAYING MON 1st SEPT TO BE CONFIRMED
tickets on sale at good Edinburgh record shops

Q·TIPS

"BUCKET AND SPADE TOUR"

JUL 31 **LONDON,** Crystal Palace Hotel.
AUG 1 **BIRMINGHAM,** Cedars Ballroom.
AUG 2 **BLACKPOOL,** Norbreck Castle.
AUG 3 **KIRK LEVINGTON,** Country Club.
AUG 4 **EDINBURGH,** Tiffanies.
AUG 5 **LEEDS,** Warehouse.
AUG 7 **SHEFFIELD,** Limit.
AUG 8 **SCARBOROUGH,** Penthouse.
AUG 9 **WEST RUNTON,** Pavilion.
AUG 11/12/13 **LONDON,** Marquee.
AUG 14 **NEWPORT GWENT,** Baileys.
AUG 15 **CARDIFF,** Casablanca.
AUG 17 **BRIGHTON,** Jenkinsons.
AUG 19 **PLYMOUTH,** Fiesta.
AUG 20 **TORQUAY,** 400 Club.
AUG 21 **PENZANCE,** Demelzas.
AUG 22 **BOURNEMOUTH,** Town Hall.

NEW SINGLE 'Tracks Of My Tears'
Watch out for **FORTHCOMING ALBUM** 'Q Tips'

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL **AYLESBURY**

Friday August 1st 7.30 pm
Heavy Roller

GIRLSCHOOL
ANGELWITCH
WHITE SPIRIT

Tickets £2.50 available from outlets shown below, or at door on night

Wednesday August 6th 7.30 pm
A legend in their own time.

THE KINKS

THE STEP

Tickets £3.00 available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Dunstable, Luton, Bletchley, D. J. Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham or £3.00 at the door if available. Life membership 25p

A VERY RARE APPEARANCE

AVDC PRESENT **MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY**

Friday August 8th, 8 pm

TAMLA MOTOWNS

JNR. WALKER
AND THE ALLSTARS
plus MAHANA

Tickets £3.00 from Civic Centre Box Office, Earth Records, Aylesbury or £3.00 at door on night

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 1st August £2
SKAFISH
+ Support

Saturday 2nd August £2
ANGELWITCH
+ Dark Star

THE BECKETT
320 OLD KENT ROAD, SE1

Thursday 31st July £1
THE TALK + Motion Pictures

Monday 4th August £1
THE SPECTRE + Eric Blake

Tuesday 5th August £1
MOBSTER + Rhythm Squad

Wednesday 6th August £1
SAD AMONG STRANGERS + The Fuse

NINE BELOW ZERO

"HERE WE A'GO'GO AGAIN TOUR"

AUG 3 LONDON The Marquee
7 WOOLWICH Tramsheds
10 NORTH FINCHLEY The Torrington
12 LONDON 100 Club, Oxford St.

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.6.

Wednesday 30th July £1.25
JANE KENNEWAYS
STRANGE BEHAVIOUR
+ Japanese Toy

Thursday 31st July £1.25
RELEASE + The Outsiders

Friday 1st August £1.50
MOBSTER + Talkover

Saturday 2nd August £1.50
TENPOLE TUDOR + The Leopards

Sunday 3rd August £1.50
PETER BARDEN'S MOLE (ex Camel)
+ Screen Gemz

Monday 4th August £1.25
THE ELGIN MARBLES + Pin-ups

Tuesday 5th August £1.00
New Band Night
RED ALERT + The Stats

Wednesday 6th August £1.50
MARTIAN DANCE+The New Town Neurotics

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane
West Hampstead N.W.6

Wednesday 30th July £1
THE JAZZ SLUTS
Jazz Funk

Thursday 31st July £1
THE IDLERS
(Hard Edge Country Rock)

Friday 1st August £1
THE SYNDICATE
(Electric Jazz)

Sunday 3rd August £1
THE CITY GENTS
(Grass Music)

Monday 4th August £1
WORLD SERVICE

Tuesday 5th August £1
CAUGHT IN THE ACT

TAPE COPYING SERVICES LTD.
& DEMO CITY
Present

Aug 4th THE BATTERIES
(supporting Talk)

Aug 11th BILLY LONDON
(supporting The Phones)

at the **101 CLUB, CLAPHAM.**
Phone TCS for free tickets
01-723 6301
(8.30 start)

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wednesday, 30th July £3.50
ROCKIN' DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS +
SEVEN YEAR ITCH

Thursday, 31st July £3.50
ROCKIN' DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS +
REMEMBER WHEN

Friday, 1st August £4.00
DON EVERLY

Saturday, 2nd August £3.00
RAM JAM BAND + SUPPORT

Sunday 3rd August 'til Friday 8th April (Incl)
CLOSED

Saturday 9th August £4.00
HOYT AXTON
+ SUPPORT

Sunday 10th August £3.50
PETER HAMMILL
+ SUPPORT

Monday 11th August £2.00
MOTION PICTURES
+ PAUL GOODMAN

Tuesday 12th August £3.50
SONNIE TERRY & BROWNIE McGEE

Wednesday 13th August £3.50
AS ABOVE

Thursday, 14th August
Ring Box Office for details 834 5882

Friday, 15th August
Ring Box Office for details 834 5882

Saturday, 16th August £3.50
CARLENE CARTER
+ SUPPORT

Sunday 17th August 'til Tuesday 19th August
Ring Box Office for details

Wednesday 20th August £2.00
BROKEN HOME + SUPPORT

COMING SOON
Friday 22nd August £3.00
THE SCENE
+ SUPPORT

Saturday 23rd August £3.00
THE GREAT HARP PARTY with
JOHNNY MARS 7th SUN
featuring
various guest harmonica players

Thursday 28th August £3.25
CHARLIE DORE & HER BACK POCKET
Recently voted America's best female singer

Friday, 29th August £3.00
MARSHA HUNT + LINO

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Hello, I'm a Bowers and Wilkins DM11 Speaker. Stunning to look at, aren't I? And my friend Bernard Futter thinks I'm pretty damn good to listen to as well.

THE SUSSEX-BASED firm of Bowers and Wilkins has done much to redress the balance of all those hi-fi imports flooding into the country. A specialist speaker manufacturer, a very high proportion — around 80% of its total production — is exported to all parts of the world. A fact that was officially recognised when the company was awarded the Queen's Award for Export in 1978.

The subject under review is a new budget-priced speaker from Bowers and Wilkins, the DM11. This can be found at better-class hi-fi emporia for about £125 pr. The design brief was to combine the best elements of two of their successful and long-running types, the DM4 and DM5, into a single low-cost speaker.

Extensive use of B and W's very own computer and laser technology are said to have played an important part in optimising the performance of the basic design. Building a smallish speaker to a price is a difficult objective and of necessity compromises have to be made. The best designs are those where the right kind of trade-offs have been made. Driver complement is a bass/midrange unit and a tweeter, both of B & W manufacture. The DM11s are certainly not in the "mini" league, measuring 19¾" x 10" x 10", but they would certainly be pretty unobtrusive either bracket or shelf mounted. B & W have wisely elected to make some economies with the external finish rather than the "innards." Our samples were a synthetic walnut grain effect. To be fair you'd have to inspect them pretty closely to notice that they weren't strictly kosher. Not having the heart to put the theory to the test, I guess it is probably more resistant than polished wood veneer. Anyway, all of this should not detract from a very solidly constructed enclosure.

Listening tests took place over a period of some three weeks, utilizing a wide selection of direct cut and top commercial discs, master tapes and FM radio. Ancillary equipment included my redoubtable and ageless Quad value amp., Linn Sondek/SME/ADC turntable rig, Revox reel-reel tape deck and a Technics tuner. Rogers LS3/5A mini-motors and Quad electrostatic speakers were available for direct comparison.

Quality of reproduction from the DM11s was nothing short of a revelation. Colouration was remarkably low and the overall sound balance could be best described as very "natural". There seemed to be a complete absence of the exaggerated characteristics one comes to expect from speakers at the bottom of the size/price equation. To my ears, they certainly outperformed the highly acclaimed and more expensive LS3/5A's particularly at the bass end. In fact they were not completely disgraced in a direct confrontation with my reference Quad Electrostatics (£606 pr.). Both had the same kind of natural sound presentation already referred to although, not surprisingly, the Electrostatics conveyed much more clarity and inner detail. Given the price differential and the Electrostatics' legendary status, that's a creditable showing from the DM11s.

If you are shopping for a low-cost smallish speaker that is easy to listen to on all types of programme material, I don't think you could do better than check out the B & W DM11s.

Speakers kindly loaned by Bartletts Hi-Fi, 175 Holloway Road, London, N7.
Further details from— Bowers and Wilkins, Meadow Road, Worthing, West Sussex.

THE BEST TIME TO BUY?

If Tottenham Court Road, that squalid casbah in London's West End, still has any pretentions to being an accurate barometer of the UK hi-fi scene there couldn't be a better time to pick up an Oriental equipment bargain. A leisurely stroll down the erstwhile "street of dreams" reveals an absolute welter of extra-special offers with few if any takers in sight. On budget to mid-priced gear particularly, prices are at absolute rock bottom and look like a flashback to circa 1975. If you know where to look you can actually hunt down a front-loading Dolby cassette deck for under £50! Apart from money being tight and retail generally having a quiet time, the main reason for this bonanza is that Christmas 1979 in hi-fi terms still hasn't happened! The Japanese do their planning some six months in advance and it was far too late for them to react when the traditional hi-fi season failed to start rolling at the beginning of October.

In order to induce retailers with already high stock levels to take even more gear, manufacturers have been offering a succession of special deals. In most cases these have been passed straight on to the public in an effort to stimulate a flagging market. Another contributing factor is that most of the Japanese conglomerates are getting ready to announce new Autumn ranges and the last thing they want is a load of obsolete products blocking fresh orders.

All this is good news for the punter who just can't lose. If past experience is anything to go by, "new" will probably mean "cosmetic" and purchasing gear that stands to be "obsolete" in a couple of months should not worry anybody.

LIVE!LIVE!LIVE!LIVE!LIVE!

Why Police men have bigger bowls

Rockatta De Bowl

Milton Keynes

THINGS to do on a wet weekend in Milton Keynes . . . number one in a series of one.

This fabled Milton Keynes Bowl — more of a saucer, really — turns out to be a wide, grassy crater that's been scooped out of the area's architect-planned lunar landscape. Tied to a long rope over the arena, floating in the breeze, is what looks like a gaily-coloured inflatable hydrogen bomb. After a day and a night of record-breaking rainstorms, the whole place is a sludgy sea of knee-deep mud. Braving the sullen stares of the crushed, hungry, tired and wet Police fans on all sides, we take our privileged places in the little pig-pen press enclosure and wait for the first of our five acts. Who are . . .

"Sector 27, you pillock!" as a peevish voice bawls out, gently correcting our MC John Peel (looking smart in figure-flattering Evertonian blue) after he'd hailed Tom Robinson's new band as 'Section' 27 when they'd finished. But to be entirely honest, they didn't make that deep an impression on me either.

While it's true Robinson is now gamely attending to his traditional problem of drab visuals, largely via an ambitious pair of silver trousers, it strikes me that his character, a rather uncharismatic kind of decency still doesn't fit a rock context. However honest the commitment, however genuine the anger, he still can't sing a word like *"bastards"* and sound authentic.

Wholesome in spite of himself, Tom's still the figure that you 'approve' of rather than actually get excited by.

Sector 27 — that's Robinson, Stevie B on guitar, Jo Burt on bass and Derek Quinton on drums — are really, despite some self-consciously modernist trappings, more in the line of the old TRB than I'd have liked. There's the same plodding beat and earnest message-bearing, carried by mundane power riffs whose bullying aggressiveness never sounds quite right. God knows we badly need people up there spelling out the things that Tom does spell out; I only wish I could find his style more attractive than I do. But at least 'Not Ready', which ended the set, generated something like the feeling which seemed to be missing before.

American act Skafish — the band and the man — who followed with their first UK appearance, succeeded in whipping up a definite response, even if it was probably the exact opposite of what they would have wished for.

In short, they were mercilessly canned.

From the moment they took the stage — leader Jim Skafish with his exceptional nose and contrived all-round loser ugliness, his ultra-glamorous sidekick Miss Barbie Goodrich, and four anonymously competent musicians — with a succession of slightly-camp rock'n'roll songs all about highschool persecutions, guilt and adolescent neurosis, Skafish couldn't do anything without rousing the crowd to ever-greater heights of contempt and impatience.

A beer-can flew, aimed for the Skafish profile, to be followed by another, and then another.

Soon, as these things do, the whole thing fed on itself, and the hapless Yanks had to press valiantly on amidst a very scary hail of cans (most of them full, too, as if that's any way to treat 50p). And even if the band's rather ordinary brand of American theatrical rock-pop didn't win over my sympathies, their dogged determination to fight unflinchingly on in the face of mindless hostility certainly did.

Poor old Peel could only suggest that it might be kinder, and safer, if people would vent their feelings by writing to the *NME* instead.

But Squeeze were to have no such problems. Running slickly through a clutch of their best-known numbers (and in the short time available that meant plenty left out besides) they took Milton Keynes with them all the way. And I'm bound to say that it was a good deal of fun.

From 'Slap And Tickle' and 'Another Nail For My Heart' at the start, to 'Up The Junction' and 'Goodbye Girl' at the end, Tillbrook and Difford and Lavis and Bentley were purely irresistible entertainment. And Jools Holland, as well as supplying some superb boogie-woogie piano, duly upstaged the lot of them with his ludicrous line in compere's chat.

But perhaps the most significant compliment was that paid by one coach-party of oafs near the front: intelligently insisting on giving the ceremonial two-fingered salute throughout, even they kept finding themselves gesturing in time to the beat. Quite embarrassing, I'd imagine.

Then there was UB40. Already, a good proportion of their set is familiar: after 'Burden Of Shame', 'Food For Thought', 'My Way Of Thinking' and 'King' all made early appearances to instant acclaim. Also in there were Randy Newman's 'I Think It's Going To Rain Today', 'Signing Off' (title of the coming album) and, what toaster Astro described as "one of our many Rock Against Thatcher numbers", 'Madame Medusa'.

UB40's music would make the perfect summer afternoon's soundtrack — though even under a heavy grey sky they shaped up OK and went away delighted. It's a languid, loping sort of reggae; good humoured, virtually easy listening, though there's bite enough in the lyrics if you want it. Brian Travers' sax is especially crucial, as seductive as the melodies that drift across the beat.

Darkness, delays, and some squashed Sting fans being lifted out unconscious all marked the big build-up to Police time. Barriers tumbled, the photo-pit and press-pen got swamped and then — before you could say Cincinnati, the causes of the commotion were there on stage.

With some sense of irony I found myself suffocating, gazing straight up Sting's nostrils and hearing a song called 'Don't Stand So Close To Me'. But there was a happy mania in the air: screams and squeals and it's-really-him! In the flesh!

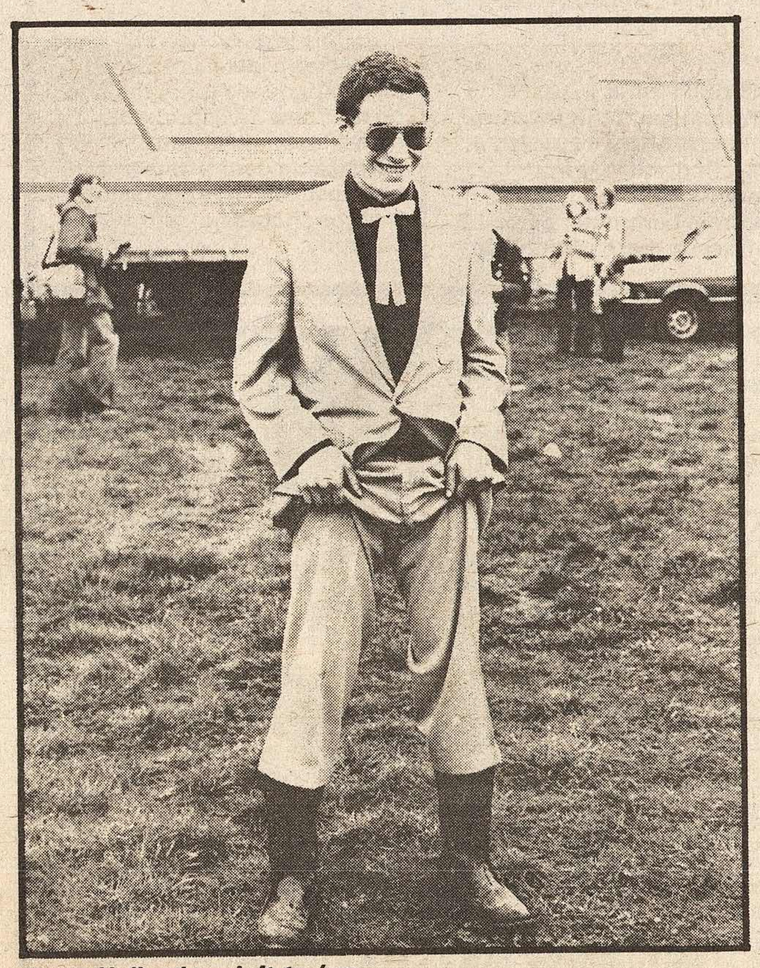
And yes, it was a triumph, and a lot of kids had an uncomfortable but ecstatic time. 'Walking On The Moon', 'Bring On The Night', 'Bed's Too Big Without You' all emerged in due course — Sting initially playing a suspended upright bass, Summers in super-flash suit, Copeland hammering away impressively.

They still leave me utterly cold, and yet I'm not unhappy to see The Police where they are — they're unique and sharp and original, and their frontman projects a humane, responsible kind of stardom, demonstrating his total control of the event with an admirable assurance. All the same, during those leisurely, strung-out and indulgent versions of 'Roxanne' and 'Can't Stand Losing You' I could feel my concentration wandering — to be shortly followed by my feet. It was no place for the undevoted.

Give or take a few casualties, the 'Rockatta De Bowl' was another Miles Copeland-style coup for free enterprise. How long, anyway, before Milton Keynes is re-christened Milton Friedman?

Paul Du Noyer

Jim Skafish — a canny performer.



Jools Holland sock it to 'em.

Clock this. Pic Peter Anderson.

Vice Versa Clock DVA

Moonlight

TWO SHEFFIELD groups featured on the odd sampler or two, down in London for a visit: tourists leaving avid marks, spilling blood and noise.

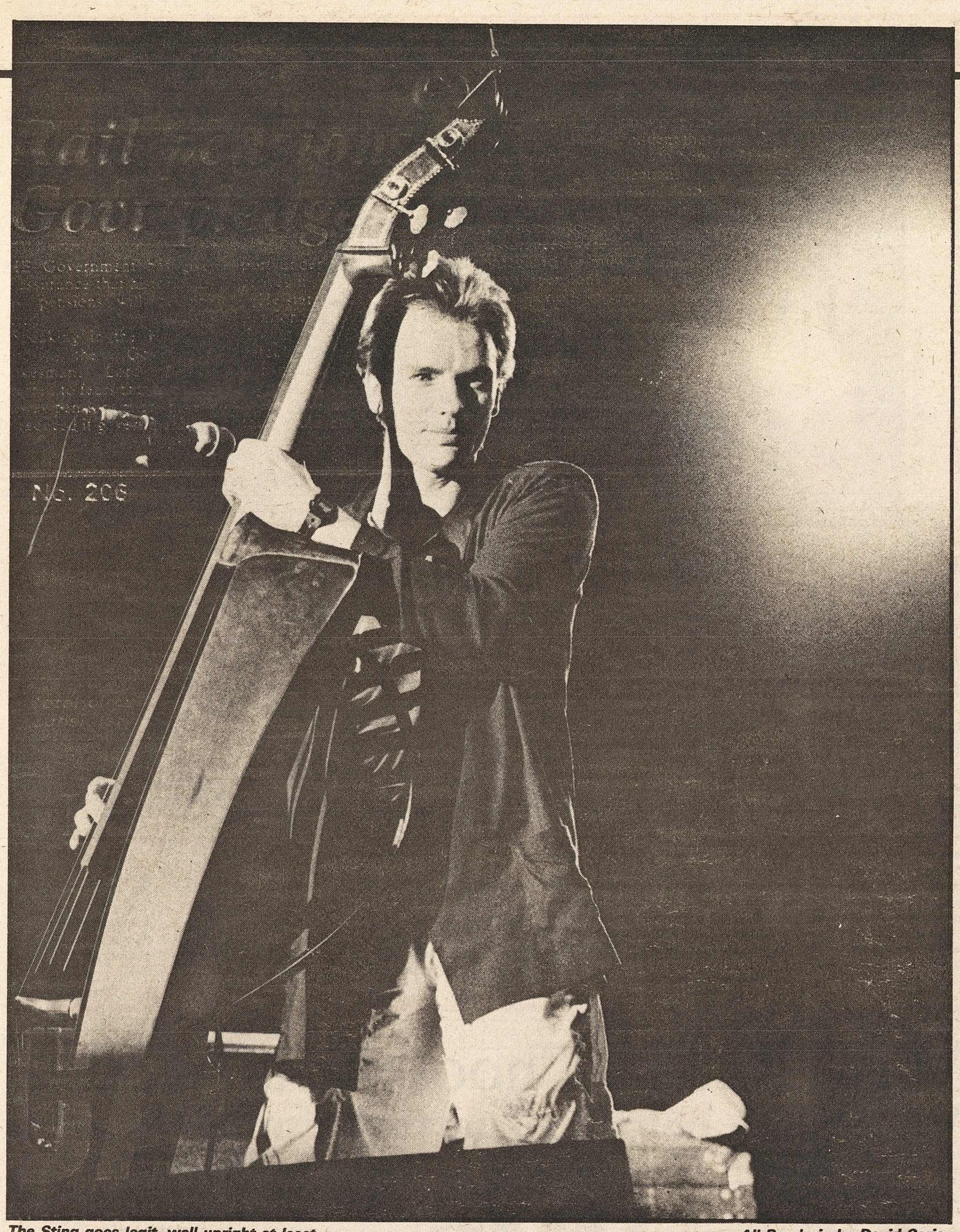
Clock DVA do their bloodiest to prove that sounds can mean more than words. They don't throw up any obvious messages, but retch out fierce, grating sounds to demonstrate the confusion in their souls. It's not a happy sound! A reflection of chaos, gravely gravelly (from Beefheart to Curtis, smiles to sighs) intoned words merely adding to the grubby textures. You could accuse them of deliberate ugliness or wilful obscurantism, but don't. Work with them!?

A five-piece, po-faced and standing still, they play part-free miniaturist crisis-funk, the discomforting sound of structures collapsing, tension accumulating and rhythms nagging that put me in mind of A Certain Ratio crookedly rooted in the collectivist exercising of Ornette Coleman / Evan Parker. (They use lead sax, played by A. Beard , that prefers to torture than to soothe.) The extremity and stamina I always dreamt The Pop Group had — they *did* have in their few controlled moments — that vaguely sticks to rock proportions but energetically pursues free-jazz permutations.

So we have recurrent mini-explosions, a slippy-rubbing fusion, a sound that is both an event and a breakdown: another different scale of dance music from *another* northern group, who are on average a bit . . . different.

In an O. Coleman double-quartet setting, or compared to an edition of Company, Clock DVA are pretty conservative: in this rock village they're wild and crazy and will have trouble convincing people. They're not neutral, they'll play on your nerves and your mood.

Their refined freaking out cleansed my soul, biding its time in the Moonlight with a handful of others, in such a peculiar way that at the start of Vice Versa's hectic transmission I was lonely cold sober. The cosmic volume and cosmetic dynamism of VV's sorely aggressive electro-pop soon had me intoxicated. I smiled, warmed up and didn't blink all through their set.



The Sting goes legit, well upright at least.

All Bowl pix by David Corio.

Doll By Doll

Hope And Anchor

THE BLACK sheep of rock and roll, Doll By Doll have consistently defied attempts at classification and comparison with other bands.

Courted by the press at an early stage (notably *Zig Zag*), they elicited all manner of grandiose superlatives and hyperbole. As a result they frequently came over in performance as an overbearingly heavy band and a quartet of pompous individuals in interview. Much was made of their apparent social significance and the hype that surrounded the release of their first album, 'Remember', consequently alienated many of their champions in the press.

After the second album, 'Gypsy Blood' — unashamedly designed for the US market — the band's star fell even faster with the flow and ebb of the new wave. Now, having been kicked off Automatic, they are playing with their backs against the wall.

When I first saw them in the early days I found them an intriguing combination of Grand Guignol rock aggression and West Coast harmony, exploring the crossover of British and US rock with self-conscious artfulness. Now, they have crystallised the influences in performance with an artistry that is nothing short of dynamic.

Doll By Doll are again dangerous.

The Hope was crowded and sweaty and the band played a relatively new set, featuring many new songs that proved Jackie Leven's imagination to be as fertile as ever and his grasp of dynamic tension stronger than before. 'Soul Marine' and 'Crazy Rivers' were towering rockers, eclipsing the previous 'Teenage Lightning' in sheer depth and swagger, while 'I Never Saw The Movie' is a multi-faceted gem of a song and my favourite since 'More Than Human'.

Of the recorded songs, 'Teenage Lightning', though by no means a great number, was played with verve, 'The Human Face' and 'Janice' were achingly tender, while the flickering steel funk of 'Binary Fiction' just about took off through the roof. Being a theatrical band, the set was well-paced if not quite as tight as the one they were playing a month ago.

The strobe-lit finale of 'Palace Of Love' has now been replaced with the low-key encore of 'Hey Sweetheart' — a good move, though I could have done without the unwieldly and indulgent 'Honest Woman' that preceded it.

Jo Shaw kept his eyes fixed on a spot just above the audience's heads, leaning back occasionally as if trying to escape the heat radiating from his guitar, while Leven's hooded gaze raked the crowd, challenging, pleading, defying, his voice a resonant instrument of passion. Dave McIntosh kept the thunderous rhythm going with subtlety and precision and Tony Waite, who replaced Robin Spreafico on bass just before the recording of 'Gypsy Blood', did just fine.

There were one or two bits of nonsense like the handing out of dope cookies and the attempted auction of an Ultimate Spinach album (in the end Leven just threw it into the crowd), and while it was not the best they are capable of it was nonetheless an invigorating gig.

It doesn't matter that they were previously victims of their own hype; it doesn't matter that their early self-possession and heavy dogma nearly castrated them. All that matters now is that Doll By Doll have re-entered the rock and roll arena as true gladiators and are a band of imminent greatness. Seize the time.

Neil Norman

Pylon

New Jersey

OUTSIDE the trains don't run at all; that is the tube train under the river to Hoboken, New Jersey is on strike. But the promises and cajoling of friends who'd seen Pylon got me on a bus for the curcuitous route to Maxwell's.

I love this backroom hole in the wall, so unfashionably located as to be virtually off limits to those so-in-the-know Manhattianites who crowd New York clubs and are often more concerned with being in the right place than with what's going on once they get there.

And I loved Pylon, three guys and a girl from Athens, Georgia who work in tantalising combinations of voice, rhythm and beat.

Bands from Athens, home of The B-52s, just gotta be dance bands. But while The B-52s steal the rhythms and styles of the '60s, Pylon take a faster, punkish beat and stretch it out with a dub-wise sensibility. They deliver dance-tune rock music that directs you to the floor as effectively as any reggae/ska combination without ever letting up on the complexity or the time signature.

Singer Vanessa Ellison has a high, piercing voice much like the 52s' Kate Pierson, but she's more of the earth than out in space, and the band provides her with a firmer, fuller anchor.

Pylon have an excellent single out, 'Cool' b/w 'Dub', well representative of the way they combine thoughtful craft with pure fun. And they intend to keep journeying forth from their Southern home to the media centres.

Will they have the same charm when they got out of these backwoods hideaways? Let's hope so. **Richard Grabel**

Mime and Mobility

In performance the three Vice Versa aggressors — Mark White, Stephen Singelton and Martin Fry — have none of the cool reserve of Numan/League/Manoeuvres, those top electro-popsters who have thus far, for better or worse, defined the synth-pop sound.

You maybe think the sound is infinite, the look formal.

Vice Versa shatter those illusions: dance on the broken bits.

Once, maybe, VV were fenced in by what they had been shown by The Human League (see their first four track EP, 'Riot Squad'). But not any more (see their quarter of the 'First Fifteen Seconds Of 1980' EP on Neutron). They've built up their own theories (very 'anti-'; very determined) and developed their own flair.

The trio pounce around the tiny stage like demented puppets, eyes-a-popping, limbs-a-thrashing, occasionally attending their keyboards on sticks, shouting out surprised vocals, harmonising with wicked spirit, singing songs about signs and signals, cult and culture: glossy mythologies from geneticism to Mary Quant cosmetics.

They use electronics for mobility and convenience, which could cover up a thousand and six sins, but having made the decision to synthesize, they aren't coy about it.

The majority of their live sound is pre-recorded; onstage the finished noise is a forceful, resourceful combination of prepared tapes, pre-sound and their own spontaneous, happy contribution to this volatile body. This way they construct a suitably violent, panicky sound: harshly percussive, deliriously fluid, smashing and clashing, a heady anti-muzak.

And it didn't disturb me that when they stopped playing their flimsy synthesizers, to dance a little wilder or sing a little louder, the music just kept crashing on — freewheeling. I was just aghast! It's still energy-music, a lot more intense than artificial. But there'll be crocodile tears in the eyes of rock purists unable to accept Vice Versa's racy mixture of mime, mania and mobility. Maybe they'll upset you (but the sound is all theirs! The total performance is exhilarating!) with what could be seen as a short cut.

I *wouldn't* say they were cheating. By the time they'd finished I was shaking on the spot. More!

Paul Morley

Vice Versa — heads-down-no-nonsense-electro-pop. Pic Peter Anderson.

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The Guns. Pic Paul Slattery.

Firing Blanks

Guns For Hire

Rock Garden

GUNS For Hire toss off numbers like they couldn't give an expletive.

In spite of being a band that's gathering a bit of a reputation for itself, they were happy to make this night's gig a casual shambles; they didn't betray a trace of ambition, nor care or anxiety to impress. And yet, in some confused and chaotic way, impressive is just about what they were.

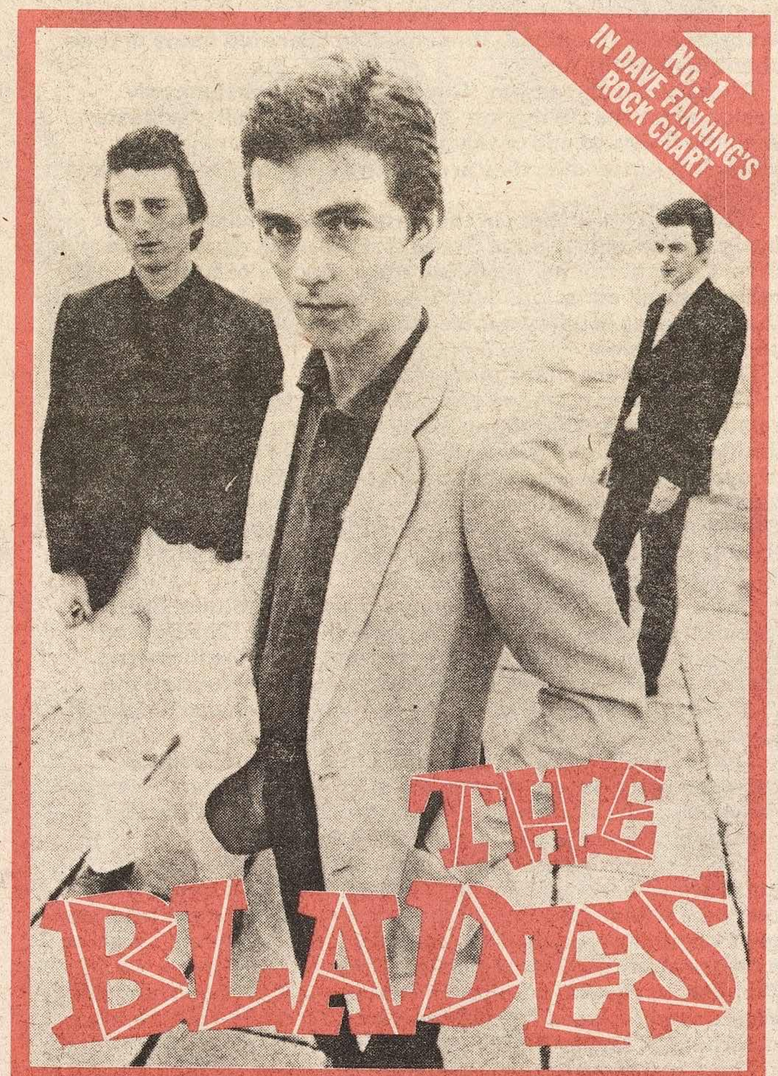
The set was prefaced with an enthusiastic intro from compere Gary Crowley, complete with greetings to a Romford crew at the stagefront whose tired, emotional and voluble presence was felt throughout the proceedings. Guns For Hire, apparently special friends of this contingent, responded with a performance directed entirely for their benefit; and if the resultant atmosphere of rowdy camaraderie was enjoyable as spectacle it did tend to leave the rest of us on the outside looking in.

But it doesn't matter; for all the cheerful boasts of incompetence and under-rehearsal, Guns For Hire gave a demonstration of that same promise you can detect in their first single, the argumentative 'My Girlfriend's Boyfriend'. A frankly stroppy song, it shows off the band's exuberant aggression well enough, but it can be a mite misleading — its punch-drunk ska feel is by no means indicative of their whole sound, which veers more towards a sort of modernist punk.

Lineupwise, GFH are your basic guitar-bass-drums plus a singer who — whilst his onstage behaviour is completely in keeping with the band's (i.e. seems pissed) — lets the side down a trifle with some unnecessarily contrived vocals: basically a low, sonorous tremble, reminiscent of Bowie at his more ponderous, or Lou Reed anytime.

In between some unapologetic apologies like, "We ain't learned this one yet", they'd amble and crash with happy abandon through numbers such as 'Age Concern' and 'Product' — two songs, in particular, which sounded as interesting on the lyrical side as they're raucous on the musical. Unfortunately it just wasn't the time or the place, least of all in this packed and suffocating dungeon of a gig, to judge a comparatively inexperienced outfit's present abilities or potential.

Paul Du Noyer



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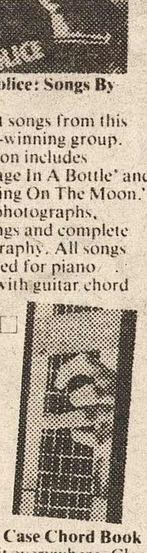

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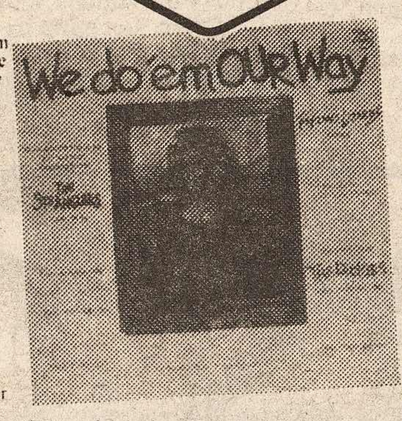

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Shadows	String of Hits	£5.00	**£3.50**
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Wings	Greatest Hits	£5.70	**£3.95**
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Pink Floyd	Dark Side of the Moon	£5.40	**£3.95**
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Madness	One Step Beyond	£4.99	**£3.50**
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Beatles	Rarities	£3.30	**£2.25**
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Beatles	67–70 (Dbl.)	£8.00	**£5.75**
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Publick Spirited

Publick Spirit Theatre Company

Manchester

PLAYTIME for Manchester's sullen children seemed long overdue. Bored and listless, we were easy prey for the passing pied piper who charmed us away to the magical never-never land of the Publick Spirit Theatre Company. Their brightly coloured ginger-bread house looked so inviting, and with the first bite I was totally won over; completely lost in a childhood fantasy of dreams come true.

Publick Spirit are one of those wildly imaginative, strange breed of unsponsored fringe theatre companies who often promise so much, but then prematurely disband due to half the troupe dying of malnutrition, exposure or other less pleasant social diseases. In their short history they've toured such exotic lands as Holland, France and more recently Preston. Rehearsals soon begin on a new project and if all goes to plan — i.e. their appeal to Oxfam is successful — they'll be touring the UK shortly.

Tonight's presentation is a part improvised, part scripted adaptation of Aleister Crowley's heavily symbolic *Moonchild* novel; a tale of "soul fishing in the fourth dimension", the "magical universe" and what artless Lisa did next.

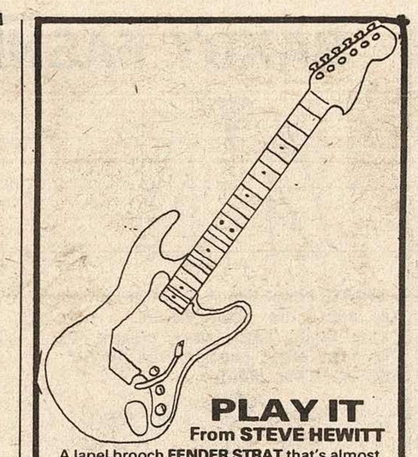
Forces of good and evil battle it out on some outer-terrestrial cosmic plane; it's a magical adventure, a fairy tale morality play. Any initial misgivings I may have had are successfully charmed away and I find myself willingly believing in this wonderland of adult children, where only happy-ever-after optimism prevails.

The play is enhanced by some superb characterisation. I fall in love with Lisa (Rebecca Head), child of innocence, a guileless Snow White in peril of her soul. Enter the bungling Arthwaite, played by the pseudonymous Enoch Biltong, a thoroughly nasty but totally likeable villain. You've seen him before in a thousand Victorian melodrama re-creations; foiled again!

But then the clock strikes 12 and the fantasy disappears. I'm left to wonder where Publick Spirit came from, but more importantly where are they going?

One of their aims is to perform in small rock clubs, toilets, and to try to take theatre back to the streets, to rid it of its current pseudo-intellectual, 'high-culture'stigma. So when their pied piper comes down your way, don't close your ears; follow his haunting tune to the enchanted world of Publick Spirit. You won't be disappointed.

Mick Duffy



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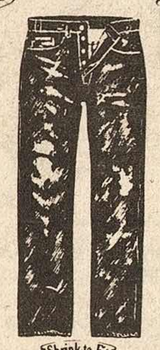

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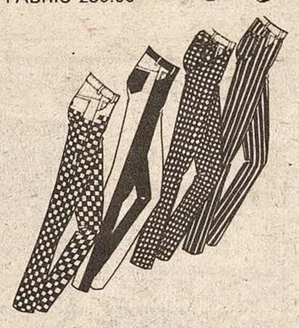

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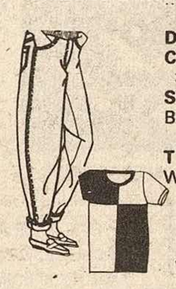

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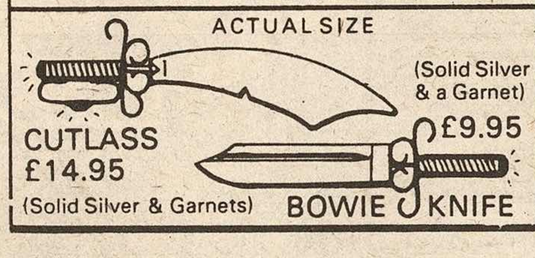

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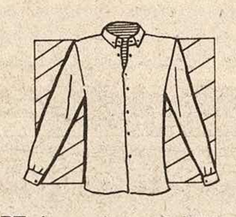

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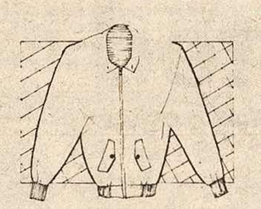

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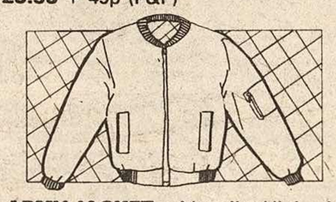

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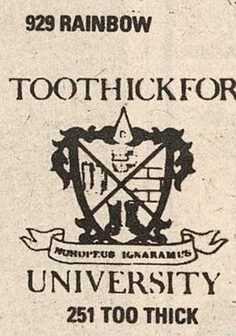

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872 GARY NUMAN

921 KNOW EVERYTHING

924 90% GERMS

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942 MOTORHEAD

939 SAXON

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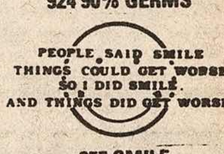
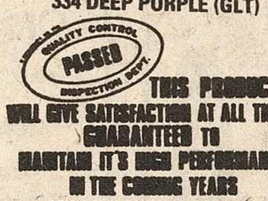


257 SMILE

334 DEEP PURPLE (GLT)



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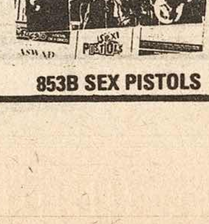


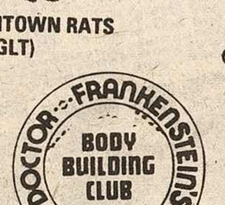
160 CHE

853B SEX PISTOLS

854B CLASH

858 AC/DC

851 STRANGLERS



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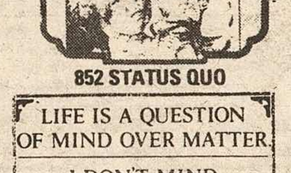

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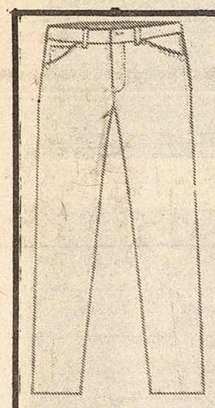

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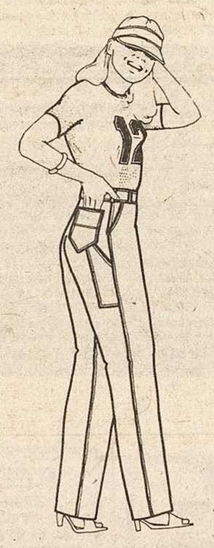

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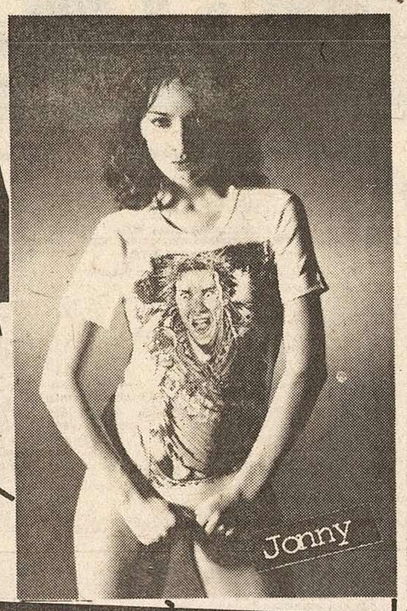

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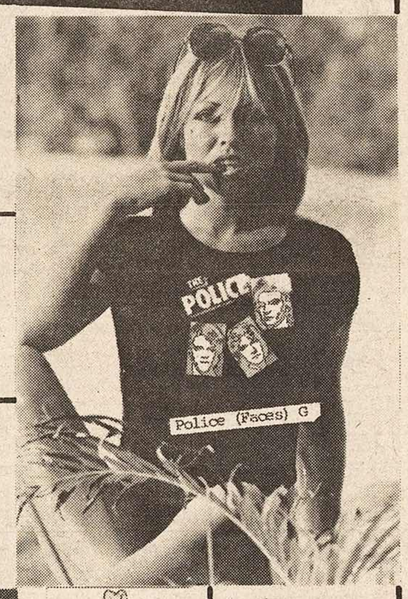

Police (Faces) G

Def Leppart G
Stoned Again G
Keep on the Grass G
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Heavy Metal G
Rock Rebel G
Legalise Speeding G
Touch of Grass G

Saxon G
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Floyd G
Status Quo G
The Tubes G
Cars G
Supertramp G
Rock Pile G
Dire Straits G
Sham Army G
Elvis Costello G
Fleetwood Mac G
UK Subs G
999 G
Pretenders G
Squeeze G
S & Banshees G
Rainbow G
Stranglers G
Motorhead G
Judas Priest G
Meat Loaf G
UFO G
AC-DC G
Cheap Trick G
Lambretta G
Roxy Music G
Rory Callagher G
Jags G
Jam G
Gary Numan G
Secret Affair G
Beatles G
Eagles G
Ruts G
Beach Boys G
Iron Maiden
Bob Marley

Whitesnake G
Rush G
Kiss G

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JR is a Rat G
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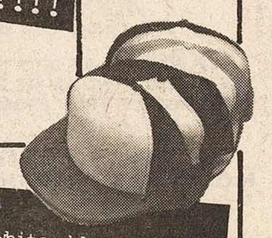

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Frogs G
Che Guevara
Completely Different
Stairway to Heaven G
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Captain Kremmen G
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BMW G
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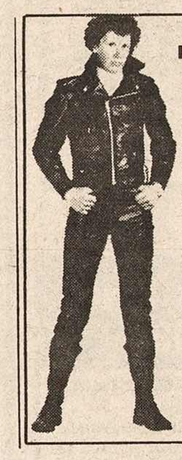

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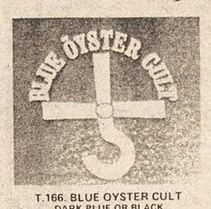
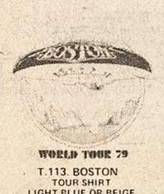


T.166. BLUE OYSTER CULT
DARK BLUE OR BLACK

T.114. LYNYRD SKYNYRD
WHISKEY LABEL
BLACK

T.108. SANTANA
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

T.151. FLEETWOOD MAC
PENQUIN (TOUR SHIRT)
BLACK



T.113. BOSTON
TOUR SHIRT
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

T.156. GRATEFUL DEAD
BLUES FOR ALLAH
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

T.216. LYNYRD SKYNYRD
SMOKING
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

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SWAN SONG
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T.127. JIMI HENDRIX
FLYING EYEBALL
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

T.212. YES
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

T.237. JIMI HENDRIX
JAPAN TOUR
BLACK

T.242. SUPERTRAMP
BREAKFAST IN AMERICA
DARK BLUE

T.255. TOM PETTY
DAM THE TORPEDOES
BLACK

T.254. TED NUGENT
STATE OF SHOCK
BLACK

VAN HALEN T265

T.149. EAGLES
HOTEL CALIFORNIA
BLACK

192.
LED ZEPPELIN
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA 77

AEROSMITH
Toys in the Attic

T243 Gratefull Dead

ALICE COOPER
Mad House Rock

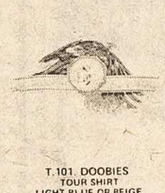
T.214 SAMMY HAGAR
BLACK

AC-DC T267

T.119. BEATLES
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

T.213. KANSAS
POINT OF KNOWN RETURN
LIGHT BLUE OR BEIGE

T.221. FLEETWOOD MAC
'79 TOUR
BEIGE



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TOUR SHIRT
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S.108 – SANTANA
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S.214 – SAMMY HAGAR
S.149 – EAGLES
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BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

Note for Bowie fans The new Bowie single 'Ashes to Ashes' is due for release on Monday 1st August in 3 diff. pics. details next week
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The above is a small selection from over 170 Bowie goodies

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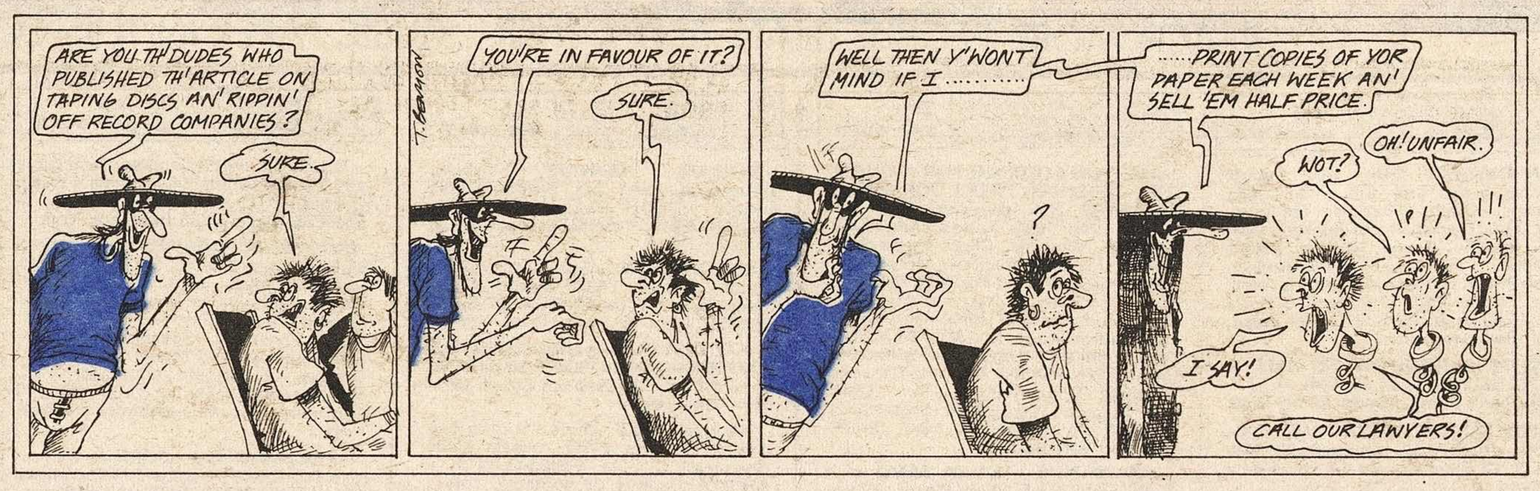
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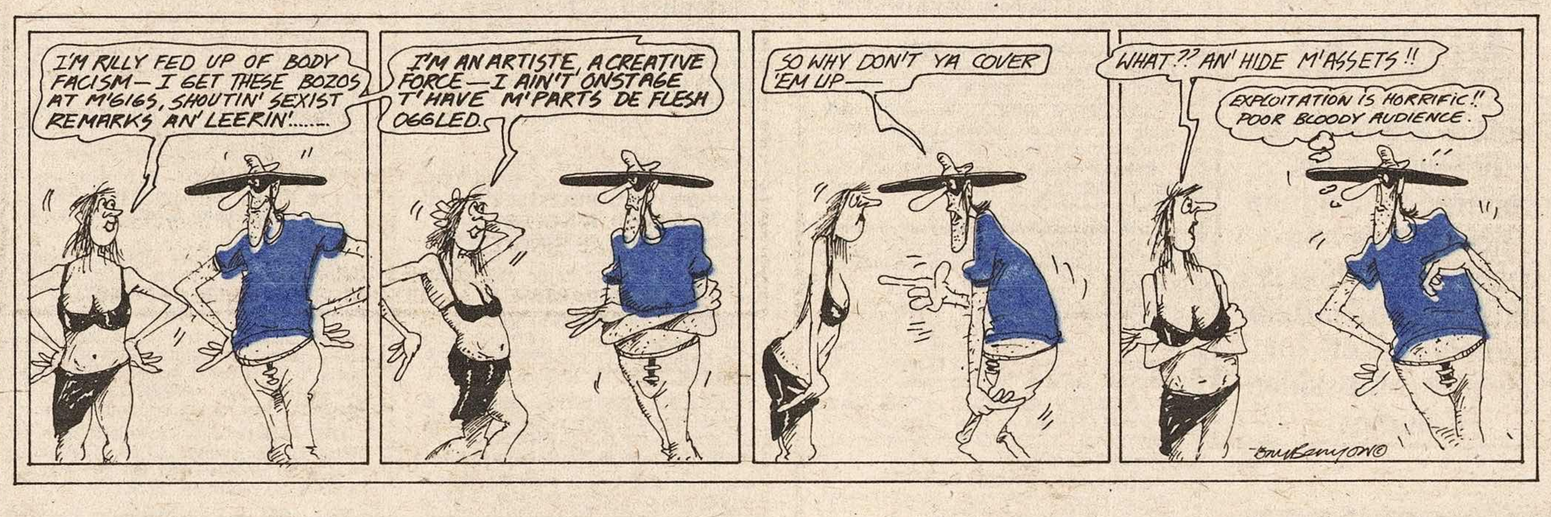
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SECTOR 27

■ *From page 24*

Robinson is the sort of person it seems natural to turn to. And it isn't fair.

Backstage he's calm but completely ashen, discussing the incidents with the writer from a local fanzine. He's just failed in the role he's set himself and Sector 27 — he as front man, and the band in its relationship with the audience. I sit with Peter the photographer and cringe when Tom turns to me with the inevitable question: "What did you think of it?"

"I enjoyed it," I answer honestly. "At first."

As we leave the university there's another twist in the tale. The bruised and swollen Troublemaker is belligerently and officiously assisting to shift the group's equipment.

In the mini-bus Sector 27 are consoling Tom in different ways. They are subdued but there's the unspoken realisation that Tom has taken the responsibility on himself. They reassure him physically: they pat his shoulder, touch his arm, clasp his hand.

"Well I'm going to 'ave a dance anyway," says Derek, and does so, swaying for a few seconds in the dark interior of the jolting van.

"I was going right to the front, seeing if I could psyche them out before it started," says Stevie, who since he looks like an Edwardian exquisite on stage always attracts a large share of any misguided scorn and mistrust.

But it's Jo who in his reasoned way offers the most constructive criticism. "There's four of us up there, after all. Maybe this'll teach us something," he says.

The mini-bus rolls along the road to London. Three of Sector 27 fall asleep, but slumped in the seat beside me, Tom Robinson's still awake.

"I was trying to impress you," he whispers. "But when you plan something carefully, it always goes wrong. What will you write?"

"I don't know," I answer. And at that point, I didn't. I felt almost as bemused and depressed as he did.

This cheers him; he brightens. "What did you want out of it all?" I say.

"I wanted people to know that Clare, Dave, this lot, they're my family now. This is what I'm doing. This is what I am."

Beneath his ambition there's soft sentiment and unashamed emotion.

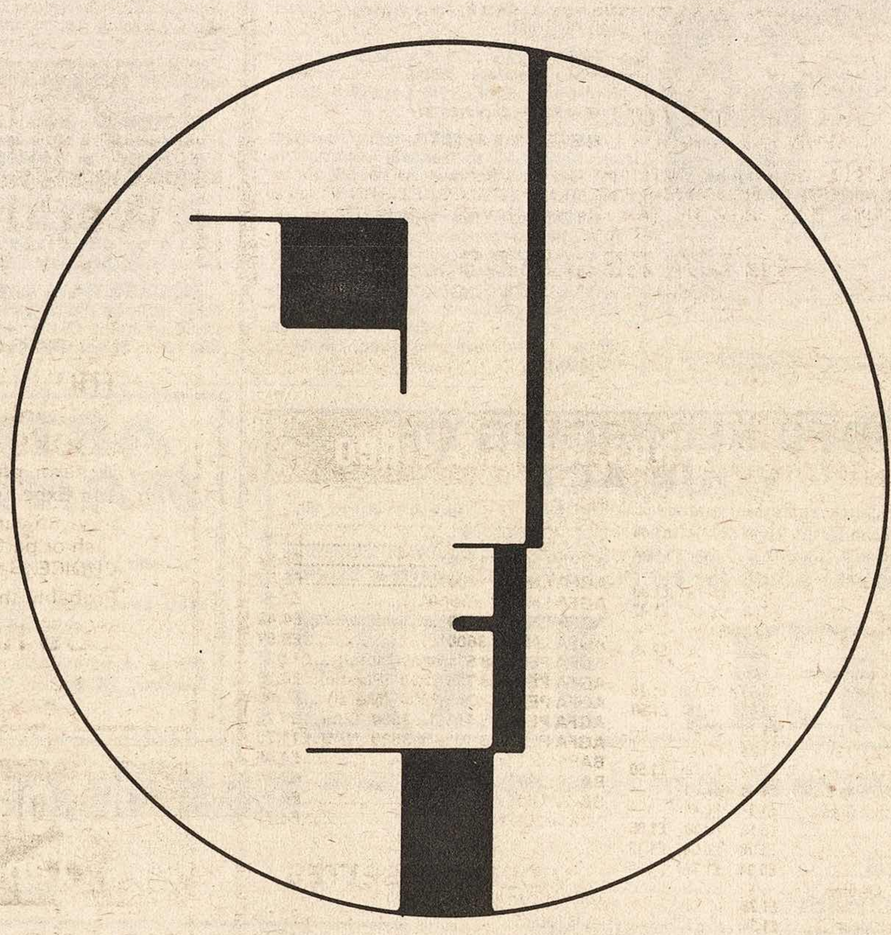
The miles pass with more personal conversation: the incidents that gave rise to some of the lyrics; the fear and prejudice that still surround gays; writing, different styles, the content and effect. Tom's knowledge of the rock press amounts to almost an obsession. And perhaps he overestimates its importance.

I suspect he guessed how I'd start this article. He articulated those second quotes very carefully.

"If the TRB had stayed together we could have cleaned up," Tom said earlier. "I'd have had a lot more security. And when it did break up there were pressures on me to re-form it. But since the group did split, it seems more honest to start again from scratch."

For the record, Tom Robinson hasn't walked away, he's walked on.

Terror Couple Kill Colonel



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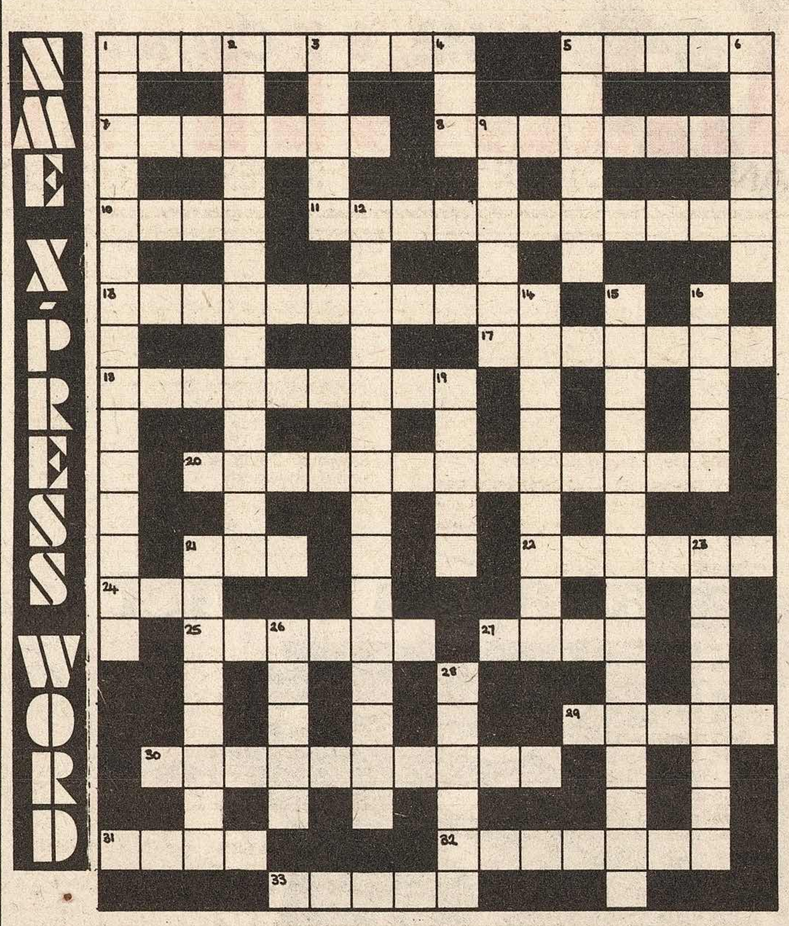


ACROSS

1 Star of 'Betrayal' (3,6)
5 See 3
7 Pantomime character from Bowie LP
8 J. Jackson L. Player (2,3,3)
10 **and 11** Ain't hanging Lene (anag. 2 words)
13 Blues singer, real name McKinley Morganfield (5,6)
17 Wet rats for Rodney!
18 Sky ban not affecting Genesis!
20 A Rat for a barbecue? (4,9)
21 'Toccata' unit
22 Detroit-born pop singer discovered by Mickie Most
24 **& 27 & 33** Slow dorky Len helped start punk!
25 Label for lunatics?
27 See 24
29 Stones Top Tenner from '73
30 Glaswegian singer / songwriter, recorded early albums with his wife (4,6)
31 Uh . . . appearances?
32 One of biggest selling, double platinum etc etc. albums of recent years
33 See 24

DOWN

1 Train ran; a mad jog (anag. 2 words)
2 Undertones 45 (9,4)
3 **& 5 across** Feb 28, 1942 — July 3, 1969
4 Recording giant
5 Southside geezer
6 Voice operative
9 A garage band?
12 Written by Lennon-McCartney, this was the Stones second hit (1,5,2,4,3)
14 Not the name of a band associated with change (6,3)
15 Third of The Chiffon's trio of golden hits (5,7,3)
16 Geordie, former Animal
19 'Do A Runner' is his debut LP
21 Zeppelin label (4,4)
23 Numan the Human LP
26 Neil or Angus
28 Roger's a wet!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'There There My Dear'; 8 (Stephen) Stills; 9 The Korgis; 11 Hype; 12 John (Lydon); 13 'Green Onions'; 16 'Whole Lotta Love'; 18 Odyssey; 19 (Andrew) Gold; 22 Jonathan (Richman); 23 Ringo; 24 Cher; 27 Carlene Carter; 28 Factory. **DOWN:** 2 Hugh Cornwell; 3 Ranking Roger; 4 The Rose; 5 Matumbi; 6 Del Shannon; 7 (Carly) Simon; 10 (Jeff) Beck; 14 (Jack) Nitzsche; 15 'Rebel Rebel'; 17 (John) Lydon; 20 Grace (Jones); 21 Andrew (Gold); 22 (Grace) Jones; 24 Carly (Simon); 25 Jeff (Beck); 26 Marc (Bolan).

Singles

■ *From page 20*

BILL GILONIS & TIM HODGKINSON: I Do — I Do — I Don't — I Don't (Woof). Eighteen minutes of musical fragments recorded at home by Gilonis and Hodgkinson (formerly of Henry Cow), parts of which are well worth bothering with. Those that aren't, such as the frantic triviality of 'Tribe', are convincingly outnumbered by those that are — the wistful dignity of 'Love Of Ants', the intense, ordered chaos of the opening section of 'Pigvac', etc. Recording quality, as might be expected, is low, but then who gives a damn? *Real* new wave music exists, if you care to look for it . . .

CHEAP REMOULDS

THE GIRLS: Clap Clap (Aura).
THE SUSPICIONS: The Laughing Policeman (Arista).
GREG BRIGHT: I'm A Believer (Rat Race).
TIN PAN VALLEY: Hanky Panky (Badge). The Girls' 'Clap Clap' — actually an updated "raunchy" version of 'The Clapping Song' — is a prime example of faulty marketing: jack of all markets, but master of none. The period's just about right for a mod cash-in, but the buzzsaw guitar's an identifying icon of another market entirely; and who, exactly, are those awful Nolan Sister TV-talent-show vocals aimed at? Back to the drawing board, girls. Or oblivion, whichever comes first.

Better still, take a lesson from David Cunningham. Now *there's* a canny chap! In the lizard-like guise of The Suspicions, he's re-done the old *Junior Choice* staple, and removed all trace of humour from it — which is to say there's no effective substitute for those muted trumpet *doo-wacka-doos,* the *real* source of humour in the original. I quite like the horribly forced laughter, mind; it reminds me of 'The Chrome-Plated Megaphone of Destiny'. How's *that* for an outre reference, then? No? Well, try this for size: *"Cryselephantine teeth/Crave the sweet in the Leyden jar/Delivered with actinate lanugo/Clinquant day in the caul of night,"* etc, etc. Those few kind words are delivered courtesy of Greg Bright — better known as a maze-freak, aptly enough — on the B-side of 'I'm A Believer', and serve mainly to show that Greg does his *Azed* and *Mephisto* every Sunday. The track, entitled 'The Sweet In The Leyden Jar', features Greg backed by Stinky Winkles on a lengthy bizarro-jazz outing which is not without its better aspects; these do not include the lyrics, or, for that matter, the vocals, which, both here and on the more straightforward 'I'm A Believer', are the most ludicrously histrionic I've ever heard. A rum 'un, for sure. Certainly a deal weirder than Tin Pan Valley, who do 'Hanky Panky' and 'Yaketty Yak' in the getting-rather-boring-now manner of the Silicon Teens, Hybrid Kids, *et al.* You can guess what it's like without flexing your magic muscle too strenuously, I'm sure.

PAUL SIMON: Late In The Evening (Warner Bros). Paul Simon's first single in four years (it says here) is the same old nostalgic yarn set to cod-latinate rhythms, all clickety-click percussion and staccato horns. Beats me why he bothered.

OVERLOAD: Into Overload (MCA). Synthi-pop with even less originality than New Musik. About a love-lorn robot. Flush it.

B-MOVIE: Take Three EP (Dead Good). Three pedestrian songs suffering from an ultra-liberal overdose of horrid, whining keyboards. Produced by the keyboard player. Of course.

PRETTY THINGS: I'm Calling (Warner Bros). Messy, constipated "hard rock", presumably aimed in the general direction of mid-west Americans and Lizzy fans. The arrangment has almost as many changes as the song has lines, and that's a dozen or two too many.

TOT ROCKET AND THE TWINS: Reduced (Whiplash). American punky-wavers with a grab-bag of HM licks. Wide of the mark. The flip, 'Fun Fades Fast In The USA', has some pleasing harp but is otherwise a turgid dirge. That's *blues* harp, by the way, not the sizeable stringed variety.

STEPPING OUT

From page 27

Its gold chains and floppy hats soul reality was such that if they'd heard Errol's real style previously they would never have asked him to work on the record. As it was, the insidious 'Missing Words' was re-mixed by 'On My Radio' producer Roger Lomas before being released to become a minor hit.

I asked The Selecter about their feelings on 'Too Much Pressure'.

"I WAS OVERWHELMED!!!" announces a laughing voice from behind me as H emerges through the door, as though suddenly from behind an arrass. He has just returned from a specialist in London who'd been removing a bad case of drummer's hand callous.

More seriously, Pauline confirms the group's dissatisfaction with the production work: "I think we were a band who moved into the forefront very quickly and made mistakes along the way. Unfortunately our lifespan was telescoped down into a very short space of time and as with any band who comes a long way quickly there was friction. But we've learnt from that.

"Bands try and hide the fact that they row together. But that's crazy: it's bound to happen: we don't want to make any secret about that.

"Nothing like a good healthy row," she pronounces in a mock-Midlands accent.

"Shut up and make the tea!" commands Neol, before continuing. "I think a lot of bands feel a need to present a totally united front."

Compton: "Yeah. Doormats."

Do The Selecter feel they function as people's Doormats? That people think the group will clean the shit off them and exorcise them? Provide the answers?

Neol: "Yeah. In the record industry you get a lot of ancillary things going on — images — that don't exactly represent the music. There's only a few people perhaps who know the music very well. A lot of people have just got impressions about it.

"It becomes divorced from what the music is actually saying, so that makes the paradox and the contradiction even more ridiculous and absurd. It's not as though we're saying anything which needs putting up on a pedestal, but it just gets . . . a bit *lost.*

"So," he chuckles, "rather than see it be lost, we'd rather be in control of it and perhaps get it across a bit more. We'd like to get some two-way communication going, because the whole process is set up to stop that communication."

SO THE Selecter will have more control than previously. Even so, within 2-Tone they had far more control than do most bands on other labels. Until the beginning of June they were playing a two month American tour, where 2-Tone has been met with considerable appreciation. They played small clubs mainly, frequently to two audiences a night, a practice they intend to continue in England where they are appalled by the closure rate of clubs.

They'll be going back to America. Unlike most bands these days the idea of spending months slogging round the States doesn't disturb them, largely, it seems, because they're in charge of their own destinies. If the tensions of a US tour are magnified by fears of the machinations going on back home in your particular slice of the corporate music machine, then the inevitable wear and tear on your spirit must be out of all proportion to the toll wreaked by the day-to-day task of travelling and stepping out onstage.

Yet American tours often do lead to problems. It was during those weeks away that The Selecter started mulling over why they were remaining with 2-Tone.

Pauline: "There's nuclear shelters all over New York now. Just on every street."

Me: "Ah, they hide them in London. They're just for special people to know about."

Neol: "Oh, they're out in the open in New York. Just there. Everywhere. Every ten yards practically. It's ridiculous."

Compton: "So the big difference is that when it goes up in New York you'll get a riot with everyone trying to squash in, but when it goes in London the secret society get in."

Pauline: "This is a game: you've got four minutes to find it."

Me: "I'm concerned that if people sit around assuming there's going to be war with Russia then it seems inevitably there will be — just as an escape valve for all that psychic energy."

Charley: "There won't be a war with Russia. The Russians are *not* going to attack us."

Compton: "I think the whole American nation is an example of that sort of paranoia. It's really built up — right through the media yet again. Total propaganda."

Neol: "Yeah, this war hungry spirit. They're doing that here, too, you can feel it in England, whipping people into this frenzy of opinion to avoid saying what's really going on. It's bloody hypocritical. Each government's saying 'We don't torture as many people as you do'.

"It doesn't make sense, does it?" he mutters exasperatedly.

Charley: "One of the greatest contradictions I saw in New York was this sign for a fall-out shelter, and right next to it was one forbidding dogs from crapping on the pavement.

"I saw this incredibly elegant, expensively dressed woman coming down the street with this tiny little poodle, and it stops and shits on the pavement. So out of her pocket she takes this little spoon and a plastic bag and bends down and shovels it into the bag.

"Then she sticks it in her pocket and just walks off."

Neol (being gritty and Midlands): "Ah, round here they stick bangers in them."

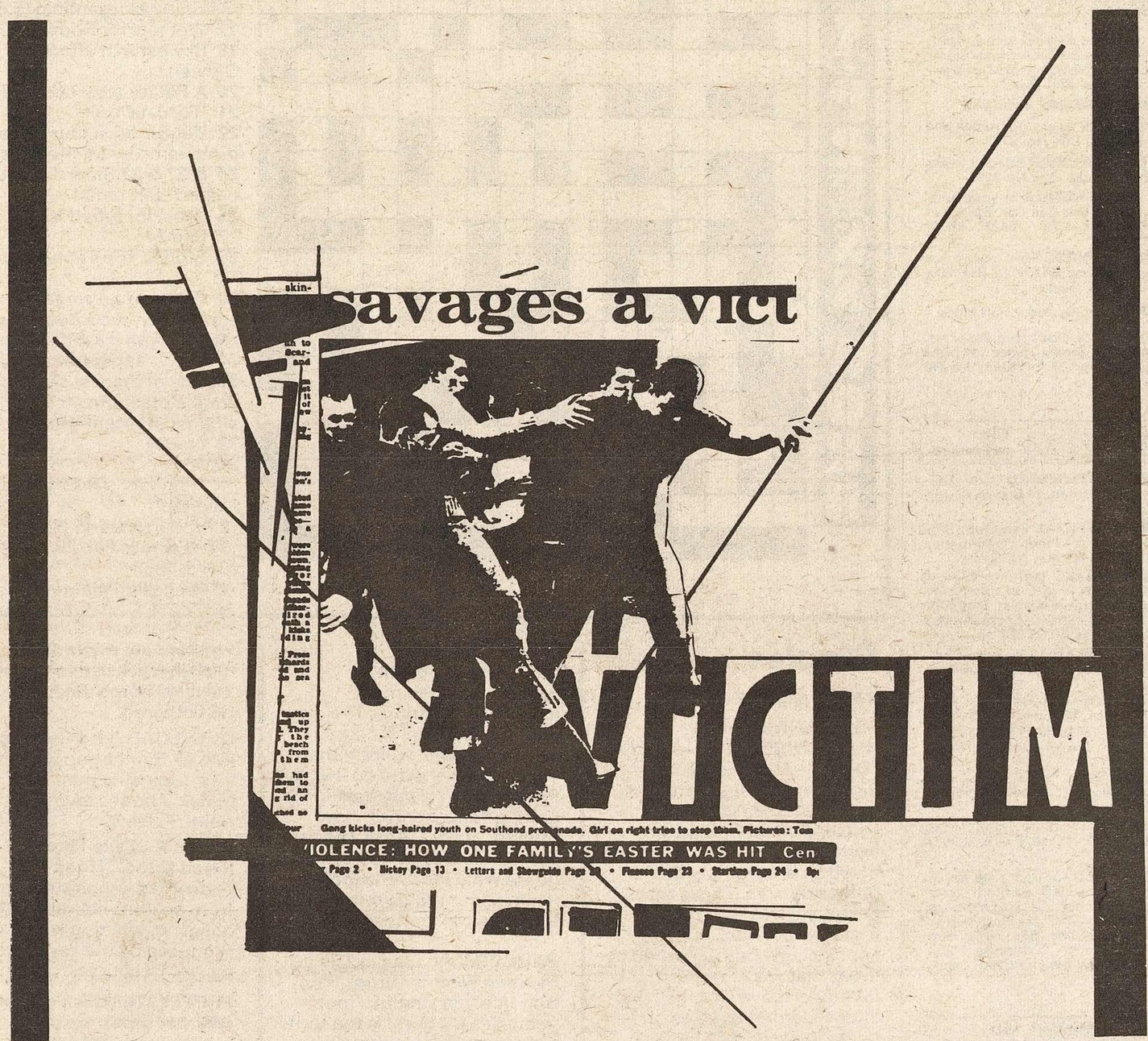
GASBAG

NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

AS A FAN of Dexy's Midnight Runners, and someone who believes in those old-fashioned virtues of sincerity and honesty, I was impressed by their decision not to do any more interviews with the music press. Not because they are too good for that (they might be though — I'll tell you when I've heard their second LP) but simply because it showed them to be big enough to stand by their principles, be it for better or worse.

Knowing what you are capable of, I expected the review of Dexy's LP to be just an excuse for slagging them off, getting your own back in some way. Well, what can I say? Thanks to Danny Baker for such honest comments — for pointing out the faults of the record, and for praising the good parts, mainly the amount of emotion that Kevin Rowland puts into his lyrics, and the intensity with which he sings them.

I hope you continue to judge the music of Dexy's Midnight Runners for what it is and don't lower yourself to snide comments just because they happen to have a grudge against the music press. After all, some of what they said was true, if slightly generalised. Then again, you lot have been guilty of rash generalisations before — as indeed we all have.
Annelise Jespersen, Lowestoft, Suffolk.
Indeed! Dexy's Midnight Runners advert winner. — M.S.


savages a vict
VICTIM
Gang kicks long-haired youth on Southend promenade. Girl on right tries to stop them. Pictures: Tom
VIOLENCE: HOW ONE FAMILY'S EASTER WAS HIT Cen

Danny Baker's review made some pertinent points about Dexy's Midnight Runners and their stand against the press but there are still some aspects of their manifesto open to debate. Presenting themselves publicly calls for some accountability to those who buy their records and attend their concerts. Do they really expect an audience of sycophants? I would expect a journalist to confront and question them on their standpoint — after all, I hardly expect to run into them down at the pub, or in some cafe. I don't deny them the right to state whatever their views are in their music, but they show some arrogance in presuming that *NME* readers will be particularly interested in their views when presented in essay form, completely separate from editorial content.

Without trying to appear as an apologist for the music press, what is so predictable about the personalities of Murray, Morley, Penman, Bell etc.? Or, for that matter, Coleman and Jewell?
Captain Collapsor, Out of hospital, Chester
What indeed? Danny Baker review winner. — M.S.

I was truly sickened by the Dexy's Midnight Runners LP advert which appeared in your paper (26.7.80). What nauseating little twats they must be to write such patronising garbage.

If they were really as good as they think they are, they wouldn't need to create a little army to support them. There were 'Glory Boys' for Secret Affair, 'Sham Army' for Sham '69 and now there are 'Soul Rebels' for Dexy's.

Soul music was around long before Dexy's were even out of nappies, yet they seem to have taken claim to it and are using it to put forward their depressing and unnecessary views on music today. They must be feeling pretty guilty about what they're doing to soul music, if they have to justify themselves each week in the music press with petty essays. Dexy's, if you're so concerned about educating us poor scum and gaining total control, you'd be better off joining the Tory Party and leaving soul music to the people who actually enjoy it.
Lady Penelope, Mission Impossible, London NW10
Do the trouser press, baby. — Roger Ruskin Spear

It's all right for some, isn't it? Dexy's complain about misleading articles and patronising reviews and pay for full page ads to express the fact. We mere musicians would be happy with any press coverage.
The Four Kings, Northwood, Middx.
Sure you would. But for how long? — M.S.

While throwing out books for a jumble sale, I came across my older sister's copy of *The Bay City Rollers* by Michael Wale, giving an inside story of "Britain's No. 1 pop group" from the viewpoint of one Tam Paton. Page 42: "I kept sending everyone who worked on the *New Musical Express* a photograph of the boys. I thought that was a big paper at the time."

Ha! Ha! Ha! Will they never learn?
Kirsten Kjoller, London SW10
Fact: Tam Paton sent us his first born son, who's now our production editor. — M.S.

What with Brian Eno waiting for the psychedelic revival to start in Africa, David Bowie finally making a complete clown of himself, Paul Morley falling in love with rock stars while listening to Joy Division in a taxi in Bombay, Public Image making the soundtrack to Woodstock 2, and the good old Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan (and others) proving that there are as many morons buying records as there are making them, what we need in 1980 is . . .
PUNK!!!
Glyn Banks, London EC1
That, or Vivaldi. — M.S.

For one reason or another it seems that we will not be allowed to forget about Ian Curtis for some time. Just as important, however, is that Malcolm Owen's death is not forgotten after a couple of weeks. He may not have been the supposed 'shining light or the salvation of rock 'n' roll' as we are led to believe about Ian Curtis — but he was worth every bit as much, if not more. But comparisons are irrelevant and unfair, as I did not know Ian Curtis.

Malcolm's death should be used to show (again) how really dangerous heroin is. His demise must not be exploited in the same way as that of the cretinous, pathetic Sid Vicious — who sought only to glamourise the shit. I'm sure he had a big influence in the growing number of kids experimenting with the comparatively cheap, easy to get drug. "Sid did it his way, so should I . . ."

This foul business has enough of a preoccupation with the glamourisation of heroin without it growing. Malcolm didn't advertise or exploit his problem for profit, so he'll probably be forgotten by most people in a couple of weeks.

I don't miss Sid Vicious, but I will miss Malcolm Owen a lot. I just wish more people had seen the final camera rehearsal for *that* edition of *Top Of The Pops.* Jon had disappeared so Dave, Andy and I played 'At Home He's A Tourist' with Malcolm belting out his version of the lyrics in his own unique way to a somewhat bemused gathering of musicians, dancers and pissed-off cameramen. The real reason we walked out was that they wouldn't let us do it on the programme with him . . .
Hugo Burnham, Gang Of One, Leeds

And so Malcolm McLaren continues to rip people off! I suppose all the owners of the Bow Wow Wow single 'C-30 C-60 C-90 Go' think they have a wonderful original 45. How wrong they are. In fact it's a cheap copy of a record that was released nine years ago, in 1971 — you know, before punk — a record by Berundi Stephenson Black called 'Berundi Black'. Fortunately for old Malcy this has now been deleted — a great shame as it was the superior single of the two. Oh, and while I remember Malcy, Berundi Stephenson had a follow up as well. Interested?
The Blue Kingfisher
I am, I am! What was it called? — Berundi Stephenson Black

Since when has Mick Duffy been a private detective? Does he have nothing better to do than solve the mystery of whether or not CBS bribed various record stores with cameras to fiddle lousy sales figures? Who cares? We all know sales figures are a bloody fix anyway.

It seems that all your interviewers are out to run down any band they can lay their hands on. For instance Mick Duffy evidently took great delight in destroying the credibility of The Photos, one of the best bands to emerge in years, by condemning them as a cheap band jumping on the "Blondie" bandwagon.

Isn't a group allowed to have a female singer any more without a comparison to Debbie Harry? What's more, Wendy Wu is not a "Sexist Product', she is a girl with a good voice who just happens not to look like a Chinese wrestler with acne (as I'm certain many singers do).
Loz Walker, Stevenage, Herts.
And what's wrong with that? — Many singers

What's this? While eating my wholemeal bread, polyunsaturated margarine and recycled seaweed marmalade (prior to walking 10 miles to my grammar school to conserve petrol, and stopping to pick up worms-in-distress en route) I read such a nasty letter about myself that my mummy says I ought to stop reading *NME* and go back to "How to be a bourgeois Marxist."

I'm sorry, "Couldn't-give-a-damn", that you found my letter unintentionally patronising. I'm equally sorry that you were so obsessed by "I'm working-class, she's middle-class" that you totally dismissed the nuclear disarmament debate. Why don't you buy *Protest And Survive* by E. P. Thompson (another middle-class twerp) or else imagine what the Welfare State could do with the £5 billion(!) to be spent on Trident missiles?

And I do accept, "Couldn't-give-a-damn", that there *are* kind-hearted Tories and selfish members of the electorate. But that's not the point (I bet The Plutonium Blonde, our PM, would describe herself as "kind-hearted"), the point centres around the Tories' anti-social policies; not over whether they torture frogs or run homes for the mentally-handicapped in their spare time.
Gillian Whitworth, Hyde, Cheshire
P.S. I have honestly never read *Sounds* in my life — and what's an "Aardvark"?
An aardvark is a sort of ant-eater, isn't it? What's a Sounds? — God

If I cancel my *NME* subscription and save the 25p, I'll be able to afford George Harrison's autobiography in eleven years and twenty weeks.
D. G. Rossetti, Birchington, Kent

Bjorn Borg is Jah Wobble with a wig. I think this explains PiL's current problems.
Barry Beach, South Wales

Re: Info City, July 26
Klaus Kinski? Bruno Ganz!
Dick Smegma, Sheffield
Bruno Ganz? I thought it was Nick Kent. — M.S.

Trust Chris Bohn to get things mixed up. He said that Tod Browning directed *Frankenstein* when in fact Browning directed *Dracula.* The director of *Frankenstein* was James Whale.
Leslie Halliwell, Granada-land
True. My fault. I subbed it. — M.S.

I still think Bette Davis would've made a better Scarlett O'Hara.
Jack Warner, Burbank, California

Aback, abandon, abash, aberration ... aberration — that sounds impressive, I'll consider that when writing my next article! Just how thick is this bloody dictionary? Able, abnormal ...
Butch Subtle, Manchester.

I buy *NME* because it is the most artistically presented periodical on the bookstalls. The semi-abstract photographs accompanying interviews are superb, and the logos and general presentation of all the articles in your paper are excellent. It's a pity I never have the patience to read it.
The Albatross Warden, Wolverhampton.
Complete collection of Anton Corbijn's Polaroids winner. — M.S.

I wonder how long the Kiss / British Rail partnership has been in progress. After reading their tour dates in *NME* (and learning that they were not playing in Scotland) I quickly sent away £4.75 for my ticket at the New Bingley Hall, Stafford. The next day I paid £32.55 for a rail ticket. Now I learn that the Fab Four are adding a date to play in my home town of Dundee. But what's £37.30 to see the hottest band in the world? After all, I wanted the best and I got the best.
Ace, Dundee
This man is mad. — M.S.

Each week on *Fun Factory* they show a clip from an old Three Stooges movie. I'd like to know which one is Iggy — is it the one with the funny hairstyle?
Edward Bernds, Gillingham, Dorset
No, he's the one with the stupid face. — M.S.

Is one compelled to write utter bullshit in order to get a letter printed in *Gasbag?*
John Nemes, Newport, Gwent
In your case, it would appear so. — M.S.

Jimmy Pursey is said to be a spokesman for today's youth, right? Then how come in the annual music paper polls he hardly gets a mention? Could the reason be that his true, loyal fans can't write?
Max Miller, Penge, London SE
X. — X.X.

Dear mewling and puking infants,

There's a song, I recall / My mother sang to me / She sang it as she tucked me in / When I was 93 . . .
Derek Jewell, Colne, Lancs

Dear Dennis, have you ever had German measles? I have got it at the moment, but because I am a Menace like you and Gnasher it does not really bother me much.

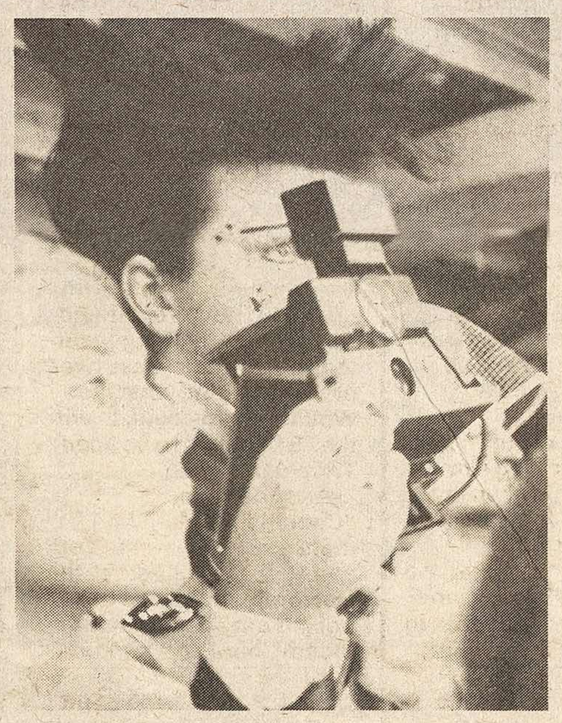
Yours toughly,
Kevin Moore, Crowborough, East Sussex
Shurely shome mishtake here? — Ed.

Tomorrow's headlines today! It's your Bag — abuse it. Monty Smith makes everything up (except the letters). Illustration by Nic Knight

Snapped informally before a recent pre-season friendly, here we see the lads of Xanadu Wanderers FC with team captain Ollie Newton-John enjoying a joke and showing off the club's simply divine new strip. Just for the record, the Wanderers then went on to thrash arch-rivals Gillingham by a convincing 14—3 margin.
Pic: Universal Pictorial Press

T-ZERS

Who said it was a poser's life in the Spandau Ballet Army? Why, there's nothing these down-to-earth working-class youngsters — not an art student or fashion model among 'em — enjoy more after a hard day at the steelworks than a good old, unpretentious knees-up. Especially at unpretentious, down-to-earth venues like HMS Belfast where their heroes could be seen performing material from the forthcoming SB album 'New Boots And Tutus'.
Pics: Virginia Turbett



AUSTRIA has just become the first country in the world to pass a levy upon blank tape and Germany will follow suit sometime next year, thus paving the way for an agreed code of conduct for Europe and America's hard hit (so they keep telling us) record companies. One provision in the Austrian legislation (the actual tax is in the region of 30p) is that half the total revenue from the levy must be used for "social purposes beneficial to the artists and authors". Authors! Huh! You'd think these people were writing big important books instead of stashing the cash for that long promised fur lined platignum nose job . . .

Before they introduce the heinous tax in the old UK however, (if ever) EMI plan to release a C10 cassette of the infamous (opposite of famous) **Bow Wow Wow** single . . .

Sensible **Ned Sherrin** was to be found defending the **Sex Pistols** songwriting legacy in the latest *TV Times*. He thinks their seamy repertoire is all set to make them the blank tape generation's **Irving Berlins** and **Rogers and Hammersmith** . . .

Now that **Debbie Harry** has grown herself a thick set of facial fungus and tash in preparation for her next movie *(The White Handed Burmese Gibbon)* cumbersome C & W artiste **Willie Nelson** has decided to retaliate by going into the designer jeans racket. Nelson's line in blue denims are emblazoned with the motto 'Big Willie' — it's on the back side and not the zip girls . . .

Sickly weed **Karen Carpenter** finally got fed up with her brother and is marrying a **Ronald Reagan** financier . . .

And **Patti Smith's** guitarist and part time barber **Lenny Kaye** buried his hatchet in concubinal bliss with a columnist on Noo Yawk's *East Village Eye* t'other day. Gotta get a good review someplace, eh Leonard? . . .

FUN AND games of a potentially disastrous nature occurred in London's swarming shopping mecca last Saturday when a gunman dressed as an Arab (or was it the other way round?) held up the Virgin Mega Emporium with his shooter. He lined the staff up in a corner, assaulted the manager (now recovered) and finally made off with £8,000. A breathless spokesperson for Virgin **(Al Clarke)** informed *T-Zers* that the firm is insured and that **Richard Branson** was in Tehran or somewhere at the time . . .

Hollywood's latest cottage industry is gravestone rubbings of the stars. Prices range from 40 to one hundred dollars. Most popular rub? **Marilyn Monroe** . . .

Lloyds of London, underwriters to the gentry, are compromising their services in these hard times. The old gentlemen of the City have agreed to insure a **Kiss** tour of Australia. Meanwhile Kiss showcased their new drummer — **Eric Carr** (not really a relation) — by playing the New York Palladium last week (capacity a paltry 4,000 — in their heyday Kiss could pack in the full house of 20,000 at Madison Square Garden). Eric, who replaces the pussy cat, wore make-up for the first time on a stage but *not* for the first time in his young life. He told a 'friend' that "some buddies of mine in the leather goods business took me to this drag party and . . ." That's enough Eric . . .

Linda Ronstadt stars in a Central Park **Shakespeare** Festival soon — the witless one is playing **Mabel** in **Gilbert and Sullivan's** *Pirates Of Penzance* . . .

Sham 69ers currently lounging around in Los Angeles let slip that should **Jimmy Pursey** decide to call it a day again then their new man is to be **Stiv Bators** . . .

Sex symbol and professional Welsh bore **Tom Jones,** 49, refused Cosmopolitan magazine's offer of an all-revealing centre fold on the grounds that he's too shy. No such scruples prevented our own **Monty Smith,** 30, from depping so start saving now ladies . . .

Celebrated panty waists **Sylvester Stallone** and **Michael Caine** were joined in Budapest by **Pele, Oscar Ardiles, Bobby Moore** and **Nobby Stiles** to film *Escape To Victory*. It's a turgid yarn concerning a bunch of Allied POWs and some Nazis etcetera, fill in the plot yourselves . . .

Will **Margaret Trudeau** make that all important singing debut soon? Watch this space and keep yer fingers crossed . . .

THOSE WELL meaning types who run Release issued a warning last week for any potential visitors to August's Cambridge Folk Festival and the message is leave your fragrant cheroots at home kids 'cos the local constabulary likes to use the event to bolster its petty crime figures. Good advice actually when you consider that last year 150 people got nobbled . . .

Confusion reigns over the arrival of **Junior Walker** for this Thursday's Dingwalls bash. The gig is being tagged alongside the Motown 20th Anniversary schtick, despite the fact that Jnr. (what kind of name is that for a man in his fifties?) ain't on Motown and has yet to release any record shaped objects for **Norman Whitfield's** label . . .

Doll By Doll's Dave MacIntosh was arrested recently for being drunk and disorderly in the Kilburn Road (isn't everyone?). **Jo Shaw** was also nabbed as an accessory to the fact. Seems that the feckless duo were throwing chips at passing cars. Celebrating the new record deal in style eh boys? . . .

T-Zers is honoured to announce the arrival of a new band rejoicing under the name **The Pretentious Art Forms** . . .

Miserly **Bob Dylan** took time off from the pulpit to refuse a Big Apple screening of *Don't Look Back,* **D. A. Moneymaker's** 1966 documentary of the Big Zim's English tour. Dylan did let them show *Eat This Document* though, mainly 'cos it contains no embarrassing scenes with **Joan Baez** and **Donovan** (haw haw) . . .

Ms **Cass** from **Cheap Thrills** was cautioned by police in her home town of Hull last week for roller skating the wrong way up a one way street . . .

For those of the nation's jobless who don't fancy a spell in HM's forces or the roller skating division of Her equally over staffed police force there's an exciting job scheme being aired in the North. Councillors are suggesting that school leavers be employed in counting lamp posts and one West Country county wants people officiating over MoTs for prams. All true, all true . . .

Famous people stayed at home in droves rather than disgrace themselves in the free caviar tent at Milton Keynes. Somebody's brother's uncle thinks he may have seen **Hugo Burnham** cock a leg in the mud, but he could have been wrong . . .

THIS WEEK'S productivity bonus goes to personable **Joe Strummer** who went into the studios with **The Little Roosters** to produce a single and in four days came out with an album load of ditties. All originals too 'cepting for a cover of 'This Wheel's On Fire' and a Zulu dedication called 'Uhuru' . . .

Earl 'Wire' Lindo, Wailers' keyboards person is in London mixing his solo album. It'll be the first Wailer solo venture ever as **Tyrone Downie's** own private record has been soon-coming for the last three years . . .

Bruce Springsteen's forthcoming 'The River' album is scheduled as a double if you're interested . . .

Wonder Woman Lynda Carter stars in a TV special set for autumn. It's a tacky cringing vehicle for Lynda's abundance of talents, mimicry among them. In the show she impersonates **Cher, Kiss** and **Bette Midler** (slithering down a giant banana by all accounts) . . .

Seeing as how it's too hot to be nasty to anyone this week **T-Zers** would like to take the opportunity of wishing WEA Wonder Man **Mick Houghton** a fond farewell and tip of the cricket cap as he leaves the Brothers' employ to start up his own publicity machine — Brass Neck. Sniff, no more free **AC/DC** albums . . .

Congrats are also due to **David Flavell** on his lofty elevation to *NME's* Assistant Ad Manager . . .

To celebrate **Guns For Hire** changing their name to **Department S** a whole bevy of pop pundits swanned doon to the Rock Garden to have a mild chuckle and swap chord progressions. Spotted amidst the debris were none other than some **Nips, Pete Townshend,** some **Professionals,** some ex **Motts,** and **Athletico Spizz 80** . . .

Rico very peeved at being searched for over three hours by Dover Customs last week. They even investigated every nook and cranny of his trombone! "Would you do this to **Charlie Parker?**" he asked them . . .

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Weeks
1. (—) Joy Division — Closer 20p
2. (—) Joy Division — Unknown Pleasures 20p
3. (6) Jam — Going Underground 20p
4. (5) Crass — Anarchy & Peace 20p
5. (4) Crass — Fight War Not Wars ... 20p
6. (3) Cockney Rejects — Logo 20p
7. (1) S.L.F. 20p
8. (2) Jam — Tubestation 20p
9. (—) I'm A Lazy Sod 20p
10. (9) Spizz — No Room 20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Slits, Man Next Door, Slits 3 Girls, New Piranhas, Cheap 'n Nasty, The Saints, Dead Kennedy's, Cambodia, Joy Division, Closer, Gana Foul, Pink Military, Dread at the Controls, Only Jah, Notsensibles, Q-Tips, Ten Pole Tudor, Scars, Moondogs, Fashion, Product, Surplus Stock, Taxi-Girl, Night Doctor, Trust, AC/DC, Classix Nouveau, Ants Invasion, Only Ones, Beast, The Rasses, Bowie Dogs, Basement 5, Crass Logo, Crass Dove, Anarchy & Peace, Fight War, D.A.F., Spizz No Room, Soft Boys, U.K. Decay.

ADD 10p P&P FREE LIST
286 PORTOBELLO RD
LONDON W10 OK

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